







Anna Price Dillon

Memoir and Memorials

BEING CHIEFLY SELECTIONS FROM
HER LETTERS
WITH AN INTRODUCTORY AND
CONNECTING NARRATIVE
COLLECTED AND ARRANGED
BY
HER HUSBAND

John Foster Dillon



NEW YORK: NOT PUBLISHED, BUT PRINTED FOR
DISTRIBUTION AMONG HER FAMILY, RELATIVES
AND FRIENDS MDCCCC

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THIS INADEQUATE MEMOIR
THESE SCANT MEMORIALS OF THE RARE WOMAN
HERE COMMEMORATED
ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO HER CHILDREN
AND GRANDCHILDREN
IN THE HOPE THAT THEY AND THEIR DESCENDANTS
MAY THEREBY BE ENABLED MORE FULLY TO REALIZE
THAT HER LIFE WAS WHOLLY CONSECRATED
TO HOME AND DUTY
AND THAT HER NAME, VIRTUES, AND MEMORY
ARE THEIR MOST PRECIOUS INHERITANCE
AND A BENEDICTION EVERMORE

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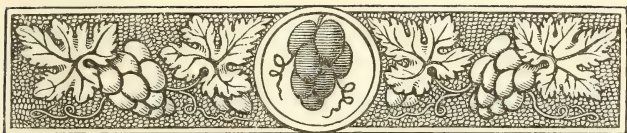
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PREFATORY NOTE

IN this preliminary note is set forth the nature and purpose of this volume. Although printed, it is not published, and is intended only for distribution among Mrs. Dillon's family, kindred, and friends.

It is entitled "MEMOIR and MEMORIALS." The Memoir is a sketch of Mrs. Dillon's life contained in the first chapter and in the subsequent narrative connecting the letters. The Memorials are the letters themselves. The book consists largely of letters written during her six sojourns in Europe, and at other times when she was away from her home. If it had not been for such absences, comparatively little record of her life under her own hand would have existed, for she kept no diary and no copies of her correspondence, and left nothing in any form relating to herself, except in domestic and personal letters, written as occasion offered or required.

The letters begin in 1872, and from that time constitute, with the Introductory Memoir and a slight thread of narrative, a measurably complete autobiographical history, sufficiently complete, at all

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events, to show her descendants—the main purpose of these pages—the manner of woman she was in her relations to her children, to her family, to her friends, and to society. Unfortunately, letters to various intimate friends—Mrs. Kaufman, Mrs. Gantt, Mrs. Wing, Mrs. Barnard, and some others—are no longer in existence.

As this is distinctively a memoir and memorial of Mrs. Dillon, letters to her have been excluded from the text, but a few, or extracts from them, selected from the mass of those which she received, have been inserted in the Appendix, or in foot-notes, but only to the end that her own letters and her own life, and its surroundings and incidents, and her own character and sentiments, may be more fully understood.

Concerning letters between friends, James Russell Lowell remarks that “the life of a letter depends upon the careless unconsciousness” with which it is written, and that “a letter which is not mainly about the writer of it lacks the prime flavor: the wine must smack a little of the cask and have a taste of the old wood in it.”¹ These observations, so just and true, apply most precisely, most exactly, most fitly to the letters contained in this volume. They were written to relatives and friends—written because the writer knew that her correspondents would like to hear from her, written in the entire unreserve of family intercourse or personal friendship, without the slightest self-consciousness or thought that they would be seen by others, much less ever be printed, and touching things which, simply because they interested the writer, she assumed would interest those to whom she wrote. These letters, thus originating, are not only a true mirror of the writer, revealing her real

¹ “Letters,” Vol. I, p. 76.

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qualities and characteristics with photographic accuracy, but the expression has a naturalness and simplicity which are never seen in formal letters or those predestined for publication. The difference is the difference between the Hebrides letters of Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, and the letters on the same subject written in Johnsonese for the public. The writer of the letters in this volume never made a special study of style, but whoever reads them may observe that she uses with precision the fit word to express her exact meaning.

Macaulay observes¹ that there is no purer or more graceful English than that which accomplished women write and speak. Elsewhere it is said the English language can be seen in one of its best phases by rifling the mail-bags and reading the private letters of one educated woman to another; and certain it is that in familiar letter-writing women in general excel men, as, for example, in the Browning-Barrett letters recently published.

Most distinctly is it true of Mrs. Dillon that *le style c'est l'homme*, and accordingly, her style, like her character, is plain, simple, direct, unaffected, and her letters have merits and an autobiographical interest that would have been wanting if they had been written with the slightest notion that they would ever come under the observation or scrutiny of others. The charm given to them by their instinctive and delicate adaptation to the several persons to whom they were written, and their general character, are elsewhere referred to,² and need not be enlarged upon in this place. Quite apart, however, from any merits of this sort, the value of the letters to her children and de-

¹ "History of England," Vol. I, Chapter III.

² Chapter I, pp. 47-55.

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scendants, as a portraiture of their ancestor and a record of her life made by herself, is incalculable, and to them they will on this ground alone always be deeply interesting. In the confidence of family life and of personal friendship the veil which hides one from the world is drawn aside, and things concerning one's self are related which otherwise would never be told at all, or told with an instinctive reserve which necessarily impairs their piquancy and native grace.

There is a peaceful, serene, often unique beauty in a quiet and secluded landscape which affords as much pleasure, though of a less tumultuous and exultant sort, as that given by mountains, precipices, and waterfalls. Something like to this is the difference between private life and public life. Every life, however quiet, would be interesting if adequately portrayed, and the interest depends not at all upon the external magnitude of the events or things described, but essentially upon the relation of the thing or event, however homely or minute, to the person who is the subject of the biography, the object aimed at being to convey a true image of that person's individuality and a true picture of his life and its special environments. And in autobiography especially the interest depends upon the fullness with which the writer's personality is revealed and made to penetrate, interfuse, and animate the details that are given.

In domestic life the birth of a child is of more moment than the birth of an heir apparent, a Christmas festivity around the family hearth than a coronation ceremony in Westminster Hall or the inauguration of a President at Washington. For be it borne in mind that a private life is none the less interesting, and perhaps if it could be viewed with the All-seeing eye none the less important, because it is made up of the

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thousand "little, nameless, unremember'd acts of kindness and of love" of which history takes no account and keeps no record. Therefore it is that Mrs. Dillon's letters recounting the incidents of her own career have been collected, arranged, and set in the present form, as the best means of preserving the memorials of a woman of extraordinary graces, gifts, and qualities of person and character, one whose life was unselfishly devoted to others and consecrated to duty without the slightest admixture of self-interest or ambition.

Portraits of Mrs. Dillon and of the members of her family are given on grounds sufficiently obvious. As home was the center around which her entire life revolved, illustrations of her different homes have also been inserted.¹

To all of the friends who have furnished letters and rendered aid, a special sense of obligation is gratefully acknowledged.

J. F. D.

Knollcrest, Far Hills, New Jersey,
April, 1900.

¹ See Chapter I, pp. 15, 16.







CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR

1835-75

Birth, parentage, and early life — Her father's life and public career — Her early life in Pennsylvania and Ohio — Removal to Iowa — Schools, classmates, and education — Marriage — Her different homes — What her own homestead for — Her household — Church relationships and religious views — Work in charitable organizations — Work in the Library Association — Husband's course of life and employments — Her personal appearance, tastes, characteristics, and traits — Her letters — Their general character — Love of nature, art, and country — Letters to Miss Fejervary, 1872-74.

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EARLY LIFE

ANNA MARGERY PRICE was born June 19, 1835, in Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania, on Shaffer's Creek, a tributary of the Juniata. She was the eldest of the five children of Hiram and Susan Betts Price. These children, in the order of their birth, were Anna Margery (the subject of this memoir, afterward the wife of John F. Dillon); Milton M. Price, a lieutenant-colonel of Iowa Volunteers in the War of the Rebellion and sometime United States consul at Marseilles, who is still living;

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Mary, who died in Chicago in 1872, being the wife of the Rev. Robert Laird Collier; Louisa, who died at the house of her sister, Mrs. Dillon, in New York in 1882, having been married to Alfred Sully; and William H. Price, now of Denver, Colorado. Hiram Price, the honored and venerable father of Mrs. Dillon, is at this writing, in 1899, still living at his home in Washington, D. C., in the eighty-sixth year of his age. Her mother died in that city in 1884, and is buried in the family cemetery at Oakdale, Davenport, Iowa.

If any parent ever lived in his child, her father lived in his eldest daughter. His features, complexion, bearing, qualities of mind and heart,—all that makes up that complex result called character,—were reproduced in her. After her mother's death her concentrated filial affection and reverence were fixed upon her father. She maintained with him a constant correspondence until her death. She visited him as often and had him with her and near her as much as was possible. Her last letter, excepting a brief farewell note to her husband, was written to him. He was never out of her mind. She idolized him, and it is enough to say—it is, indeed, much to say—that he was worthy of such devotion.

HER FATHER'S LIFE AND PUBLIC CAREER

As her father's life colored hers to the end, and as these memorials (which consist chiefly of her letters,



PORTRAIT OF MRS. DILLON'S FATHER, HIRAM PRICE,
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, 1889.



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written in the course of family, domestic, and social intercourse, without premeditation or the least thought of their being seen by others) cannot be thoroughly appreciated without some reference to her father's life and career, a sketch of it, taken from an official publication, will be found in the Appendix to this volume. In this place it will suffice to say that he was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, January 10, 1814. His father was a farmer, and after Hiram's birth he removed to a farm in Mifflin County, on the banks of the Juniata River. The son had only the advantages of an education in small private schools. Public schools there were none in those days. His early and marked love of reading largely supplied the want of educational facilities.

Like all so-called self-made men, Mr. Price is justly proud of the fact that unaided he became the architect of his own fortune. In his new home, which he made in Iowa in 1844, he was destined to a distinguished and useful career. He became successively school-fund commissioner (1847), registrar and treasurer of his county (1848-56), president of the State Bank of Iowa from its organization in 1859 to 1866, when it was superseded by the national banks, paymaster-general of the State during the Civil War, was five times elected to Congress between 1862 and 1881, and was commissioner of Indian affairs from 1881 to 1885, when, having passed his seventy-first year, he resigned and retired to private life, though urged to continue his public career, and was offered, in 1886, a

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renomination by his party to Congress, which was equivalent to an election.

Some of the details of this prolonged life have been given in letters to his daughter. Though intended only for her eye and that of her family, they are so characteristic, and so interesting to all his descendants and family, that a few of them are inserted in the Appendix to this volume. The letter of April 9, 1897, written in his eighty-fourth year, graphically describes the incidents of his leaving the family home, April 9, 1833, when only nineteen years of age, and of embarking on his own career. He found employment at the small salary of three hundred dollars per year.

He soon met the woman who became his wife, and the mother of his five children, with whom he lived for more than fifty years. She was a Miss Susan Betts, of Holland extraction and of Quaker parentage, and belonged to an old and, for that time and place, wealthy family. She was a pronounced brunette, with unusually fine eyes and complexion, and was noticeably comely and handsome to the end of her days. It was a love match. Her family were opposed to it, not unreasonably, from a prudential standpoint, on two grounds: his youth—he was only twenty years of age—and his want of means to support a wife who had been reared in ease, if not luxury. But the woman's instinct was better than the family wisdom. She saw the sterling qualities of the handsome, athletic young man, of English-Welsh extraction, with a slight infiltration of Irish blood, delicate complexion, blue

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eyes, and light hair, who wanted to unite his fortunes with hers. The marriage was at first without her family's consent. In fact, she made a light package of clothes, and continuing one of her accustomed horse-back rides, she met, April 27, 1834, her intended husband, by a concerted arrangement, at a place a few miles distant, and they were immediately married. "Our combined capital," he said afterward, "was one hundred and forty-five dollars," and "the union was without any mercenary tinge." But a happier union has rarely, if ever, occurred. The wife of such a man is truly blessed.

Their eldest daughter, Anna Margery, was born June 19, 1835, and, as already stated, had her father's blond and delicate complexion, fair golden hair, blue eyes, and lithe and graceful form, as well as his mental and moral characteristics.

HER EARLY LIFE IN PENNSYLVANIA AND OHIO

Concerning the earlier years of her life, her father, after her death, thus wrote to her husband :

"She was a bright and bonny little girl, full of health and spirits, quick and apt to learn, and with a retentive memory. She was a sunburst of joy in our home. She rapidly placed herself in the front rank among the children of her own age and opportunities in the schools which she attended. Such opportunities as were available she eagerly embraced and improved. As a child she had a varied experience. When she

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was about five years old I removed from Pennsylvania to Ohio, and undertook the task of making a farm in the tall timber on the banks of a stream called the 'Big Darby.' This life in the woods, with the birds and squirrels, my little daughter seemed to enjoy and never to have forgotten in after life. One year of hard work, endeavoring to subdue a forest of heavy timber and make the wilderness blossom as a rose, satisfied my ambition in that respect, and the next spring found me, with my little family, wending my way back to the hills and valleys of Pennsylvania. This journey to and from Ohio, with some of the scenes and associations of our cabin home, my daughter held in vivid remembrance, and seemed to enjoy, contrasting them with those of her later life. We had several talks about making a visit to our old Ohio home; but the time for that visit never came, and now never will. Although her sun of life's little day sank behind the western horizon when only a little past the meridian hour, yet she was the oldest of a family of five children, and she had lived to close the eyes in their last sleep, and to attend to the last sad rites of affection, at the death-bed of her mother and both of her sisters, and then to close her own earthly career in the unexpected and awful calamity of shipwreck on the ocean, where, with hundreds of others, her lamp of life went out, to be relighted only on the other shore, in that bright clime where sickness and sorrow, pain and death, are felt and feared no more."

Some further details may be given.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. DILLON'S MOTHER, SUSAN BETTS PRICE,
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, 1876.



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Four or five years of the hardest work and strictest economy on the part of Mr. Price had resulted in the accumulation of enough money to buy a tract of land in Ohio, on the Big Darby, not many miles from Columbus, the same mentioned above in his letter. To this place, in 1840, Mr. Price removed with his family, then consisting of his wife, his daughter Anna Margery, and his son Milton—the “Buzz” of the family letters. The tract was heavily timbered, and a home had to be made by felling the trees, erecting a house, and clearing the land for cultivation. This Mr. Price did, unaided, with his own hands. More energy, hard work, and privations have rarely been expended and endured by the pioneer, and all, as it chanced, to no advantage. Placing undue confidence in his vendor, Mr. Price incautiously made the purchase without having had the title examined, and the title afterward turned out to be bad. He had built more foolishly than upon the sand, for he had spent all his capital and his labor upon a worthless tax title. Here, on August 20, 1840, was born his daughter Mary, afterward Mrs. Collier.

When the worthlessness of the title was discovered, nothing was left but to abandon the place; and, undismayed, Mr. Price resolved to go back empty-handed to Pennsylvania and begin anew. He started on the return journey March 2, 1841. The incidents of that journey never faded from his memory, and are more than once vividly described in letters to

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his daughter. One of these, dated March 2, 1886, is reproduced in the Appendix, in the belief that it will be read by his descendants with interest, as exemplifying his own dauntless courage and energy, as well as for its tribute to his wife's uncomplaining and cheerful devotion to him and their children.

He settled himself, on his return, in Hollidaysburg, a flourishing town in Blair County, situated on the Juniata River and the Pennsylvania Canal, near the eastern base of the Alleghany Mountains, and separated from the town of Gaysport by a small branch of the Juniata. Here, in the employment of Bingham & Co. in their large warehouse and transportation business, and as lessee of the Jackson farm, he remained until his removal to Iowa in the fall of 1844. The rear portion of the premises occupied by the family in Hollidaysburg bordered upon the small creek which ran between that place and Gaysport. The brick house, the stream which she often waded across barefoot, the pastimes upon its banks, the Jackson farm and the life there, Mrs. Dillon remembered in all their detail.

In the spring of 1889 she had the pleasure, in company with her husband, of visiting these scenes of her early childhood. On that occasion, in going through the house in which she had lived, or through the communicating adjoining house, she related an incident in her early life which shows her abounding animal spirits and her innate love of fun. She said: "On a bed in this very room a young lady had dis-

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played, fully spread out to view, a bridal or party dress. I, a little girl of eight years, was looking at it all alone with wonder and delight, when I heard her footsteps approaching. Quick as a flash I crept under the bed, screened from sight by the hanging drapery which surrounded it. The young lady, unconscious of my presence, approached the bed to survey and admire her gown, the point of her slippers projecting beneath the valance to within a few inches of where I lay concealed. I could not resist the temptation to pinch one of her toes. With a scream of surprise, she fled from the room, and I quickly made my escape undiscovered, and heard her soon afterward recount the mysterious circumstance, which she was never able to solve. This happened more than forty years ago, in the very place where we now stand. I see now that I was very naughty; but I meant no harm." She pointed out, on that visit to the Jackson farm, the room in which she slept, the grounds whereon she played, and the fields where she was accustomed to carry to her father and the reapers their afternoon repast, known as the "evening piece," in harvest-time.

She had such educational advantages as Hollidaysburg afforded; and it is evident from her letters that she made good progress in her studies, since she describes herself at this early period of her life, when she was between seven and nine years of age, as a reader of the Bible, committing its verses to memory.

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REMOVAL TO IOWA

On October 10, 1844, the family started for the West, via the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and arrived at Davenport, Iowa, November 6 of the same year. These dates are taken from the letter of her father to his daughter, November 6, 1892 (given in the Appendix), in which he portrays his advent to that town, and the discouraging reception he met. It was then a new place in the new Territory of Iowa, Iowa having been separately organized as a Territory as recently as 1838. The first white child had been born in the county in 1834, only ten years before their arrival. The town had been laid out in 1837. It contained in 1844 about eight hundred inhabitants.

As Davenport was the home of Mrs. Dillon from her coming thither with her father, in 1844, to her removal with her own family to New York in 1879,—a period of thirty-five years,—and the place wherein the larger part of her active life was spent, a brief space may be given to a description of it. It is the county-seat of Scott County, situated on the west bank of the Mississippi River, at the foot of the upper rapids. The river at this point and in front of the main part of the city is fully three quarters of a mile in width, and free of islands; but opposite the upper part of the city is the high and rock-bound, finely wooded island called Rock Island, and opposite the lower part of the city is a group of islands. On the oppo-

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site bank, in Illinois, stands the city of Rock Island. High bluffs on both sides rise gradually from the level plateau skirting the river, on which and on the bluffs the two cities are built. The scenery, combining a majestic stretch of water, islands, wooded bluffs, and the two cities vis-à-vis, is of acknowledged and indisputable beauty. From the windows and terraces of the two homes in which Mrs. Dillon lived from 1857 to 1879 this lovely scene was in her constant view, and is the subject of frequent mention in her letters.

SCHOOLS, CLASSMATES, AND EDUCATION

There are comparatively few written data relating to Mrs. Dillon's school life. The schools in Davenport in 1844 and for some time after the organization of the State government were all private schools; some were boys' schools, some girls' schools, and some mixed. Mrs. Dillon attended the girls' school taught by Mrs. Prescott (1845-47), that taught by Miss Bergen (1847-48), and the one taught by the Misses Jones (1849-50); and at one time she went to a school for both boys and girls, kept by Mr. James Thorington, at the southeast corner of Main and Fourth streets, at which the boy destined to become her future husband was also a pupil. Mr. Thorington, among other public stations held by him, was afterward a member of Congress from that district, and United States consul to one of the South American states; and Mrs. Dillon and her husband had the

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satisfaction of a brief visit from their former teacher after their removal to New York. In these schools the usual branches of an English education were taught. But in 1850, when Mrs. Dillon was fifteen years of age, the Misses Gilruth established a school of a higher order, called a seminary, for the education of young women. Here she was taught, in addition to English studies, Latin, music, and French. She continued at this seminary until a short time before her marriage. Some interesting memories of Mrs. Dillon's school-days and the names of some of her school companions are given by her classmate, Mrs. Anna Reed Wilkinson, in her letter of October 21, 1899, inserted in the Appendix.

Among Mrs. Dillon's more intimate friends during her earlier life were Julia Burrows, Augusta Woodward, Ellen and Fanny McManus, Mary and Maria Owens, Mattie Cleland, Lizzie and Maggie Donaldson, Elvira Brown, Carrie Harris, Anna and Mary Reed, Eugenie Forrest, Mattie Lyter, Maria Higgins, and Amanda Cowperthwaite. She enjoyed the special regard of her teachers, Harriet and Matilda Gilruth, both excellent and accomplished women, and who, outside the school-room, treated her as a companion. Among the few papers connected with this period of her life, Mrs. Dillon, by accident or design, preserved the following, in the handwriting of Augusta Woodward:

"Be it enacted this 23d of May, A. D. 1851, that we the undersigned do meet to celebrate a chicken din-



PORTRAIT OF ANNA MARGERY PRICE,
TAKEN BY JOHN M. DILLON, FROM A DAGUERRETYPE, 1852.



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ner to be given by Anna ———, now Anna Price, ten years from the above date, viz., the 23d of May, A. D. 1861. In testimony whereof we hereby affix our mark.

JULIA BURROWS,

CARRIE HARRIS,

HATTIE GILRUTH,

ANNA PRICE,

MATTIE CLELAND,

GUS WOODWARD,

TILLA GILRUTH.”

This was at best a girlish vision. The meeting thus solemnly arranged never took place. Before the day fixed some had died and others were scattered. Indeed, comparatively few of those named above survived her, and there remain of them only an echo and a memory.

Mrs. Dillon received as good an education as the place at that time offered, but it was always a source of regret to her that her educational facilities had not been greater and her course of instruction more extended and thorough. She afterward held very decided views on the subject of the inadequacy of the usual provisions for the education of her sex, and it was her opinion that the education of girls should be, in range and thoroughness, if not the same as that of boys, at least equal to it. It was these convictions that led her, after her coming to New York, to interest herself in Barnard College, and to give to it all the active support that her other duties, left within her power. Her services in this respect were, after her death, fittingly recognized by a minute on the records of the college.

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As an illustration of her character and of her love of learning, it may be recounted that when she sojourned in Paris, with her children, in the winter of 1875-76, she resumed with characteristic energy the systematic study of the French language, so as to be able both to speak and to read it. To this end she went to reside in a family where French only was spoken, and for a time (although she was forty years of age) attended regularly a French school, "and was," she says, in one of her letters, "at first in a class with a dozen or more ten-year-olds. Was n't that funny for an old woman?"

MARRIAGE

She was married in the Methodist Episcopal Church of Davenport, November 10, 1853, being at that time in her nineteenth year, to John F. Dillon, who was in his twenty-second year, and who had been admitted to the bar, as an attorney-at-law, the year before. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Landon Taylor, who had previously been stationed for two years as the resident minister of that church. He was highly revered by the family, and at Mr. Price's request came specially from a distant place to solemnize the marriage. Years afterward this pious and devout minister published, in the seventieth year of his age, a biographical account of his long ministry, which, drawing upon the martial imagery with which the New Testament abounds,

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he called "The Battle-Field Reviewed." In this volume he gives a page to this marriage. His relation is substantially correct, but his somewhat awkward statement that the daughter "Anna had engaged his services to perform the ceremony when the time came, and that he was now here to honor his pledge," often amused her by its implication that *she* was the active agent in all the marriage arrangements. He gave them his book, in which he states that from 1853 to 1881 he "has numbered them with his warmest friends," and that "true friendship never dies"; and Mrs. Dillon, when in Los Angeles, California, in 1884, speaks in one of her letters of a visit—the last—from this excellent and venerable man, then over seventy-two years of age, and who has since passed to his immortal reward and inheritance.

HER DIFFERENT HOMES

Home is so important in the life of woman, wife, and mother that a short description of Mrs. Dillon's different homes will make many of the allusions in her letters more intelligible. Letters cannot be fully appreciated and enjoyed unless the surroundings of the writer, the place from which and the persons to whom they are written, are known to the reader. Such surroundings constitute the setting of letters. To have their full interest the letters must bring those who read them into immediate contact with the writer as an actual personage, and not with a cold, chiseled

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bust of marble. In this way only can letters be invested with a human interest, pulsating with the life of their author. A personal interest felt in the author naturally communicates itself to what he writes. For these reasons it is that the illustrations in this volume and some of the details of this chapter are given.

The first home of Mrs. Dillon after her marriage was in a house belonging to her husband in Davenport, near the corner of Third and Rock Island streets. In it her eldest son, Hiram, was born, in 1855. (He is usually called "Hymie" in these letters.) The house no longer exists.

Her second home was in the same city, near the corner of Seventh and Brady streets, adjoining her father's residence. It was built by her husband after his marriage, was a double two-story brick house, situated near the top of the bluff, commanding a fine view of the Mississippi River for miles up and down, of the island of Rock Island, and of the cities of Rock Island and Davenport. Here she resided from 1857 to 1867, and in it were born a son, Sidney, who died in the second year of his age, and her daughters, Susie and Annie. This house is still standing.

Her third home is known in her letters as "Leaf-land." Here she lived from 1867 to 1879. It was here, November 12, 1878, that she celebrated her silver wedding, described in one of her letters. It was situated within the corporate limits of the city of Davenport, and consisted of sixteen acres of wooded land lying on the bluff and extending down the side of the

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hill to the plain below, in the front and rear of which were streets leading to the thickly settled portions of the city. Half-way down the hill a tongue of level land forming a natural building-site projected itself, on which the residence mansion was erected after plans designed by herself. It was a commodious house, with a conservatory for plants and flowers, and was surrounded by fine walnut, hickory, oak, and other native trees, and from the verandas and terraces the eye took in both cities and the majestic river, with its islands and bluffs on both sides for a reach of many miles. Here, in 1868, her son John, the "Pod" and "Poddie" of her letters, was born. Her friends, Mrs. Putnam, Mrs. Glaspbell, Mrs. McManus, Mrs. Davenport, and Miss Fejervary, lived on adjacent places. Her fondness for the country, for flowers, fruit, lawns, domestic animals, and all that belongs to country life, led her personally to select the site of this home, to plan the house and improvements, and actively to supervise their execution. She sought for a time a fit name for the new place without any result. One autumn day, however, on finding the small ravine back of the house and the adjoining land deeply covered with leaves, she exclaimed: "I have found my name at last! 'Leafland' let it be."¹

¹ The following letter, relating mainly to Leafland, written by her husband to Mrs. Dillon in 1876, when she was in Europe, seems not inappropriate to be given in this place:

"Leafland, May 30, 1876.

"*My dear Wife:*

"I arrived in Davenport on last night's train, and this morning I came down here, bag and baggage, this consisting of the famous

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Leafland was sold late in the year 1878, preparatory to an intended removal to St. Louis, where the official duties of her husband required him to spend much of his time, and which, being central to his circuit, would be much more convenient to him and enable him to be with his family two or three months more of the year than at Davenport, where no terms of his court were held. The house at Leafland was some years afterward destroyed by fire, and Mrs. Dillon's letters describe the sadness with which she viewed the ruins and the neglected grounds. But before the contemplated removal to St. Louis was made her

black "carpet-sack" that has so often made the tour of the circuit and whilom the tour of Europe. It is more rickety than ever, and has to be well strapped to keep it together. I am trying to make it last till Hymie gets back with the other. It is evening now, and I am writing in the spare room. I have not been in town to-day, but, after making the tour of Leafland, devoted myself to the examination of cases for the Kansas court, now close at hand, and to writing opinions.

"The place itself, notwithstanding its neglect, is beautiful; and as I stood this evening on the crest of the bluffs above our house, and saw the two cities, the river, the islands, and the rural and water view stretching miles up and down the river, I quite persuaded myself that I had seen nothing finer in Europe. The view from Wallace's Monument, or Stirling, or the old castle at Heidelberg is more commanding, but lacks the grand and noble Mississippi; nevertheless, although my old love was quite revived, I feel that I must sell it at the first opportunity, for St. Louis is more central and convenient for my work, and will enable me to be much more at home. Lilacs, snowdrops, syringas, roses, are all in bloom, and the cherry- and apple-trees and the grape-vines are loaded with goodly promise of fruit. I inclose some flowers from the place — *a rosebud for you!* In pulling the honeysuckle, tell Johnnie, I had to fight a beautiful mother bird that was defending her young from supposed danger with the utmost courage and devotion. I will write soon again. I wrote you Sunday [No. 33]; let me know if it reaches you. I forgot to say that the third volume of my Reports is just out, and that I received the first bound copy to-day.

"Love to all the bairns, and I am,

"Very sincerely and affectionately yours,

"JOHN F. DILLON."

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husband accepted the professorship of real property and of equity jurisprudence in the Law School of Columbia University, New York, and the place of general counsel to the Union Pacific and Missouri Pacific railroad companies, resigned his judicial office, and the family removed, in September, 1879, to the city of New York.

The next residence was at No. 716 Madison Avenue in that city, taken on a lease from year to year; but in May, 1881, they purchased No. 671 Madison Avenue, corner of Sixty-first Street, a four-story, brownstone, typical New York building, in full view of Central Park, and in which, with the exception of summers and occasional absences, Mrs. Dillon continued to live until 1895. In 1887 and afterward she had a summer home, No. 704 North Broadway, Saratoga.

In 1894 was begun and in 1895 was completed the house in which she resided until her death. It is situated about forty miles from New York city, on an estate of over one hundred acres, at Far Hills, New Jersey, a station on the Lackawanna Railway, near Bernardsville. This house was likewise planned and the grounds laid out by Mrs. Dillon, who, so far as her health permitted, looked after every detail of construction and planting, a work in which, despite its many annoyances, she delighted. The place was first called by her "Knollcroft"; but learning that another estate in the vicinity bore the same name, she changed it to "Knollcrest"—appropriately so, as the house is situated upon the crest of a knoll, which

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gives an extensive view of the distant mountains and intervening valleys. Knollcrest is in the midst of a picturesque hill region, intersected by fertile valleys. It was at first intended only for a summer residence, but she soon found herself unequal to the cares of two houses, and determined to make it her only home. To that end she removed to Knollcrest all of the furniture, books, and contents of her city house, and in 1896 built, after her own designs, the library addition to Knollcrest, which is referred to in some of her letters.

Although during the time of its construction and of her residence at Knollcrest her health was more or less impaired, it may perhaps truly be said that it was, notwithstanding the bright colors in which memory, with its fond illusions, delighted to picture Leafland and her earlier sojourn in Europe, the happiest period of her life. She enjoyed to the full her turkeys, ducks, and chickens, cows and horses, flowers and lawns, hedges and trees, and everything pertaining to her household arrangements; for she was a consummate housekeeper. But she delighted especially in the varied hill and valley scenery offered to her view, and which she was wont to call the Delectable Mountains and the Land of Beulah; for she had known from childhood "The Pilgrim's Progress" almost by heart. Above all, she delighted in the gorgeous sunsets of this region, in which the mountains were either etched with cameo-like distinctness against the western horizon, or bathed in a soft purple haze amid the burning

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splendors of the descending sun, prefiguring, to her lively faith, as she often said, the unseen beauties of the world invisible, which seemed to lie just behind this gloriously illuminated curtain.

This was intended to be her final home, and she hoped that her life would be prolonged so that she might, some five or six years distant, have and hold therein her golden wedding. How deeply and dearly she loved the place she often expressed, and it was known to all who knew her. Thus, on the Thursday evening preceding the Saturday on which she sailed on her fatal voyage, in a parting note to her neighbor, Mrs. Mary Reeve Schley, after thanking her for a book, and regretting that she had not seen her once more before leaving, she said: "Kiss your sweet-faced Olive for me, and give her the love of a middle-aged woman who understands childhood and children"; and, replying to Mrs. Schley's kindly expressed hope that she would be benefited by her "cure" and be home next year, Mrs. Dillon said: "I shall pray silently to my Heavenly Father that He may permit me to return to Far Hills and the friends I love." In this new home Mrs. Dillon had formed a special attachment, not only to the Mrs. Schley just named, but also, among others, to Mrs. Grant Schley, Mrs. Baker, her mother, and Mrs. Lindabury. So, in the midst of the bustle of preparing to sail for Europe, she hurriedly wrote (June 30) a note to her father, stating that she felt constrained and yet, for reasons given, encouraged to

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go to Nauheim, Germany, hoping to recover her health. In this note, the last she wrote from Knollcrest, so pathetic in the light of the grievous fate that even then, unseen, impended over her and her daughter, she says: "I regret to go from my beautiful home, but conclude that by leaving for a few months I may stay longer here to enjoy it. Annie goes with me to Paris, where we separate, she for Carlsbad and I for Nauheim. When we shall all meet again only God knows."

WHAT HER OWN HOME STOOD FOR

Home means much to every true woman, but to no one did home ever infold in its conception more than it did to Mrs. Dillon. A marked feature of her letters is the frequent reference to her home and to her domestic interests. She liked a beautiful house, tasteful appointments, adornments, and surroundings, but this was far from satisfying her ideal of a home. In the course of her reading she was struck with certain lines from the "Faerie Queene" (Book II, Canto XII, verse 32), which, she said, "more aptly picture one of the leading purposes of a true home than anything I have ever seen. I will extract them and use them as a motto for a new home which I hope some day to build." She placed the excerpt in her pocket-book, where she carried it for years. Afterward the house of her imagination was built at Knollcrest, and she caused to be carved in oak, in old

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English characters, on the mantelpiece of the family living-room, the words:

☉ turn thy rudder hitherward awhile;

Here may thy storme-bett vessel safely ryde;

This is the port of rest from troublous toyle,

The world's sweet inn from pain & wearisome turmoyle.

But, to her, home was not only a port of refuge: it was a temple, with its shrines and worship. What she made her own home stand for and embody, her children and her family in all its branches well know. It was in general the favorite gathering-place for the whole family on holidays and festive occasions. There lies before us a letter to her from her sister Louisa, dated New York, February 23, 1873, in which, on her return from a visit to Leafland, she says:

“If you knew certainly that you did no other good in this world, the mere fact that you have such a home and make everybody welcome to it, and that to so many persons the being at your home means complete rest, comfort, and a happy time, ought to satisfy you with living.”

When, in 1872, her sister Mary died, she was buried from Leafland, and there her four children found a home until other provision was made for them by their father. So, in 1874, when her brother Milton lost his wife, he wrote to his sister, Mrs. Dillon, in respect of his motherless daughter Susie :

“My wife is gone, and suddenly—heart-disease. . . .

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She often told me she wanted Susie to go and stay with you awhile if anything should happen to her. . . . I need not ask you to open your heart and arms to her child ; you will do it doubly, for she loved you. . . . Oh, what a loss! I will see you soon some day, and oh! I pray you, for her sake, fold Susie to your breast."

And soon afterward he wrote again :

"You will understand fully that I have put my Susie entirely under your charge, without any reservation, first, because her dear mother often expressed a wish that she might be confided to you; second, you were the first to offer her a home; and third, because I don't know where she would be better. . . . If her mother's gentle eyes can see you, how full and tender must be her gratitude for your kindness! "

And this daughter she reared with the same loving kindness and care that she did her own. And so again, when, in 1882, her sister Louisa died, Mrs. Dillon, out of love for her memory, took her son William into her house, and gave him a home for years, bringing him up in all respects as one of her own children.

One of Mrs. Dillon's letters relates that in 1876 she traveled in Europe and brought home with her seven children, three of whom were those of her two deceased sisters. These incidents in her family history are here set down not only to show what Mrs. Dillon made her home to stand for, but also to bring out, albeit so dimly, the motherhood of her nature, which, in its intensity and manifestations, was so profound

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and lovely that it surrounds her memory with an aureola of unfading beauty.

Her love for her own children forms the warp and woof of so many of her letters that it needs no special emphasis in this place. In addition to what her letters reveal, it is sufficient here to state that this love knew no bounds or depths. It was perennial, having its roots in the deepest recesses of her nature. Skilled in needlework, she made with her own hands or embroidered the garments of her young children; these she carefully preserved, and some of them still exist. While her children were young she gave herself up almost wholly to their education and rearing. She would never leave for a night a babe or young child. In the defense of her children and their rights she had the courage and fierceness of a lioness; in her loving care of them the tenderest and most uncomplaining devotion. To her dear daughter Annie, who perished with her, she gave, as these letters show, anxious years of the most self-sacrificing care, and thus learned, as she often declared, to appreciate more fully than would otherwise have been possible that daughter's charming personality and noble qualities of mind and heart. But Mrs. Dillon did not confine her love of children to her own. Children love those who love them; and all children instinctively loved her. She had a positive genius for interesting them, and an infantile vocabulary which was absolutely original.

It is in part because she so unreservedly gave her-

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self up to her growing children that we have during this period fewer memorials, under her own hand, concerning herself, than at later stages of her life.

HER HOUSEHOLD

She was regnant in her home, maintaining discipline among her children and in every department of her household. She was no dreamer or idler. On the contrary, she had practical talents and executive ability of a high order. She was, moreover, an accomplished housekeeper. She knew every article of every kind in her house, though numbering thousands, and knew just where each was. She knew the separate contents of every bureau, trunk, and closet. Some passages appear in her printed letters in which, when in Europe or elsewhere, she gives from memory detailed directions where to find in the labyrinth described by her a particular article; and these passages, though otherwise unimportant, have purposely been allowed to stand to illustrate her remarkable memory and love of order.

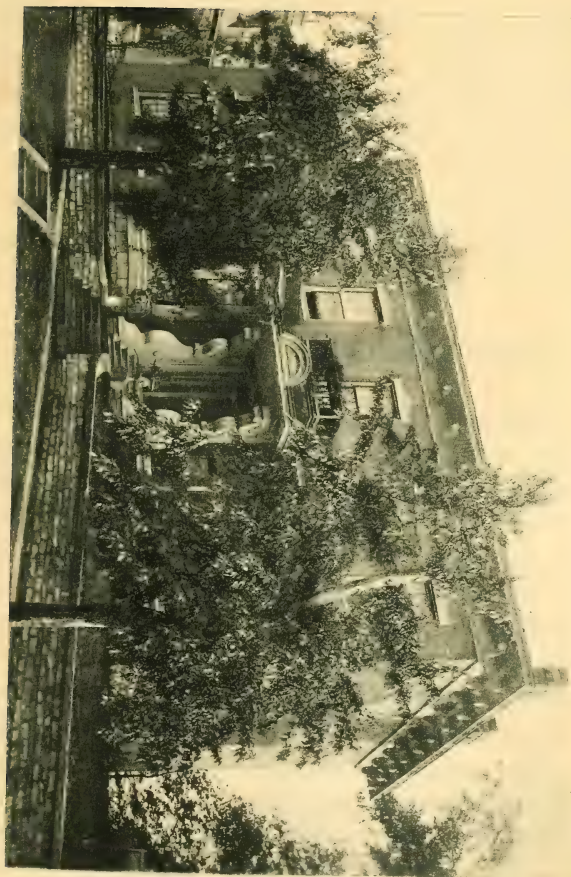
She learned from her mother the art of cooking. Though she rarely called her skill into exercise, she would not admit that any person could make better bread or coffee or prepare a better meal than herself. On Thanksgiving days and Christmas it was her unvarying habit, because it was recognized she could do it best, to make in person the oyster-and-chicken pie. In one of her Los Angeles letters, in 1884, she

SEVENTH STREET HOME, DAVENPORT, 1857-67, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



THE HISTORY OF THE

The history of the world is a vast and complex subject, encompassing the lives and actions of countless individuals and the events that have shaped our planet. From the earliest civilizations to the modern era, the story of humanity is one of constant change and evolution. This book aims to provide a comprehensive overview of this history, exploring the major events, figures, and themes that have defined our world. It is a journey through time, from the dawn of human existence to the present day, seeking to understand the forces that have driven our progress and the challenges we have faced. The text is divided into several sections, each focusing on a different period or aspect of history, allowing readers to delve into the details of the past while also seeing the broader context. The language is clear and accessible, making it suitable for a wide range of readers, from students to those with a general interest in history. The book is a testament to the power of history to inform and inspire, and to the enduring legacy of the human story.



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refers to her work of initiating her Chinese cook into the mysteries of making a pot-pie. These details may be thought trifles, and so, if these pages were intended for the general public, they might be; but traits of character are often as truly seen in small things as in great, and presumptively small things of a personal or domestic nature are as profoundly interesting to those for whom this book is designed as larger things would be to the public in a book intended for it.

CHURCH RELATIONSHIPS AND RELIGIOUS VIEWS

Her parents were devotedly attached to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in this church their children were strictly brought up. They habitually attended Sunday-school. In a letter to her son John, Mrs. Dillon speaks of herself, when nine years of age, as "a little yellow-haired girl with blue eyes, poring daily over the pages of the Bible, and committing to memory its verses by hundreds, once seven hundred in a week." She frequently told the reason of this *tour de force* of memory. The preacher, one Sunday morning, offered a prize to be given to the child who should learn the greatest number of verses from the Bible during the ensuing week and recite them in the Sunday-school the following Sunday. When the family returned home after church, her father told his son Milton that he expected him to take the prize. Nothing was said to her in this connection,

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though she was a member of the Sunday-school and eligible to compete. The very fact that her father did not say anything to her caused such chagrin that she resolved to gain the prize. Even at that early age she considered the omission a reflection upon her sex, and determined upon a vindication. She kept her purpose secret, but every spare moment was devoted to her task. She told about the difficulties under which she labored, having her regular household duties to attend to; but she felt amply repaid for all effort when, on the day of trial, she easily distanced all competitors—her brother among the number—and won the prize and in triumph carried it home. The surprise given her father afforded even greater gratification than the victory.

This incident, small in itself, is at once a revelation and a prophecy, and strikingly illustrates not alone her faculty for learning and her retentive memory, but also her energy, pride of sex, ambition, and determination to succeed in all that she undertook—qualities which characterized her entire life. For years and years she never let a day go by without reading a chapter in the Holy Book. She regularly attended the Methodist Episcopal service until her removal to New York. In this city she first attended the church of her revered friend, the Rev. Dr. Collyer, and subsequently that of the Rev. Dr. Greer, St. Bartholomew's.

Her earlier views as to church organizations, as distinguished from religion, were perhaps somewhat

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modified as she grew older; but her reverence for religion and the Saviour never knew the slightest abatement or change. She was never satisfied without sustaining some church relationship. After removing to Knollcrest, learning, in 1897, that it was proposed to erect at Bernardsville a church to be called St. Bernard's, though at the time in feeble health, she resolved to attend (and did) the laying of the corner-stone, and expressed her purpose of connecting herself with that parish when the edifice should be completed. She had arranged to be present at the dedication of the church in June, 1898, but that ceremony was postponed until after she sailed for Europe on July 2. Remembering this and the fondness alike of herself and of her daughter Annie for music, her husband, with the consent of the vestry of the church, placed therein, in 1899, an organ, in their loving memory.

Mrs. Dillon could truly utter the words of the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church," etc., and perhaps with a broader meaning than is usually ascribed to them. Observe the catholicity of spirit that pervades the letters to her devout Roman Catholic friends Mrs. McCullough and Miss Fejervary, to her devoted Presbyterian friend Mrs. Silsbee, and others, and it will be seen that in her heart she anticipated what the world is destined yet to witness, namely, that all who truly accept the Saviour as Master, Exemplar, and Guide, and follow Him, are, irrespective of form of organization or

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creed or language or country or race, members of a universal Christian brotherhood; and she could, we believe, sincerely worship in any such church, whether governed by pope or bishop, or self-governed. Some of her most valued friends were Hebrews, and in one of her St. Louis letters she notes with satisfaction a body of Christians worshipping in a Jewish temple.

For many years after her marriage Mrs. Dillon regularly taught a class in Sunday-school, and the present judge of one of the United States District Courts in Texas has reminded the family that Mrs. Dillon was his Sunday-school teacher in West Davenport, after her return from Europe in 1876.

Her dislike of hypocrisy was only a part of her detestation of everything which was not genuine and real. It even provoked her, on a flagrant occasion, to exclaim, in her striking way: "I sometimes think that the dim religious light of churches serves the purpose of obscuring hypocrisy in the pews!"

WORK IN CHARITABLE ORGANIZATIONS

All who knew Mrs. Dillon will remember her compassionate concern for the poor and suffering, the weak and unfortunate. Her strong and forceful nature was combined with the greatest tenderness. She was always interested in the work of benevolent and charitable associations. In the Civil War she was an active member of the Soldiers' Relief Society;

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in 1869 and onward, of the Ladies' Christian Association, formed to improve the moral, social, and spiritual condition of homeless women. Upon the reorganization of that society in 1872 she was a charter member and one of the ward managers, and was afterward, in 1876, elected and served as its president. Its scope has since been enlarged so as to include the training of poor children in methods of self-support, and, under its changed name of the Ladies' Industrial Relief Society of Davenport, it still continues its useful existence. As ward manager, it was her duty personally to visit and make inquiry concerning all persons and families in her district who sought or were reported or thought to be in need of relief—a very exacting work, which she most conscientiously performed. Many times she brought ill or wretched babies and children to her own home, and fed, bathed, clothed, and attended to them in person.

On one occasion, when passing through a poor quarter of the city, she heard, in a shanty, a loud quarrel between a husband and wife, and the wife was calling for help. In response she went in, and found that they were both drunk, and saw a squalid baby lying helpless on the floor. She seized the baby, saying, "You are not fit to have the child, and when you get sober you may come to my house and get it." They then made common cause against her; but she persisted and took the babe with her. At this time her daughter Susie was an infant, and her husband, returning home, found his wife with a child in her arms, and

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approaching to caress it, exclaimed with surprise: "Why, what is the matter with the baby?" And then, on a second look, added: "Heavens! where did *that* baby come from?" It often amused her to narrate the incident as proof that he was away from home so much that he did not know his own child.

After her removal to New York she continued, as far as her health permitted, her interest in such work in connection with the parish house of St. Bartholomew's Church, and as a manager of the Exchange for Woman's Work, and otherwise. In 1886 she was unanimously elected president of the Ladies' Hahne-mann Hospital Association of New York city, and served in that capacity for a considerable period.

So, on being informed, when in Europe, that Klein (an old German who assisted her every spring and fall in setting her house in order) was ill, she gave, in a letter to her husband from Paris, September 15, 1890, specific and practical directions to have him regularly supplied with delicacies from the Woman's Exchange, and sent him a special message intended to please and cheer him.

She took a warm interest in prison associations formed to supply discharged prisoners with money and clothing and employment, so that they would not be driven by necessity to lapse into their former ways.

These may seem trivial things to set down in print. Not so; for what can more fully reveal the real nature of the woman than such obscure and unselfish acts

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of personal sacrifice and compassionate tenderness as bearing in her own arms and to her own home sick and wretched children, and with her own hands ministering to their wants? Truly in this was she filled with His spirit and walked in His steps, for His example was "going about doing good," and His words, when He had taken a child in His arms, were: "Who-soever shall receive one of such children in My name receiveth Me."

She always remembered with satisfaction her associates in these charitable societies, and often recalled Mrs. Burton, Mrs. Wadsworth, Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Woodward, Miss Sudlow, Mrs. Peck, and others, and their devotion to the work.

WORK IN THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

From 1874 until 1879, when Mrs. Dillon removed from Davenport, she was warmly interested in the Library Association of that city, and gave much of her time to the promotion of its welfare. Her letters contain so many references to this subject that a short account of her library work is proper, the more especially as her labors were the proximate cause of the establishment of the existing Library Association on its present firm foundations. Prior to 1874 the citizens had established a public library. After some years of prosperity it declined, and becoming moribund, it was, as a last resource, in that year turned over to the management of the women, who assumed

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the charge upon the condition that a suitable room should be guaranteed, rent free, for a term of five years. Fifteen citizens gave the required guaranty, and the women took charge of the association. Mrs. Dillon was elected its first president, April 25, 1874, and all of its other officers were women, including among them her friends Mrs. Peck, Mrs. McCullough, Mrs. Wadsworth, Mrs. Ballord, Mrs. Wing, Mrs. Bills, Mrs. Ballou, Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs. Barnard, and Miss Alice French, familiar and oft-recurring names in her letters.

Under the new management the association prospered, and April 24, 1875, Mrs. Dillon and the other officers were reëlected. In her annual address as president, May 3, 1875, attention was called to the necessity of the Library having a home of its own. On September 22, 1875, Mrs. Dillon sent from Paris her resignation as president of the association, on the ground that she had decided to remain in Europe for a period beyond her term of office, and that the welfare of the association could be best promoted by officers who were at their post of duty. On her return from Europe, in 1876, she resumed her active work in the association. Acting with others, she finally enlisted the interest of Mrs. Clarissa C. Cook, whose husband, the late Ebenezer Cook, Esq., had some years before made a conditional bequest of ten thousand dollars for a library building, which was not carried into effect. On the sixth day of July, 1877, Mrs. Cook addressed to Mrs. Dillon a letter in which she stated that

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“ your representations as to the condition and work of the existing Library Association in this city have been considered, and if that association will furnish the lot and make such changes in its constitution as will satisfy me or the Hon. J. W. Drury that the building and the fund thus given will be safely held, I agree to recognize it as the beneficiary under this proposition.” Mrs. Dillon actively canvassed for and raised the money to purchase the lot. The original subscription list used by her was found among her papers. The required changes in the constitution were made, and on the thirty-first day of July, 1877, Mrs. Cook delivered to Mrs. Dillon for the Library Association her agreement “ to erect on the said lot, without unnecessary delay, a building to be used and maintained as a public library, to cost not less than ten thousand dollars.”

The building was accordingly erected, and the perpetuity of this useful association was thereby assured. Mrs. Dillon was elected, November 6, 1877, one of the nine members of the first board of trustees of the new library, for a term of five years. Her labors in this behalf were, during her lifetime, recognized by her election, February 24, 1879, to an honorary membership, and were also, after her death, fitly commemorated by appropriate resolutions of the association.

Mrs. Dillon always recalled with satisfaction her successful work and that of her associates (many of whose names appear in her letters) in the interests of the Davenport Public Library.

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HUSBAND'S COURSE OF LIFE AND EMPLOYMENTS

Some facts connected with her husband's course of life and employments seem needful to be stated, so that Mrs. Dillon's own life and letters may be more fully understood. His law practice led him, from 1853 to 1858, to go upon the circuit in the adjoining counties of Clinton and Cedar. In 1858 he was elected a judge of the State District Court, his district embracing the counties of Muscatine, Scott, Clinton, and Jackson, his term of four years commencing January 1, 1859. He was reëlected for another term; but having been elected a judge of the Supreme Court of the State, he took his seat as such, January 1, 1864. He was reëlected in the fall of 1869; but before qualifying he was appointed in December of that year, by President Grant, United States Circuit Judge for the Eighth Federal Circuit, embracing the States of Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, Nebraska, and afterward Colorado. His judicial duties as State District and Supreme Judge required his absence from home for about six months, and his duties as Federal Judge for about eight months in each year, thereby necessarily devolving upon Mrs. Dillon an unusual proportion of household and domestic cares.

His salary as State District Judge was thirteen hundred dollars per year; as State Supreme Judge, two thousand; as Circuit Judge of the United States, six

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thousand. This limited income constituted the greater part of their resources, though, after a time, it was somewhat increased by compensation for law lectures in the Iowa State University, by royalties from books, and, to some extent, from real property held at the time of the husband's accession to the bench. It was a fundamental point in the family's domestic economy to be always free from the anxiety of debt, and to keep their expenses within their income—a result which, in the earlier years especially, was due almost wholly to Mrs. Dillon's skilful administrative ability. After the removal to New York the resources, as well as the expenditures, of the family were greatly increased, but the cardinal rule of living within its means was, as before, inflexibly observed.

Mrs. Dillon's outings, when her husband was a judge of the District and Supreme Courts of Iowa, consisted mainly in occasionally accompanying him to the places where his courts were held, Muscatine, Dubuque, and Des Moines, and in visits to her sister, Mrs. Collier, at Chicago and the other places where she lived. In January, 1864, she made her first visit to Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. When her husband became United States Circuit Judge, she went with him, at different times, to his courts in St. Paul (making, in 1872, the tour of the Great Lakes), Des Moines, Omaha, Jefferson City, Leavenworth, Topeka, St. Louis, Little Rock, and Denver. She resided in St. Louis for two winters, 1877-78 and 1878-79,

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as is shown more fully in her letters. During this period she made a visit to relatives in Kentucky.

Prior to 1875, and while she lived in Davenport, she gave considerable time to charitable and other work, as already stated; but during the years when her children were young it was to them that she devoted her paramount attention. She found time, however, to assist her husband, in 1872, in putting his book on "Municipal Corporations" through the press. He always realized that his itinerant professional and judicial life had thrown almost exclusively upon his wife the care and anxieties of the family; and years afterward, when, in 1894, his Yale University Law Lectures were published, he publicly recognized the obligation which it created, in the dedication of the volume to her in these words:

A. P. D.

The years of professional studies, circuit journeyings, and judicial itinerancies whereof this book is in some measure the outcome, as well as the time required for its preparation, have been taken from your society and companionship. The only reparation possible is to lay these imperfect fruits upon your lap. As to you, indeed, they justly belong, this formal Dedication serves alike to accredit your title and to manifest my grateful sense of obligation and affectionate regard.

This inscription was pleasing to Mrs. Dillon, and on her return from Europe a friend called her attention to a review of the book in which the writer, speaking of dedications to wives, compared this not unfavora-

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bly with John Stuart Mill's, whereupon her husband said that his was as much inferior to Mill's as Mill's to Tennyson's.¹

HER PERSONAL APPEARANCE, TASTES, CHARACTERISTICS, AND TRAITS

Mrs. Dillon's descendants, for whom largely these pages are intended, who have not seen, or seen too early to remember, her, will have a natural curiosity to know how she looked and to learn something of her characteristics and traits. No attempt will be here made to draw a full or finished portraiture of her personal appearance. None is, indeed, necessary, for her likeness in her early, middle, and later life is reproduced in this volume from a daguerreotype taken when she was seventeen, and from photographs taken respectively when she was forty-one, forty-seven, and fifty-four years of age. If, with these before him, the reader will imagine that she was somewhat above the average height, being about five feet six inches; that her complexion was of the purest white suffused with just the faintest roseate tinge of health; that she

¹ Mrs. Tennyson, always seemingly fragile, outlived her husband, who died October 6, 1892; but, not long before his death, he signalized their long and felicitous union by dedicating to her, in these words, his last book:

"I thought to myself I would offer this book to you,
This and my love together,
To you that are seventy-seven,
With a faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven,
And a fancy as summer new
As the green of the bracken amid the gloom of the heather."

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had eyes blue as the sky, and hair fine as unspun silk of a golden yellow¹ in the two earlier pictures, the gold gradually being replaced in the third picture by a silver sheen, and in the last picture becoming of silvery whiteness; that her weight at her marriage was one hundred and forty pounds, slightly increasing in after years, but without impairing the contour of a form of almost faultless proportions, a carriage impressive, erect, stately; and that she possessed, withal, a charming amenity, grace, and vivaciousness of manner, tempered by an inborn dignity—if, with the pictures before him, the reader will supply these details, they will give a better notion of her personal appearance than any written description, however elaborate. Her handsome face and person were set

¹ The picture of Mrs. Dillon at forty-one, given in this volume, was taken in Paris in 1876, and on receiving it her husband wrote her, July 2, 1876, as follows:

“Before I left St. Paul I received your picture, which now lies before me. I can truly say that it is by far the best likeness you ever had taken. Your dress is severely plain, but as you are inclined (only *inclined*, mind you) to *embonpoint* (is that right?), you look better than if your dress was bedizened with trimmings. If the artist has not flattered you, I must say that I would suppose you were never in better health, for the picture makes you look splendid. I do not see that it makes you look so very ‘motherly and good-souled’ as you suggest. I think we could see, on looking closely, some Vesuvian power if it chose to erupt. Two days after I received your picture I received your letter [No. 35] of June 11, inclosing pictures of Susie and Annie. I have Hymie’s with me, also Johnnie’s, and so I have spread them all out on the table for study and satisfaction.”

Mrs. Dillon had a photograph taken in Paris in December, 1882, or January, 1883, not reproduced in this volume. It is an excellent picture, and by some is regarded as better than, or as good as, the Nice picture next mentioned. The picture at the age of forty-seven, a copy of which constitutes the frontispiece of this volume, was taken in Nice in February, 1883. On its receipt her husband wrote to his wife in Nice:

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off by her queenly state and bearing, so striking that she could enter no assemblage unnoticed.

Mrs. Dillon's tastes were cultivated and refined. She disliked tinselry, gaudiness, and show. She abhorred shams of all kinds. This she carried into household ornamentation and into all articles of personal and household use and adornment. She liked the finest laces and dresses of the richest material she could find or afford. But all must be plain; this, she said, was in her Quaker blood. She was far from insensible to the beauties of jewels, gems, and precious stones; but she would wear them only when they were connected with some sentiment or purpose of obvious or apparent utility. Thus she would wear a ring on her marriage finger, or a brooch to fasten her collar. For its

"671 Madison Avenue, New York,
"Sunday, March 4, 1883.

"*My dear Wife:*

". . . This week I received the Nice photographs of you and Annie. I was very glad to get them. Both of them are very much better than those you had taken in Paris, especially yours. It excels anything of you, by far, ever taken. I wish you would send me two or three more of them. Could you have one enlarged and colored? You speak of Susie having had some taken in her ball costumes. Why did she not send me some of them? . . .

"Affectionately, etc.,
"J. F. D."

Speaking of the Nice picture, her friend Mrs. Kaufman, whom Mrs. Dillon first knew in Paris in 1875, says: "I regard it as the best, most charming, and most characteristic of all her pictures. How well I remember the first time I met my dear friend, and how I admired her beautiful golden hair! Later there was nothing about her that I did not admire and love, and as I turn over her pictures, of which I have several, each brings to my mind some pleasant recollection, something peculiarly her own."

The picture of Mrs. Dillon when she was fifty-four was taken in 1889 at Saratoga.

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quiet and intrinsic beauty a pearl necklace might pass the ordeal of her taste, but it would be like the passage of the camel through the eye of the needle—with difficulty. She would delight in an antique chain to hold her glasses or her watch; but a bracelet, as it served no apparent object, she would barely tolerate, and rarely, if ever, wore. Her ears were never pierced, and the Oriental or barbaric show of earrings was repugnant to the Grecian, or perhaps Quaker, severity of her taste. She made no objection to their use by others, but she wanted them not for herself.

She admitted that she had a weakness or passion for rare or fine china and old furniture; but even this she kept in restraint, and never allowed it to develop into a “craze.”

That she was fond of music appears in many passages in her letters. Whenever opportunity offered and her health permitted, she went to concerts and the opera. She more than once declared: “If I were driven to a choice, I would take two meals a day and opera, rather than three without it.” To her no enjoyment was greater than to hear her daughter Annie at the piano or her son John with his violin.

Her love of nature and art are elsewhere briefly referred to in this chapter in connection with some observations concerning her letters and their general character.

Without being a great or omnivorous reader, Mrs. Dillon was fond of reading. Certain books she read

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for pleasure and others from a sense of duty to herself; for she held very earnestly that every wife should make it a point to keep abreast of her husband and children in intellectual culture and attainments. For purposes of self-improvement she associated herself in Davenport with several friends and formed a society called the "Clonian." It met regularly to read, hear, and discuss papers upon subjects prescribed beforehand. References to this society appear in many of her letters, and in some of those here printed. Several of Mrs. Dillon's papers are yet extant, some of them quite elaborate, one on "The Antilles" and one on "Leo X and his Times," covering many closely written pages. As a testimonial of its regard, the society, on her removal to New York, unanimously elected her, October 7, 1879, an honorary member.

She habitually read the daily newspapers. In her later years, and especially after her strength began to decline, she became accustomed to take her morning coffee and rolls in her chamber, and much of her reading was done at this time. It cannot be said that she was intensely fond of poetry in general. Burns was her favorite, and being familiar with the Scotch dialect, she enjoyed him, especially his songs and ballads. Perhaps for a like reason it was that George Macdonald's novels were so highly esteemed by her, though this may partly be due to a personal acquaintance with him which she formed when he was a visitor at her sister's house in Chicago. On the whole, books or verse descriptive of art, nature,

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or scenery—such, for example, as Ruskin, Dr. van Dyke's "Little Rivers," Whittier's "Pageant" (her favorite poem)—gave her the greatest satisfaction.

Mrs. Dillon's character, in its essential traits and qualities, will, in the main, be clearly enough seen in the letters here printed, and only a few observations by way of supplement to them are required. Her cheerful temperament was bathed in perpetual sunlight, except when temporarily clouded by illness or affliction. Her ringing, musical laugh—who that ever heard can forget it? She was of a very social nature, but it took the form, as her letters will show, of a few congenial companionships. Her attachments were strong and her friendships warm. She loved her friends, and was blind, if not insensible, to their defects. Like Dr. Johnson, whom in more points than one she resembled, she was a good hater, and saw, and even wanted to see, no good in her enemies, and coveted not their regard. She was a woman of positive convictions. Her moral sense was exquisitely keen and unfalteringly true. All her conduct was regulated by an ever-present sense of duty. Duty was her pole-star. It is possible she might mistake her duty; it was impossible that she would not discharge it. In the cloistered sanctuaries of her heart it was Duty that was enshrined. No power on earth could force or tempt her to do a conscious wrong or omit to perform a conscious duty. This was so controlling a principle of her life that had she been asked to dictate an inscription for her tomb it would have

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been: "*One who tried to do her duty as God gave her grace to see it.*"

A lofty pride of character was one of her most distinctive traits. The best society she would have or none. She recognized no superior, and, we fear it must be added, few equals. Her personal pride raised her above all temptation to do an unworthy act. She was in her very nature so incapable of it that it often seemed to be no credit to her that she spurned everything that was mean or little or ignoble. These qualities made her a leader.

A few other traits not elsewhere referred to may be here briefly noticed, since the letters do not disclose them fully or at all. She was a brilliant conversationalist, telling anecdotes and relating incidents with animation and dramatic action. All who knew her will assent to this without hesitation or reserve. It was often declared by her friends who were witnesses to her powers that nature intended her for the tragic stage.

Among other gifts, she had that of repartee in a marked degree. A single illustration may be given: In 1875 her husband purchased, in London, a traveling-rug, thinking it would be useful in his winter circuit journeys. When the eldest son was going away to make his permanent home in Kansas, his mother said: "Take with you that rug of your father's; he will never think of it again, and it will be of use to you." So the rug was taken. The following Christmas the son returned home during the holidays.

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One day he and his mother sat in her room talking and watching his father make preparations to attend court at St. Paul. During the packing they noticed him go first into one closet and then into another, evidently searching for something he could not find. Mrs. Dillon was the first to suspect the object of his quest, and winked at her son. Soon afterward the father came out of one of the closets and said: "Wife, I can't find the rug I bought in London. I've hunted everywhere, and this is the journey of all others when I most need it." Mrs. Dillon, with unmoved countenance, replied: "Is n't it in your closet? One ought to be able to find almost anything there, judging from its looks." Again there was a fruitless search, when all at once the truth seemed to dawn upon him, and he confronted his wife, saying: "I know now where the rug is. You gave it to Hymie when he left home." The laugh which followed confirmed the truth of his conjecture, whereupon he said: "This proves what Taine says—that 'when a woman's children grow up she cares no longer for her husband.'" Mrs. Dillon replied: "Judge, for years and years I have seen you gradually becoming more and more absorbed in your devotion to the law, to the exclusion of everything else, but I did not think you would ever reach the stage where you could not even scold without citing authorities."

She had a keen sense of humor and of the ridiculous, and also, if occasion required, a ready and sarcastic tongue. One example must here suffice, as

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other instances occasionally appear in her letters. Thus, shortly after the Franco-Prussian war, Mrs. Dillon and a number of friends went to Versailles, to have an old-fashioned picnic in the forest surrounding this historic place. A delightful day was enjoyed, the party returning to Paris on one of the innumerable small boats that ply on the Seine. When the limits of the city were reached, the boat was boarded by an officer whose duty it was to collect the tax upon such articles brought into the city as were subject to the octroi. The officer was very self-important and over-officious, and his manner of search was disagreeable to the last degree, implying a suspicion that an attempt was being made to smuggle in a dozen eggs or a pound or two of butter. The limit of patience was reached, however, when he seized upon a small basket by Mrs. Dillon's side, opened it hastily, removed and carefully shook each napkin, and then eagerly peered into the basket itself. Mrs. Dillon quietly said to her friend Mrs. Kaufman, "He expects to find a Prussian in it." Though the remark was made in English, the officer understood it, and dropping basket and napkins, he speedily left, sputtering and gesticulating like a whirling dervish.

HER LETTERS—THEIR GENERAL CHARACTER—LOVE OF NATURE, ART, AND COUNTRY

Beyond what is said in the Preface touching the origin of these letters, it seems only necessary in this

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place to add that in printing them no separate comment will, as a rule, be offered; but, speaking generally, it will be found that they are delightful as showing her love of nature, of art, of home, of family, of friends, and of her country.

The oft-recurring allusions to the ivy, to the flowers growing in the fields and gardens, and to the flower-stands in the cities of Europe, and later to the flora of the Pacific coast, as well as her own sedulous cultivation of flowers at home, show how truly and deeply Mrs. Dillon loved the beauties of nature.

During her first visit to Europe, in 1875-76, she made a collection of flowers, ferns, and mosses, selecting them sometimes for their beauty or rarity, and sometimes because found in places of historic interest, such as the graves of Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Browning, Theodore Parker, Hiram Powers, the Amphitheater at Verona, etc., commencing at Muckross Abbey and ending at Heidelberg. These with her own hands she pressed, arranged, and preserved. They are still extant, and fill the pages of two album volumes. Among them is a branch of ivy underneath which she has written:

Gathered in grounds once owned by Hiram Powers.

"Ivy needs no nursing. It knows neither cold nor heat. It is the plant of immortality."—TENNYSON.

So, on her last visit to Europe, in 1896, she brought to Knollcrest vines and flowers from Baden-Baden and other places; and when she was in Oxford, noticing

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in the chinks of an old college wall a vine which was new to her, she plucked a small root, fetched it to her hotel, potted it, bestowed upon it the tenderest care, and personally brought it alive across the ocean to Knollcrest, where, being transplanted, it grew and flourished. It was a favorite saying of hers that flowers love those who love them, and that no flower ever died before its time when in her charge. Her taste in flowers was similar to that in dress or decorations: she preferred the violet, the daisy, and the pansy to more showy productions of the floral world; but she loved them all. Of these the violet stood first. Like the daisy of Chaucer, it was "the empress and the flower of flowers all." She was in ecstasies over the heather in Scotland and the Continent. The edelweiss, in particular, interested her. She greatly admired its unique beauty, and was fond of its literary and poetic associations. She gathered and preserved many specimens of it from different parts of the Alps.

She loved not flowers alone, but verdure, foliage, trees, waters, sunshine, clouds, skies, mountains, and plains. "Nature she loved, and, next to nature, art." This is also incidentally exhibited in many letters in this volume. With her the love of sculpture, painting, and architecture amounted almost to a passion. She was familiar with the masterpieces of painting in Europe. They were photographed upon her mind. She knew just where they hung and how they looked. Visiting a gallery for the first

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time, her eye would, unaided, take in the great works at a glance. An incident will best illustrate this. When she was in Vienna, in 1883, a new picture by a celebrated modern painter was first exhibited. She saw it but once, and may never have thought of it again until, quite ten years afterward, driving, one morning, past Goupil's on Fifth Avenue, her eye caught a glimpse of a picture in the window, when she exclaimed to her companion, "I saw that picture years ago in Vienna!" giving the artist's name and the name of the picture. She stopped and inquired, and found that it was just as she had said. Her letters were not written as art descriptions or criticisms, and her references in them to pictures and statuary are occasional and brief, but they serve to reveal her love and appreciation of art.

The letters also disclose her deep love of her own country, its flag and all of the institutions which that flag symbolizes. She was not given to weeping. But when, on the anniversary of her country's independence, she found herself in a foreign land, and saw the dear old flag and heard the band play "Hail, Columbia" and "My country, 't is of thee," she could not restrain her feelings. This recalls an incident in her life that happened on that day, just thirteen years before, in her own country. Her father and his family and her own family went, on the last days of June, 1862, by boat on an excursion to Minnesota. On the way up the Mississippi River, news came of the disasters to, or, at most, the doubtful victories

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of, the army of the Union on the James River in Virginia. Public feeling was intense. They were at the Nicollet House, Minneapolis, on the morning of July 4. After breakfast, on going into the parlor, they found it quite full, many people from the South and others sympathizing with the South being present, and a Southern woman at the piano boldly playing the rebel air of "Dixie." Mrs. Dillon's heart was fired. When "Dixie" was concluded, she immediately led the way to the piano, though for years she had not been accustomed to play, and said: "This is our country, and this its birthday, and I call upon all who love it to join in singing 'The Star-Spangled Banner'"; and the walls resounded with the patriotic and soul-thrilling anthem.¹

In May, 1872, Mrs. Dillon was elected the vice-regent of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association for the State of Iowa, the object of the association being to purchase and improve Mount Vernon and the

¹ Referring to this incident, her husband wrote to his wife in Paris a letter dated St. Paul, December 19, 1875, stating that on the previous Sunday he had gone to Minneapolis to take dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Barnard — the latter so often mentioned in Mrs. Dillon's letters. He then added: "When I was sitting in the Nicollet House my mind went back thirteen years ago, July 4, when we were all there. Do you recollect the woman that played the rebel air, and how we sang 'The Star-Spangled Banner'? I mentioned the incident to Mr. Farnham, and he said he knew that woman; that she was an ardent rebel and became so obnoxious before the summer was over that the proprietor was forced to order her to leave the house on that account. Thirteen years! How many changes since then! Poor Mary Collier, then with us full of life and joy, is dead; you are four thousand miles away, and I separated from you, and am all alone at the same place recalling past memories. I am a 'Wandering Jew' with restless feet going around my circuit, and for once feel gloomy."

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tomb of George Washington, and to hold the same forever sacred to the memory of the Father of his Country. In this association she rendered active and efficient service during the years 1872 and 1873.

The letters reveal her attachment to her friends at home, especially her co-workers in the Christian, Relief, and Library associations, and her love for her own home at Leafland, and show how glad she was to return to it amid the greetings of her friends. All this is plain on the face of the letters, but their nice adaptation to the persons to whom they are severally written will be more apparent when it is stated that Mrs. Silsbee, Mrs. McCullough, Miss Fejervary, and Mrs. Bills were all dear personal friends, and that Mrs. McCullough and Miss Fejervary were devoted Catholics, Mrs. Silsbee a thoroughgoing Presbyterian, ever walking in her great Taskmaster's eye, and never missing a prayer-meeting or a church service, and that Mrs. Bills was a Unitarian who regarded her church chiefly in the light of an instrumentality for doing good on earth. These facts and the distinctive personal qualities and traits of her friends were ever, though unconsciously, present in the writer's mind, and they suffuse and color and give individuality to the letters, lending to each a peculiar charm, enhanced by the naturalness and simplicity which come from the circumstance that it was written in the freedom of friendly intercourse, for the eye alone of the person to whom it was addressed. In a letter to Mrs. McCullough she playfully regrets not having

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kissed the Blarney stone. But these letters show that she needed no such recourse, and that nature had richly endowed her with the gift of pleasing speech, instinctively fitted with the most delicate propriety to the person and the occasion—an attribute of the true gentleman and gentlewoman.

These pages will, it is believed, justify, without drawing any aid from the friendship or affection of the reader, the following summary of the more salient and distinctive traits of her character: When one viewed the energy, force, and practical ability with which she pursued her duties or desires, one would be tempted to exclaim, "What a strong woman!" She herself sometimes, when stirred by a sense of her latent and unexerted powers, and feeling the limitations of her sex, would say, "I ought to have been a man!" But not so! Her nature was womanly to the minutest fiber of her being—tender, compassionate, sympathetic, loving everything good and beautiful, and, above all things, loving home, children, and kindred, warm and stanch in her friendships, one "who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it," and who felt as a wound the least indelicacy, coarseness, or irreverence in thought or word or deed. But, with all womanly attributes and graces, she had sterner qualities not generally found united in the same nature—ambition, energy, a courage that knew no fear, a strong and decisive will, a positive hatred of wrong and love of right, a devotion to duty and

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loyalty to conscience that would not flinch even at martyrdom. This felicitous association of varied qualities is the dominating feature of her character. Any conception of that character is imperfect which overlooks or fails fully to realize the harmonious union in her nature of strength and delicacy without injury or hurt to the one or the other, with the result that she was a strong and forceful, but withal and over all a charming personality.

“Those relations,” says Dr. Johnson, “are commonly of most value in which the writer tells his own story”; and from this point on her life will be told in her own letters, supplemented by a slight connecting or explanatory narrative.

As this chapter comprises a general sketch of Mrs. Dillon's life down to 1875, when her letters which constitute the greater part of this volume begin, it will close with some letters which she wrote, in 1872, 1873, and 1874, to her friend Miss Celestine Fejervary. Miss Fejervary's father was a Hungarian of noble birth and large estates, but having taken part in the Kossuth movement for independence, his real property was confiscated, and he, being exiled, settled, with his family, in Davenport. He built a house in the similitude of a feudal castle, which was separated from Leafland only by the intervening place of Mr. Putnam. His hatred of Austrian oppression was so deep that, although he was afterward embraced in a general amnesty, he resolved

LEAFLAND, 1867-79, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



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never again to set his foot on Austrian soil. The Old Men's Home in Davenport was established by the bounty of this excellent man.

Mrs. Dillon's letters to his daughter were fortunately preserved, and were kindly sent by her from Hungary. These letters given in this chapter have their origin in the fact that Miss Fejervary was in Europe from 1872 until 1874, and they are especially welcome because they cover a period in Mrs. Dillon's life concerning which few of her letters are in existence. They present glimpses of her during these years not otherwise attainable, and, moreover, the letters themselves (the vital part of any biography) reveal in a most interesting manner some of the characteristics of the writer.

The first letter was written just one month after the death of Mrs. Dillon's sister Mary, the last services in whose memory were held at Leafland, Miss Fejervary being present.

LETTERS TO MISS FEJERVARY 1872-74

TO MISS FEJERVARY

Leafland, Davenport, October 14, 1872.

My dear Miss Fejervary:

Your anxiously expected letter came to me Saturday night. I had been for a few days in Chicago with my little nieces and nephews, and upon my

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return found your letter awaiting me. I hasten to write, lest any delay may prevent my letter reaching you before leaving London.

I need not tell you how often, while engaged with my household duties, my heart has gone out after you in your travels abroad, sometimes accompanying you on your railway rides, other times stopping with you at hotels, and again gliding with you over the dark waters of the Atlantic, for I supposed you had sailed long ere this. Though separated from you in body, I shall in spirit be with you every step of your journey. I *must* be with those I love, if not in person, then in thought. How kind is the Good Father, that He has so made us that, though divided by many miles of land and water, we may yet hold sweet communion with each other in our thoughts! I was much interested in your description of your visit to Montreal and Quebec. It has never been my good fortune to visit either of these places, but if, in after time, I am so fortunate as to behold them and all their beauties, they will be to me like old acquaintances, not only from my historic knowledge of them, but from your glowing description.

I do not know of one single item of news that I can give you, for my time and thoughts have been taken up with other things; but I do not believe this will make my letter any the less interesting to you, for I think I know enough of my correspondent to safely say that a gossipy letter has very little charm for her.

Being much alone this autumn, I am inclined to be

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gloomy and low-spirited, and unless I have frequent recourse to my Bible and good books, I fear I shall be overcome by sad thoughts.

I visit the cemetery often since you left us, carrying flowers to the grave of and holding sweet communion with the spirit of my dear sister. While there, for the sake of those I love who are far away, I have scattered sweet flowers on the grave of your darling brother.

A telegram from my kindred abroad says that they will sail for home October 5, on the *Ville de Paris*. No doubt you will pass them sometime this week.

Give warmest love to Mrs. Fejervary. Judge Dillon is at home for a day, between courts, and joins me in cordial regards to Mr. and Mrs. Fejervary. He will never cease to regret his failure to get to the depot to say good-by to Mr. Fejervary the night you left Davenport.

Praying the Good Father that He will spare us to meet again, and hoping to hear from you as often as that pleasure may be granted me without taxing your time too much, I am

Very tenderly and sincerely,

ANNA PRICE DILLON.

TO MISS FEJERVARY

Leafland, Davenport, January 18, 1873.

Dear Miss Fejervary:

Judging from your long silence that my answer to your first letter, which I addressed to London on the

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14th of October, had not reached you, I have decided to make another effort to find you and to assure you that your letter gave me such pleasure as well repays me for making several attempts to hear from you again.

How many, many times since I sent that little letter in search of you have I dreamed and thought of you! One dream especially I must tell you of. I was at your house (that now looks so dreary and forlorn when I pass), assisting Mrs. Fejervary and yourself in preparing for the reception of some guests. All around and in the house was grandeur and magnificence; rare flowers bloomed in the rooms, and everything spoke the happiness we all seemed to feel. I was delighted to be with you, and we were chatting lively over our employments, running about the house, arranging first this chair and that, then giving last touches to curtains and mantel ornaments, when I awoke. I lay for a long time thinking of you, and then concluded to go among the persons with whom Mr. Fejervary transacts business, and, if possible, get your Hungary address, to tell you of my pleasant dream.

I regret so much to be obliged to inform you of Mrs. Hubbell's serious illness. She is lying at the point of death with Bright's disease. Judge Dillon saw Mr. Hubbell a few days ago, and he said his wife had given up all hope of recovery and was calmly preparing to leave her family. What grace is necessary to resign one to leaving a family of darling little children

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none but God and the mother to whom it is given can tell.

We have the coldest weather that has been known here for eight years. One very severe night the shutters blew off from a window in the conservatory, and I lost all the plants standing near it, among them my beautiful callas, just ready to bloom, and part of them was yours. I hope it is only the leaves, and that the bulbs are untouched and will be quite recovered by the time you return.

New Year's Day, I hear, was quite generally observed. I spent the day in bed, having been attacked a few days before with pneumonia. I have not fully recovered, but am much better. I thought often through the day of you, and if it be true that one spirit has power to telegraph another, there were many messages of love and regard sent to you. A letter from my sister-in-law in Marseilles speaks of having seen you, and I almost feel as if I had had a word with you myself. From what she said, you are now in Italy, enjoying all the beauties of that lovely country, while we are suffering all the buffeting of stern old Boreas. As I cannot be with you, I have done what I could to grasp the pleasure that is yours, and so have looked up all the books on Italian travels, and am, in imagination, trying to be in Italy; but it is an unsuccessful attempt,—in legal terms, “it is a fraud,”—for while I read of “sunny skies and orange groves and bowers,” I instinctively draw my shawl about me, for I am freezing.

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January 19. Before getting this letter completed, I have had put into my hand my first letter to you. It has crossed the ocean twice, has been in London and returned to me, and begins to wear quite a foreign air. I inclose it with this, fully to prove to you that this is my second attempt to talk with you.

If it is not asking too much, write me early. I feel that a long letter from you would relieve the monotony of this dreary winter that I must pass without seeing you.

With much love to Mrs. Fejervary and yourself, I subscribe myself,

Your sincere friend,

ANNA PRICE DILLON.

TO MISS FEJERVARY

Davenport, March 4, 1873.

Dear Miss Fejervary :

Your letter came to me more than a week ago, while stopping at my brother Willie's house, assisting in taking care of little Lutie, who has scarlet fever. She is better now. A day or two since, Miss Williams of Kentucky came, and I am again at home. My first pleasure is to answer your kind letter, and tell you, as nearly as it is in the power of language to do, how delighted I was to get it. I had been counting the days, and, despite all the arguments I had used to prevent my *too* sanguine expectations, I could not help looking for it, and must confess would have been

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disappointed if it had not come. I had been preaching to myself about your numerous correspondents, the time it took for sight-seeing, the hours that were consumed in conversation with and reading to your parents; but, notwithstanding all this, I could not silence the longing. Oh, if I could only do something for you that would, even in a slight degree, compensate you for the pleasure your correspondence has given me, I should be happy! Before me rises in gigantic form the question, What shall I put in a letter to make it interesting to one before whom so many avenues for instruction and pleasure are open? But feeling that the fact of hearing from your old home will, in a measure, commend my letter encourages me to take my pen.

Our winter, though cold, has been a delightful one; never have we had a pleasanter. Occasional rains, followed by cold enough to cover the trees with diamonds, which glittered in the sun and brought to mind constantly Whittier's beautiful poem entitled "The Pageant." Have you seen it? If not, there is still something in store for you which cannot fail to put you in ecstasies with the beauty there is in nature, as well as in love with the dear old man who wrote it.

It seems as if all America were going abroad this summer. Mr. George H. French and daughter Alice,¹ Mr. Collier (my brother-in-law) and two sons, sail from New York March 11, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank

¹ Since so well known to the world by her pen-name, Octave Thanet.

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Smith in May or June. Mr. Smith has just recovered from a severe illness, and has been advised to give up work for the present. They will be abroad for a year or more. Speaking of Mr. Smith's illness reminds me that you may not have heard of Duncan Putnam's sudden decline.

Our ladies are making great efforts to organize a literary society, with a view to self-culture and mutual improvement. We are looking forward to your return as a great help to us. My reading since I last wrote you has been very little, and confined to Mary Clemmer Ames's "Life in Washington," a work called "Man a Spiritual Being," and another entitled "Lifting the Veil." I greatly fear that I am falling behind, but am looking forward to getting home to make up lost time. Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Fejervary, and believe me, with many wishes for your safe and speedy return,

Very sincerely yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MISS FEJERVARY

Leafland, Davenport, March 26, 1873.

My dear Miss Fejervary:

This morning your long-expected letter came. I had counted the days since mailing my last letter, and thought, if no accident had overtaken it, I should very soon hear from you. While at work in the conservatory this morning *you came to me so forcibly*

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that I took it as a token there was a letter for me, and so charged the man afresh, "Don't forget the mail," and was rewarded for my diligence by getting just what I so much wanted. It is useless to tell you of the great pleasure your letter gives me. That you know and *never* can doubt. I often wonder if others are as much infatuated over letters from friends as I.

Since reading your letter, I almost feel that I too have been in the beautiful places and witnessed all the gorgeous scenery you so vividly describe. I feel warmed and invigorated by its tone, and the cheery, balmy atmosphere it brings from the sunny land from which it came inspires me with new spirit and energy. I have, by the aid of a large atlas, followed you through all the cities which you have visited, from London to Paris, and to Cherbourg, thence through the country to Marseilles; from there I followed you to Genoa, and still farther south to Naples, where I shall "stop over," as travelers say, until I hear from you again; then I shall take up the line of march, and follow you till I have you once more at home.

Reading after you has had the effect of refreshing my memory of different places which I had almost forgotten. Your description of the Baptistery at Pisa recalls the beautiful passage of Bayard Taylor: "Our cicerone, while standing beside it, sang a few notes, and it seemed as if an angel lingered in the temple, echoing with his melodious lips the common harmonies of earth."

How I should have enjoyed the plants and flowers,

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and that you should have thought of *me* when seeing them is particularly gratifying! I have sometimes flattered myself that we were somewhat alike in our exceeding love of flowers, if in nothing else. Do you remember a slip of carnation which you gave me about a year and a half ago? It is now in full bloom. The flowers are longer than any carnation I ever saw, and of a most peculiar color; it seems a shade of drab *blended* with rose—not *striped* nor *mottled*, but most artistically *blended*. The plant is very flourishing and has magnificent proportions. “It is a thing of beauty,” and prized not only for its beauty, but as bringing vividly to my mind the *giver*, my absent friend.

Tell Mrs. Fejervary she may congratulate herself on having escaped the coldest and dreariest March known here for years. The sun has barely shone upon us at all, and to-day, the 26th of March, the snow lies three inches deep. Yesterday everybody turned out in sleighs, with bells and blankets. The scene was more suggestive of Christmas festivities than of approaching springtime. It is quite common to hear persons meeting on the street say to each other: “Will spring *ever* come? Will winter reign *all* the year?” Notwithstanding the gloom and cheerlessness of a long-continued winter, no doubt many of us have enjoyed the peace and quiet of a contented mind, which neither winter’s storms nor summer suns can affect.

Our ladies have this season organized a society for

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the relief of the poor. We have over one hundred members, and have had donated more than eleven hundred dollars. Our plan for best accomplishing our purpose has been to divide the city into wards, appoint prominent ladies in each one, to visit and find out and relieve all worthy objects of charity, and at the same time detect impostors. I think we have done much good and have saved many a great deal of suffering. The ladies took hold of this work with an energy and interest never before equaled, except at the time of the great Chicago fire. The field assigned me has given me plenty to do, and many times have I wished for you, for you know there are few in this ward fitted for this kind of work.

Although the relief labors have been arduous, I have in this long, long winter found time and opportunity to acquaint myself with many books which I never before could quite reach. The first I read after you left was "The Heart of Christ; or, The Fourth Gospel." I think you would enjoy it, and I shall take pains to give it to you when you return. The next was Taine's "Literature." I have found in it much to interest and instruct me. It gives one a clearer idea of authors and their style, both of this country and others, than any that I have ever found. For light reading I have read "Only a Girl," by a German author, Miss Mulock's "Brave Lady," and at present I am much benefited by reading Macdonald's "Seaboard Parish." I think you told me once you had read it. Do you remember the sermon to the sailors,

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where the preacher spoke of our Saviour walking on the water? How beautifully he pictures His solicitude for all His children out on the sea of life, and when, sometimes, we are ready to die of fear in the storms which so fiercely blow about us, He suddenly appears to us, soothing us and saying, "Fear not; be of good cheer; it is I." It seemed to me I could apply it to my own case better than any sermon I ever either read or heard. If George Macdonald helps every one as much as he helps me, he is doing a vast deal of good, and may he have administered unto him an abundant entrance into his Master's kingdom.

Our dear friend Mrs. Hubbell died February 21. I am told her last words to her husband, as she floated off the shores of time, were: "It's all right, George; it's all right." If this is so, we only are the losers. She has gained everything, lost nothing. Mr. Hubbell still keeps his home and children. Poor man! how I sympathize with him in his great sorrow!

I know you will regret to hear that the Armstrongs have disposed of their property here, and will in a few days remove to New York city. Mrs. Armstrong's health has been very poor for some months, and I think this has caused them to make the change. Davenport can ill afford to lose them. Mrs. Armstrong is one of the noblest women I ever knew. The Allens of Fairview have spent the winter in Little Rock, Arkansas. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford came to town, and now occupy the Gifford house. The

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Fultons and Dr. Barrows's family spent the winter in Marietta, Georgia.

It is rumored that we are to have two weddings soon—Miss Everett and Will Lee, and Mr. Watson (of the firm of Griggs, Watson & Day) and Miss Kate Mitchell. It is said they will be married next month and go to Europe on a bridal tour. I give you these little news items because you are well acquainted with all the parties, and it may please you to know what is going on among us. I cannot vouch for the truth of any of it. Since writing you, Miss Naomi Thorington has been married to her second cousin, Mr. Thorington of Alabama. They have gone with her father,¹ who has been appointed consul to Aspinwall.

Mrs. Sully was with me seven weeks this winter. They have settled in New York for the present. Her health is improved, but she is still very sad over the loss of her little girl, and seems to have no power to throw it off. My sister-in-law, whom you saw in Marseilles, will come home in May, to spend the summer at least. My brother may not hold the consulate, in which case she will stay with us. I have now, my dear friend, written a very long letter, but cannot hope it will be at all as interesting as yours, but if it merits an answer I shall be happy.

Judge Dillon is holding court in St. Louis, but if he were at home would be pleased to join me in kind regards to you all. May I, before I close, ask a favor of you? Please send me a photograph of yourself.

¹ Hon. James Thorington, mentioned on a previous page.

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The little picture of the bridge you sent I have pasted on a card, and as I put it in my album the thought came to me, "I will ask for a picture of Miss Fejervary herself." I don't believe you will deny me. It would give me so much pleasure.

Remember me to Mr. Fejervary, and give much love to Mrs. Fejervary, and think of me as

Your loving friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MISS FEJERVARY

Davenport, July [date blank], 1873.

Dear Miss Fejervary :

Your letter reached me on the morning of the 19th of June, my birthday, and no one of my birthday gifts was more highly prized or gladly received than it. Do you remember that just one year ago that day we attended the Crawford-Allen wedding together, and had such a delightful ride home by the light of a lovely moon? And now to think you are so far away! Oh, the many changes that have come in the year that has passed! I should be very sad if I did not constantly struggle against it.

Sitting here alone, I am ever recurring to the past, calling up the faces of loved ones gone from me, those on foreign shores as well as those who have passed beyond the veil, and from whom there comes no answer to my many questions and the heart-yearnings for one more look, one more word. But I

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am content. There *will* come, in God's time, which is always a *good* time, a union of friends and a fullness of joy.

I have, by the aid of books of travel and a faithful atlas, followed you every step of your journey, and am this afternoon with you, in spirit, in your old Hungarian home. Don't you feel it? Have I not glided into your thoughts this quiet, peaceful Sunday afternoon? I am growing impatient to see you, but know there are many, many days yet to pass before that pleasure is mine, if ever.

Our winter is indeed over, and summer is here in all its fury. The weather is much more extreme than at this time last year. The flowers are all in the glory of full bloom. The hay has been cut and stored, and all things move along about the same as when you were here; but I can't tell you anything that you do not already know about the heat of an Iowa summer.

How much I should have enjoyed walking with you through the art-galleries of Rome and Florence I have no language to tell. I have read so much and often of them that already I seem to know them. Had you the pleasure of seeing Hiram Powers? Our papers notice his death as having occurred the 16th of June, which was, I presume, some time after you were there. Your suggestion that thoroughly to enjoy visiting those large art-galleries one should have a "plan" and adhere to it is a good one, and one which few people would think of. When I go to

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Europe I hope to profit by the experience of my friends, and stay long enough to carry out their ideas. Your "serenade" on the Grand Canal in Venice was delightful, I know. I have told several of our common friends of the good times you are having, and did not forget to recount *that* among the first. I experience, in reading your letters, something of the same pleasurable sensations as when reading fine descriptions of places and things which we often meet with in romances. In a former letter you described Vesuvius, and it brought strongly to mind the same impression I received of it in reading "Corinne." I have said to several persons that I was doing Europe this year in company with the Fejervarys, *you in reality*, I by aid of your letters, books of travel, and atlas. It is a novel way, I know, but much better than not to travel at all, for really my knowledge of people, persons, and things is much increased by it.

I have with me for the summer my little nephews and nieces from Chicago.¹ The dear little baby Mary (who is now just two and a half years old) has become so attached to me that she will allow no one else to do anything for her. Her brothers declare I am ruining her by petting, but I know she receives no more than if her dear mother had lived. Mr. Collier is at present in Boston on business. The children are happier with me than any one else, and I am happy that it is so.

¹ The children of her deceased sister, Mrs. Collier.

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Your photograph has delighted all your friends who have seen it. Susie Dillon's expression, upon seeing it, was a striking one, and I must tell you of it. "Oh, mama," she said, "don't she look as if there were noble blood in her veins!" Mrs. Putnam remarked that it looked "like pictures of queens of the olden time." We are all pleased to have it for the love we bear the original.

Give kindest love to Mrs. Fejervary. Judge Dillon wishes to be remembered both to her and yourself, also to Mr. Fejervary when you shall see him. As soon as we succeed in getting good pictures of ourselves, we will be happy to send them to you.

Without urging you beyond what your time and occupations will allow, I must say that I shall look anxiously for another letter. With warmest love, I am,

Sincerely yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MISS FEJERVARY

Leafland, Davenport, September 21, 1873.

Dear Miss Fejervary :

Never before has so long a time passed between the receipt of one of your letters and a reply to it as this time. Your letter reached me in due time, and was joyfully received; but in a day or two afterward the cholera broke out here with some violence, and Judge Dillon thought it wise to leave the city for a time; so we gathered up the children (Mr. Collier's included)

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and went two hundred miles north to Clear Lake, where we remained until a few days ago. Since our return I have been confined to my bed with a severe cold. Clear Lake is about seven miles long and three wide. It is really a beautiful body of water. In the center of it is an island of a few acres, upon which is a hotel for summer visitors. We preferred to stop in the village of Clear Lake, as at present there is no ferry plying regularly between island and mainland, and we wished to be in constant communication with our home. We enjoyed our stay very much. We lived upon the water most of the time, either fishing or sailing. One day the older children of the party took twenty-seven fish, some of them quite large, weighing three pounds each.

The only unpleasant occurrence of the whole time we were there was Susie Dillon's narrow escape from drowning. She, with her brother and cousins, were out on a yacht, fishing; it was anchored in about ten feet of water. The skiff which was used to carry us to and from the vessel was brought alongside. Without waiting for assistance, she stepped down into it, and before she could sit down the waves carried it out from the side of the yacht, throwing her into the water head first. She went down between the two boats clear out of sight, but came up in a moment, and sputtered out to her brother, who was almost paralyzed with fright, "Throw me a rope!" The rope was thrown, and she clung to it until a man from shore came to her relief. I was at the hotel,

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unconscious of the accident until she came to tell it herself. It was the thirteenth day of September, the anniversary of my sister's death. My thoughts had been with her all the day. Not until then did I realize how much greater my sorrow might be had not God interposed in Susie's behalf.

If I mistake not, it is just one year to-day since you went abroad, and how much I would love to see you I have no language to tell. Every one inquires, "When are the Fejervarys coming back?" I do not inquire *when*, for I comfort myself that it will be *soon*. If it is not, I do not want to know it, for that will take away my only solace for your absence. We were very sorry to hear of Mr. Fejervary's failing health, but hope he is fully restored long ere this by the efficacious waters of Ems.

In one of your letters written in Italy you inquired if I had read "Romola." I was then reading "Middlemarch," by the same author, and have since sent and procured "Romola," and hope I shall like it. "Middlemarch" has been called the greatest novel of the nineteenth century. I confess I have read many others I like better. It may be that I cannot appreciate it. The only character in which I saw anything to admire was Mary Garth, and she had failings. Notwithstanding my disappointment in this book, George Eliot ranks high with me, and from her "Adam Bede" I have many rich kernels stored away for use in time of need.

I suppose, writing as I am from your old home, I

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should be able to give you some of the news of the day, but really here I am at a great loss. My life this summer has been so devoted to my family that I have scarcely known what has been going on outside of it. Many people have been from home, and are now just returning. Captain Adams, whom you will probably remember, has just brought a wife to Davenport. I have not seen her as yet, but am told she is a very interesting lady. She was a Miss Steele of Marquette, Michigan. We have taken rooms at the new Burtis House, yclept "Grand Central," for the winter. Last winter was so gloomy living here alone that I dare not try it again. I hardly believe I shall like it, but my husband thinks I will not notice his absence as much boarding as housekeeping. I shall have to be separated from many of my beautiful plants, but will take enough with me to keep me cheerful.

Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Fejervary. If Judge Dillon were at home he would be most happy to join me in many good wishes for you all. Hoping that my letter may have a more speedy reply than yours, I am,

Very truly your friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MISS FEJERVARY

Burtis House, Davenport, December 21, 1873.

Dear Miss Fejervary :

Your welcome letter dated Milan, November 9, came to me two weeks ago. Circumstances of varied char-

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acter have prevented an earlier reply. I need not tell you how gladly it was received; of that you have been assured long ago. After *my* letters go, I count the days and weeks until I get an answer, and allow me to say here that I am sometimes conscience-stricken that I am so unreasonable as to expect letters from one who must be overtaxed with letter-writing. You have such a large family of relatives, and so many who are glad to be counted as friends, that you must indeed be constantly employed in answering letters. Now, let me beg you not to tax yourself for me, for, much as I enjoy your letters, I will wait till you come home to hear of all the pleasure you have had, rather than that you should be constantly bent over pen and paper to get your letters answered. I say *wait*, for I am looking forward to your return with great eagerness; and I know you will tell me of much that you have not had time to put on paper. Your letter has been read and re-read, thoroughly analyzed and digested, and I am not yet willing to consign it to the package labeled "Letters Read and Answered."

By the help of my map, the travels of Bayard Taylor and H. B. Wallace, I have followed you closely from Ems down to Milan, where *I* shall probably "lie over" until I hear from you again, either by letter or verbally. The description of Strasburg and the cathedral interested me much, and so thirsty am I to know more of it. You can have no conception of how much I enjoyed your trip through Swit-

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zerland. While reading your letter it seemed to me that I too could almost feel the good effects of its balmy, invigorating air. Your ride up the steep side of the Rigi seems a perilous one. I think I would prefer to make that trip on foot or on mule-back. I never could be persuaded to make it in cars. I did not know until quite recently that there was a railway built there. Judge Krekel of Missouri made us a visit a few weeks since, and telling me of a trip he made two or three years ago to his old home (Germany), and of a tour in Switzerland, he casually mentioned his ascent of the Rigi on the railway.

But I have not told you anything as yet about Davenport and her people. I hope you will not think me egotistical if I begin telling you about myself and mine. We are at the new Burtis House; have a suite of four rooms, parlor and three sleeping-rooms. I have brought with me two large ivies and a few geraniums; the rest of my plants I committed to Mr. Oliver's tender care for the winter. We expect to get back to our pleasant home in April or May at farthest, though the weather will decide which. Your friends often inquire when you are coming, and I am so happy to be able to say that you will return in the spring.

You may not consider "Middlemarch" a political novel, but it certainly contains a full account of the many little bickerings which are so common in little townships. A lady in Chicago (Mrs. Dall by name),

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who has some reputation as a writer, in speaking of "Middlemarch," said, "It was a town without a God and a community without a conscience"—a very true criticism, I think, and feel that when you have read it you will say the same.

My brother Milton, who returned from Europe a few months since, has gone with his family to Jefferson City, Missouri, to live, and Susie Dillon is spending the holidays with them. Mr. and Mrs. Ed Smith and my father and mother have gone to Florida for the winter. The Davenports have closed their house for the winter, and have rooms here. It looks very lonely down toward our homes—all the houses closed but Mr. Putnam's.

I believe I have exhausted my store of news, and feel that to write more would only be consuming your precious time to no good purpose, for I should not be at all edifying. Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Fejevary. Tell them I shall be but too happy to welcome back my neighbors. Judge Dillon asks me to give his cordial regards to you all, and a wish for your speedy return. I hope this winter may be pleasant and profitable to you; for is it not a great favor and blessing to be able to spend a winter in Rome? I must now say good-by. I shall think of you often, and New Year's Day I will, in spirit, spend the day with you.

With much love, I am,

Sincerely yours,

ANNA PRICE DILLON.

Anna Price Dillon

TO MISS FEJERVARY

Leafland, Sunday, June 21, 1874.

My dear Miss Fejervary :

Nothing can equal the feeling of disappointment I experienced upon receiving your letter and learning of your decision not to return till early autumn. I had been looking and planning for your arrival for over a month, expecting you upon almost every train, promising myself unbounded pleasure in that event, and coaxing into bloom some favorite flowers, that they might be sent you as a slight token of the welcome awaiting you, and of my joy and happiness. But now I must wait till the leaves show signs of approaching winter, and "the sunlight lies yellow on the floor."

My chief pleasure in your absence has been in reading and answering your letters, and happy shall I be if yours has been equal in receiving. Prompted by my regard for you, I have taken the liberty, when visiting Oakdale this spring, to clear with kindly hands the dead leaves and grass from your dear brother's grave, and trim the shrubs that bend so kindly over it. It is only what I believe you would do for me were I away from the sacred dust of those I love. The grounds around your home this spring were more beautiful than ever before.

Leafland is lovely, too, and as I sit at my window this glorious Sunday morning, and inhale the perfume from the new-mown hay, I feel there is no

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more beautiful place on earth, and am content that, as yet, no purchaser has made his appearance to ask it for his own. Except for the evidence of greater prosperity in business, greater development intellectually, and broader views of men and women and their actions and beliefs generally, everything seems much the same as when you were here. People marry and are given in marriage; they sicken and die—leave sorrowing friends, for whose breaking hearts there is no comfort save the blessed assurance that “our loss is their eternal gain.”

Davenport is growing—first in the matter of numbers. Last spring I counted from my front door thirty-nine new roofs, some large, but, of course, the majority were small houses. Second, we are keeping step with the world in its march toward greater refinement, self-culture, general improvement, and equal rights. As a proof of this I have but to relate the fact that last spring the management of the Public Library was turned over to the women of the city. A full corps of officers was elected from the women, with your correspondent for president. Ten years ago such a course as this would have been deemed evidence of insanity on the part of the people. The old Methodist Episcopal church on the corner of Fifth and Brady has been remodeled, and the upper room fitted up as library room. Last week the incoming of the new administration was celebrated by a strawberry festival, from which we realized three hundred and ten dollars. All are much interested in the suc-

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cess of this enterprise, and hope to make the library second to none in the State.

Our literary society, known as the "Clionian," of which I wrote you some time ago, is flourishing. The meetings are very pleasant and profitable. Our manner of conducting them is as follows: We select a subject and divide it into topics. For instance, one week we had "American Literature," grouped in this way: "Poets," "Historians," "Journalists," "Theologians," "Humorists," "Magazinists." These were assigned among the ladies, each writing a paper upon the one she received.

Two years ago day before yesterday was the Crawford-Allen wedding. Another birthday for me has just passed. How short the years grow and how quickly they fly!

Mr. Hubbell has just brought home a new wife, in the person of a Miss Worthington of Geneseo, Illinois. I am told she is a very estimable lady; but how forcibly this brings back the other Mrs. Hubbell, whom I admired and loved so much!

Remember me kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Fejervary. Judge Dillon says: "Tell them their place looks too lonely without them. I shall be glad to see them home again."

With great regard, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

ANNA PRICE DILLON.



CHAPTER II

VISIT AND SOJOURN IN EUROPE

1875-76

1875, Visit to Washington — General Grant — Sails on steamship *Russia* — Visit to Ireland — Cork — Killarney Lakes — Giant's Causeway — Scotland — Edinburgh — Abbotsford — Melrose — England — York — London — France — Rouen — Paris — Castelar — Daughters at school — Switzerland — Geneva — Bern — Lucerne — St. Moritz — Italy — Milan — Florence — Venice — Verona — Germany — Munich — Stuttgart — Frankfort — Holland — The Hague — Amsterdam — Paris.

LETTERS TO MRS. SILSBEE, MRS. McCULLOUGH,
MISS FEJERVARY, AND MRS. BILLS

ON May 18, 1875, Mrs. Dillon, accompanied by her husband and all of her children, except the oldest son, who was then a law student in the Iowa University, and by her niece, Susie Price, left Davenport for Europe. On the eve of Mrs. Dillon's departure, May 17, the Library Association, the Ladies' Christian Association, and the Ladies' Temperance Association gave a banquet in her honor at the Library rooms, which was largely attended by members and citizens and their wives for the purpose

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of saying farewell, and of expressing their sentiments of affection and regard. This trip had been long planned, and it was now entered upon with no slight satisfaction. Leafland was occupied, after Mrs. Dillon left in 1875, by her friend Mrs. Silsbee, to whom many of the letters in this memoir were written. In 1876, prior to her return, it was occupied by her valued friend Mrs. Graham, her daughter Anna (afterward Mrs. Lord), and a niece, Miss Mollie Graham.

As Mrs. Dillon's daughters had never seen the national capital, it seemed fitting that they should do so before going abroad. Accordingly, it was determined to proceed by the way of Washington, where the party arrived May 20, stopping at Willard's. On the next day a carriage was taken for the purpose of seeing the city, and when the party arrived in front of the White House her husband said: "President Grant having appointed me Circuit Judge, *that*, as well as proper respect for the President, requires me to call on him. Go with me; it will take but a short time." Reluctantly Mrs. Dillon consented, and seven-year-old Poddie insisted on going with his mother. Having sent in their cards, they were admitted at once to the audience-room. The scene is distinctly recalled. The President sat at the head of a table, and General Logan was eloquently urging him to grant some request. He pressed his suit with so much earnestness that he quite engaged the sympathy of the little party. The President's face was

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a study. He sat unmoved—as immobile as a statue. No expression lighted up his eye or features. The visitors could not have blamed General Logan if he had thrown up his brief in indignation or despair. At length, having finished, the President simply said, “General, I will consider the matter.”

As General Logan departed, the President greeted his callers cordially. After a short conversation they rose to leave. The President also rose. The day was very warm. The little boy was very thirsty. He had discovered in one corner of the room a water-cooler. Plucking his mother by the gown and pointing to the coveted cooler, he said: “Give me a drink, mama; please give me a drink.” His mother replied: “Pretty soon; let us go.” But he only renewed his appeal. Unlike his mother, he was utterly unconscious of the fact that he stood in the presence of the general who had victoriously commanded a million of men in the field, had put down the Rebellion, and now embodied in his person, as Chief Executive, the majesty of the reunited great republic. “Mama, please give me a drink,” again he cried. Thereupon the President, his face no longer immobile, but beaming with kindly sympathy, went to the cooler, filled a glass, and handed it to the boy, saying: “Mrs. Dillon, I feel a great interest in little boys; he may one day be President; certainly his chances seem brighter than mine at his age.” It was a fit scene for some great painter. It was indelibly impressed upon Mrs. Dillon’s mind, and years after-

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ward, when General Grant was a guest at her house in New York, she recounted the incident to him. Of course, General Grant had forgotten it. Such acts were so natural to him that he took no account of them. Ten years before, his magnanimity had been displayed to the world on a great historic occasion, when he received the surrender of General Lee and his army; and a few years afterward the most heroic act of his life was performed, when, in the unrelenting tortures of a cancer of the throat, he wrote his "Memoirs" as the sole provision that he was able to make for his wife and family.

While in New York awaiting the time of sailing, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Stoughton called, and, at their suggestion, Mrs. Dillon and husband visited with them the court in Brooklyn where the Beecher trial was in progress, and heard short arguments from Mr. Evarts, General Tracy, and Judge Porter, of counsel in the cause. This was the beginning of a pleasant acquaintance with Mrs. Stoughton (the mother of John Fiske, the author and historian), whom Mrs. Dillon, when she first met her, pronounced to be the most regal and impressive-looking woman she had ever seen—an opinion which she never changed.

On May 26 the party embarked on the steamship *Russia*, and arrived at Queenstown June 4. June 5 and 6 were spent in Cork and Killarney; June 6 and 7 in Dublin; June 8 at Port Rush; June 9, Giant's Causeway; June 10, Belfast; June 10 and 11, Glasgow and Inversnaid; June 12, Stirling; June 12-14, Edinburgh;

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June 15, Abbotsford and Melrose; June 16, Edinburgh; June 17, York; from June 18 to July 3, London; July 4, Rouen; and on the evening of the same day the party arrived at Paris. July 10 her daughters, Susie and Annie, and her niece were placed at school with Mme. Talot; and soon afterward Mrs. Dillon and her husband left Paris for an extended tour, and in July and August visited successively Geneva, Bern, Lucerne, St. Moritz, Milan, Florence, Venice, Verona, Munich, Stuttgart, Frankfort, The Hague, and Amsterdam, and journeyed thence to Paris. Arriving there in the early part of September, they took rooms at 34 Avenue de la Grande Armée, in the Joli Séjour.

Among the guests of this house were Señor Castelar and his sister. It will be remembered that in 1873, on the abdication of Prince Amadeo of the Spanish throne, Castelar and his followers set up a republican form of government. Castelar was president of the republic from September, 1873, till January, 1874, and was subsequently banished by Alfonso, who succeeded to the throne on the fall of the republic in December, 1874. Castelar went to France and lived with his sister at the Joli Séjour, where Mrs. Dillon was residing. In one of her letters to her son Hiram she mentioned the fact that she had made the acquaintance of Castelar, who lived at the same hotel and sat with her at the same table. After the fashion of the day, her son requested his mother to obtain the autograph of the Spanish statesman. Castelar

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cheerfully consented to give it, and asked for a card. Mrs. Dillon handed him her card-case, and instead of taking one, he took all the cards it contained, twenty-four in number. The next evening he presented the autograph—not the one that Mrs. Dillon expected, but on the back of the cards (for he had used them all) he had written, in the Spanish language, an interesting and characteristic eulogium of Mr. Lincoln and of the American republic, contrasting it with the conditions of his own unfortunate country. Translated, it is as follows:

“ *Madam* :

“ I am glad that your son should have remembered me for the purpose of requesting my autograph, to be treasured as something holy in those American forests where shines a more brilliant light than the light of the sun—the light of freedom.¹ As to myself, I am but the slave of an intolerant church and an almost absolute monarchy, whereas he is a citizen of a republic. I believed that I had redeemed this servitude through a series of gigantic efforts, and I have sunk back exhausted, crushed under the weight of newly forged fetters. What encourages me, consoles me, is the consciousness of having sown a few ideas in the yet fertile soil of Spain.

¹ The phrase “ the light of freedom, more brilliant than the sun,” reminds one of Kossuth, who, when also in exile, in one of his American addresses is reported to have said in his Latinized English, “ I come from a land where the light of liberty is yet crepuscular to a land where it shines in full meridian splendor.”

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“ A few pilgrims, carrying their Bibles under their arms, placing their hopes in God, imbued with the virtue of their idea, and resolved to serve it with an iron will, have created that American spirit which dazzles our eyes by the founding of a new society on the bosom of a new nature. The obstacles in our path are, alas! greater than those met with by these priests of an emancipated conscience. Our strength and our minds are less, far less, than the strength and minds of these extraordinary men; but, in truth, our will is as decided as their will to serve the pure religion of right, and to erect a true republic on the scarred soil of old Europe, above its colossal ruins.

“ The idea raised by martyrs on the altars of a century is never trampled down. The examples offered by genius are useful to all nations. The century which saw Lincoln, a poor wood-cutter, become the Christ of the negro race, cannot end without breaking asunder the chains of all slaves, and at least preparing for the emancipation of mankind. This assurance is a consoling stimulus under our present misfortunes. And for this reason marks of interest from a country such as yours, and from such men as your countrymen, console and stimulate your servant, who has never wavered either in his work for the republic or in his worship of liberty.

“ EMILIO CASTELAR.”

Late in September Judge Dillon, leaving his wife and children in Paris, returned to America by the

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steamship *Russia*, reaching New York October 7. In January and February, 1876, he presided in St. Louis at the trial of what were called the "Whiskey Cases," in which General Babcock and others were charged with conspiring to defraud the government, and which excited great public interest, and to which many letters from him to Mrs. Dillon, written at this time, related. In March he delivered his annual course of lectures at the Iowa University on Medical Jurisprudence, and in April began holding the regular terms of his courts. On July 4, 1876, he delivered the Centennial Oration at Davenport, and during the summer was published the third volume of his Reports. These matters would appear in the correspondence, if it had been the plan of this volume to give letters to Mrs. Dillon; as it is, they are only briefly stated, to show the engagements and work of her husband in this laborious year, during the absence of his wife, and to make some of the references in her letters more intelligible.

In February and March, 1876, Mrs. Dillon and her son John visited Rome, Florence, Naples, Castellamare, Sorrento, and Pompeii, and, returning to Paris, took an apartment at 197 Faubourg St. Honoré. During this absence from Paris Mrs. Dillon was very much in the company of some esteemed Davenport friends—S. Frank Smith and William Renwick and their wives.

Mrs. Dillon remained in Paris till near the middle of August, 1876, when she started home, with her family, via London, Kenilworth, Stratford-on-Avon, and

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Leamington, arriving at Liverpool on August 16, and sailing on the *Bothnia* August 19. Reaching New York, she was met by her husband, and they proceeded to Philadelphia to the National Centennial Celebration. They arrived home in Davenport September 21, and a letter of Mrs. Dillon's to her friend Mrs. Silsbee, under date November 23, expresses the joy she felt at her safe return and the warm welcome with which her friends greeted her. That fall she visited her son Hiram at Topeka, and from that place accompanied her husband, in December, 1876, to Denver, Colorado, whither he went to open the first term of the United States Circuit Court after the admission of that State into the Union. The family spent the winter of 1876-77 at the Burtis House in Davenport, the spring and summer of 1877 at Leaf-land, and the winter of 1878-79 at St. Louis, as will be stated more fully hereafter.

Here, as elsewhere in this volume, the letters, with the aid of a slight connecting narrative or explanation of the circumstances under which they were written or to which they relate, will be left to speak for themselves.

TO MRS. SILSBEE

London, June 23, 1875.

My dear Mrs. Silsbee :

We arrived here last Friday, just two weeks after landing. We had a very comfortable voyage—at least,

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the weather was fine, and everything combined to make it a prosperous trip. I was dreadfully sick all of the time until the last day, so that I am only able to speak of the voyage from what others say of it. I am very grateful that I am once more on land, and the only trouble of my life is how I shall get back. However, I can trust the Good Father in that as I did in the journey out.

We have had a delightful time since we landed. Our first visit in Ireland was at Cork. Here we remained two or three days, and visited all the country round about, including the ruins of old castles and abbeys. The principal of these is Blarney Castle, which has been standing for six or seven hundred years, the tower of which is very high and is covered nearly to the top with ivy, the stem of which is six inches in diameter, and the leaves of a rich, glossy green. I wish you could see the ivy of that country. It is "no respecter of persons," for it grows luxuriantly alike for rich and poor. It covers the thatched roof of the laborer with the same shining glory with which it decks the marble pillars of the lordly palace; it climbs over stone fences and covers as with a mantle of green all defects; it runs over bridge-piers and gate-posts, creeps on the ground, covers the trunks and clambers into tall trees, and then looks smilingly down at you from the topmost branches. Oh, it's a glory to Ireland enough to make you wish to live there, had she no other. The flowers, too, are gorgeous. Geraniums and fuchsias, such as *we* have

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to pet and coax to grow, stand thick in all the fence-corners and byways. I was infatuated, and would have been contented to spend the whole summer there.

From Cork we went to Killarney Lakes. These three pretty little bodies of water, lying in a picturesque part of the country, are a popular resort for the summer. We found people from all parts of Great Britain, and some from the United States. We made a short stay in Dublin, and then went to Giant's Causeway, thence to Belfast, then to Glasgow. We visited many churches which were built by Catholics, but at the time of Cromwell's invasion passed into the hands of Protestants. Of all these places I have bought pictures, so that, if I reach home safely, we can have a good time talking them over. From Glasgow we went to Edinburgh. Here there is much of interest. This is the place, as you know, where Mary Queen of Scots passed much of her time, and many relics of her life and reign are still shown to visitors. While at Edinburgh we took a train and ran down to Abbotsford. It stands just as Sir Walter left it for his better home, more than forty years ago. The chair and the desk where he wrote his books, his cane and pipe, are all preserved; but the genius that once dwelt there and penned his immortal works is gone. We went from there to Dryburgh Abbey, a distance of thirty miles, to see his tomb, from which I gathered a rose and some ivy to take home with me. We are now in London—came here to see this great city and to rest before going to the Continent.

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I never can tell you how glad I was to get your letter. Yours came at the same time with Hiram's, and found me almost famished for news. I read them with a relish, but think I was just as hungry afterward as before. I am glad you enjoy living at Leaf-land. I was afraid you would be lonely. It is a great pleasure to know you are so happy. I think of you often, and wish I could see and chat with you. Last Saturday was my birthday. How I would have liked to take tea with you! When you see Mrs. Hills, tell her the slippers she made me were my constant companions on shipboard except when I was on deck, and that she will never know in this world how I love her. Remember me also to Mrs. Wadsworth, Mrs. Barnard, Mrs. McCullough, Mrs. Burton, and think of me often yourself. Give kindest regards to Mr. Silsbee. Write me as often as you can without injuring your eyes. Don't wait to receive answers, for it takes so long for a letter to reach me. My husband joins me in love to you all. How is old Frank?¹ I'd like to pat his face, the dear old fellow! Excuse all errors in this letter. I have written hurriedly, and between the times of sight-seeing. With love, I am,

Yours affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

Mrs. Dillon's first letter after her return to Paris in September, 1875, was written to Mrs. McCullough. It is interesting not simply for its account of her

¹ The family's favorite horse.

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travels, including the meeting of the Peace Congress at The Hague, and her mode of life in Paris, but also for the beautiful thoughts in the concluding paragraph suggested by the photograph of her friend.

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

Paris, September 15, 1875.

My dear Friend :

We are again in Paris, after an absence of eight weeks. We arrived here tired and worn, but I was suddenly restored by the receipt of your kind letter. It is the next best thing to *going* home to hear from there. Since I saw you my experiences have been varied and strange, pleasant and unpleasant; and while I 've seen much to interest and instruct, I 've seen enough to satisfy me there are no people like those "I left behind me," and no country like my own.

After a ten days' voyage we landed in Ireland, the land of your O'Connell, Emmet, and Meagher, of beauty and of thralldom. Of the impression made upon me by the scenery, as we passed by steamer up the river Lee from Queenstown to Cork, I can never tell you; the beautiful green of the whole country, together with the grand trees and ivy-covered houses and towers, surely cannot anywhere be surpassed.

In Cork we remained long enough to make several excursions into the country, one of which was, of course, to Blarney Castle, where my husband "kissed

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the Blarney stone," but *I* did not—another instance of the failure to give the needed medicine to the right person; since *he* inherited the qualities it is said to bestow, while all the troubles of my life have arisen from a lack of them.

After Cork we visited Killarney, Dublin, Giant's Causeway, and Belfast. I 'm bringing home some ferns and ivy to freshen your recollections of the place of your birth and scenes of your childhood. In Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, we visited the burial-place of the Dillons—at least, some of them, for I'm quite sure I detected in the barefooted youngsters who followed us with outstretched hands, crying something which sounded like "donus," a strong resemblance to the gentleman beside me.

We crossed the Irish Sea to Glasgow, thence to Stirling and Edinburgh, by way of the Scottish lakes and the Trossachs. Here we were shown the palaces and castles once occupied by the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, and other places of interest. A short ride of an hour brought us to Melrose Abbey; thence by carriage we went to Abbotsford, now occupied by Sir Walter's granddaughter. A few miles from this charming place is Dryburgh Abbey, where the remains of Scott are buried.

At Edinburgh we could have spent many weeks very pleasantly; but remembering my husband's limited time, we hastened on to London, and happened there just in the "season." "Nobility" was "in town," and London was gay, which is not the case when it suits

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nobility to depart. Here we spent three weeks, visiting Westminster Abbey, the Tower, Houses of Parliament, picture-galleries, Kew Gardens, Zoölogical Gardens, and many other places of interest. From London, via Newhaven and Dieppe, we came to Paris, stopping at Rouen only long enough to visit the cathedral of the eleventh century and the more modern Church of St. Ouen.

The 4th of July found us in Paris at an American hotel, where great preparations had been made to celebrate the Fourth. Our Stars and Stripes floated from doors and windows, and everything went "merry as a marriage-bell." Now, I confess that since the ordeal of bidding my friends good-by in Davenport, nothing had so overcome me as the sight of the "dear old flag." I managed to conceal my feelings till the band struck up "Hail, Columbia," and the air we sing to "My country, 't is of thee," when I beat a hasty retreat to my room and had it out alone.

Now, I fancy you 'd like to know what I think of Paris. In the first place, I 'll tell you what I think it is not. It is *not* Paradise. It is said that many of my countrymen desire to be sent here after death, wishing no better heaven; but *I don't*. Of course it would be preferable to the *place which many* may think I stand in imminent danger of, but I 'll try for a place "up higher." It is, without doubt, a very beautiful city, and one of the cleanest, but has not, as has been claimed for it, the highest civilization, for such civilization means morality, and that is at

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a very low ebb. The architecture, doubtless, ranks among the finest in the world.

While absolutely nothing is seen in monuments, or names of streets and places, to remind you of Napoleon the Third, you see constantly memorials of Napoleon the First, or, as the French say, "Napoléon le Grand." He lives in the Arc de Triomphe, the Colonne de Luxor, Colonne Vendôme, and many of the principal streets bear the names of members of his family and of his battles. While Paris stands Napoleon the First will never die. Paris *is* a good place to buy a bonnet; never were *such* bonnets made anywhere else. The boots, too, are unexceptionable in their fit, and the hand that wears a Paris glove is always beautiful. Our stay here was prolonged to nearly three weeks, which were spent in sight-seeing, and in the search for a school for my daughters. We at last found one highly recommended. The lady has taught here for years, has about thirty scholars, and a most delightful house and grounds; and I think I 've done well to place my children with her, and no doubt you will think so too when I tell you she is a devout Catholic.

After placing them and remaining long enough to see if they were comfortable and happy, my husband and I started on the tour we have contemplated ever since we first thought of going abroad. Arriving in Geneva, we stopped for several days, making a trip up the beautiful Lake of Geneva (or Lemman, as they call it here) to Chillon. Here, of course, with a number of others, we traversed the gloomy dungeons

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and caverns of the castle, were shown the hollows in the rocks, worn, it is said, by the weary feet of the poor unfortunate who was chained here for many years.

We did not go up Mont Blanc, but had such a view of it from Geneva as few are favored with.

From Geneva we went to Bern and Interlaken. Here we had views of the Jungfrau quite as beautiful as Mont Blanc, but lacking its grandeur. After leaving here we went to Lucerne, traversing the Lake of the Four Cantons and making the ascent of the Rigi; and taking our way over the Alps by the Brünig, Albula, and Julier passes, we came to St. Moritz in the Engadine, where we spent a couple of days with our friends Frank and Mary Smith. We were delighted to find Mr. Smith so far restored in health as to be able to climb mountains with the most robust of the party.

Leaving St. Moritz by the way of the Maloggia Pass and Lake Como, we went to Milan, where we spent two days, most of the time in the cathedral, which well repays one for all fatigue endured in getting there. From Milan we journeyed to Florence, Venice, Munich, Stuttgart, and Frankfort; but of these places I must at some future time tell you, as my letter is already too long, and, I fear, tiresome.

My husband being a member of the Association for Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, and desiring to be in attendance at its session, we proceeded rapidly by way of the Rhine and Cologne to

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The Hague. We found the members already there. Among them were representatives of many nations—Germans, Russians, Italians, French, Danes, and Americans. The sessions were held in the Royal Council-Room of Holland, and the galleries were given to the ladies, as the majority of the members had their wives with them. Now, was not this a rare opportunity to study parliamentary rules? The president, David Dudley Field, is a brother of the United States judge of that name, and of Cyrus Field, of Atlantic cable celebrity. He is a man of rare talents, and as a presiding officer cannot be excelled; but I observed he had quite as much difficulty to keep order as ever had the president of the Davenport Library to keep everything straight in that little body. Several times, when important questions were being discussed, many of the members would rise at once. The president would give his undivided attention to the *individual who had the floor*, and if this did not quell the rising tumult, the gavel came down with a vehemence that seated the disorderly ones instantly. All seemed to acknowledge his right to enforce the rules, and took no offense; but it occurred to me that I knew of an assembly where nearly every member would be rampant should the president assume so much authority.

This was really a very pleasant time for all in attendance. As to the good accruing to mankind from their labors, time must tell. All the members are eminent for learning, and stand high as lawyers and

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publicists in their own country. Many spoke in three languages. Their wives are accomplished and elegant, laying aside all conventionality and foolishness; are plain and simple in their manners.

Among them I made some pleasant acquaintances. One was an Irishwoman who had married an English barrister.¹ Our acquaintance began in this way: Seated in the gallery listening to one of the speeches, a woman near me addressed me, saying, "Madame, est ce que vous savez qui est ce qui parle à présent?" I replied to her question, and from that we talked of everything pertaining to the congress, America, England, and Ireland; and I did not fail to express myself concerning the government of the two latter countries, and before the conversation closed she found out I was a Fenian in my sympathies, and I think she was glad of it, but she did n't dare to say it.

If the Peace Congress meets in America next year, she promised to go over, and if I 'm there she will visit Iowa, and I promised her she should see and meet you, for I told her all about you.

But I must not forget to tell you how cordially the Holland government treated us. The Queen received the ladies in true royal style. She is an accomplished woman. When the ladies were presented to her she addressed each one in the language of the nation to which she belonged. The next day there was a grand dinner given by the government at Scheveningen (the fashionable watering-place of the Netherlands).

¹ Professor Sheldon Amos.

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One hundred and thirty persons sat down to dinner. The good things of all countries were spread in abundance before us. There were oceans of wine, and champagne flowed like rivers; only *nine* wine-glasses at my plate. When toasts to Holland's Queen, Peace Congress, and United States were drunk, I clicked glasses with the rest of them, *but there was only water in mine*. I have no doubt those around me thought mine was a dry toast. After dinner there was the finest display of fireworks I have ever seen. Every device under the sun was produced in living fire; but when "Hommage au Congrès" blazed forth against the darkness beyond, three rousing cheers rent the air, and we took our carriages for our hotels.

The next day Amsterdam sent down a special train of cars to escort us to that city. The day was a rare one, the perfection of autumn weather, and after a ride of two or three hours we arrived, and found twenty carriages awaiting us to show us through the city. After a drive of an hour through this quaint old place, over many of its three hundred bridges, we sat down to a most elaborate luncheon. Here, again, we were regaled with all the good things which God has provided and the ingenuity of man can devise. We toasted Holland and the Peace Congress, and separated for a year. We remained a day or two longer to see the picture-galleries, and then took up the line of march for Paris.

Now, I 've not told you anything of the pictures I 've seen, nor of Italy or Germany, but this letter is

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too long; I fear you 're tired and will not care to hear from me again. I received your photograph, and it looks just like you. I look into your eyes, and cannot believe you will not speak to me. It seems to me you 're here, and I believe you are, for I 'm with you many times: don't you think one spirit can visit another, even though waters and worlds may divide? I 've set you up on my mantel, where you can see all I do. I expect you 'll speak sometime and tell me all about the Library. By the way, how does it come on? I 'm inclosing my resignation as president, for I think the officers should all be at their posts doing their duty. If you think well you may publish it.¹

Give my love to your sister, to Mrs. Donohue, Mrs. Wadsworth, Mrs. Silsbee, and Mrs. Barnard. Tell the two last that I 'm going to write them as soon as my husband leaves me, for, oh, I shall be so lonely! I hope you 'll all take pity on me and write me often

¹ Concerning this resignation the following is extracted from the records of the Library Association :

"At the meeting held October 30, 1875, the following letter of resignation from Mrs. Dillon was read :

"Paris, September 22, 1875.

"*To the Members of the Davenport Library Association :*

"Having decided to remain in Europe until a period beyond the expiration of my term of office, and believing that the prosperity of the association can best be promoted by officers who are at the post of duty, I hereby resign the presidency of your association. I cannot sever my official connection with the Library without expressing my deep interest in its welfare, and the great satisfaction which the assurances of its continued prosperity have given me.

"ANNA PRICE DILLON."

"On motion the resignation of Mrs. Dillon was accepted, and expressions of the appreciation of the services rendered by Mrs. Dillon and of regret at her resignation were unanimously adopted."

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and fully. With love to all who care for me, and much to yourself, I am,

Forever your friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MRS. SILSBEE

34 Avenue de la Grande Armée, Paris,

September 24, 1875.

My dear Friend:

The last time I wrote you was from London; since then I 've been most of the time "on the wing," stopping only long enough at each place to "see the sights" and drop a line to Hymie or mother to keep them posted as to our whereabouts. A week ago we returned to Paris, after an absence of nearly eight weeks. I found a letter from you, one from Mrs. Barnard, and three from Mrs. McCullough awaiting me. A day or two since, another one came from you, inclosed in one to Susie. You are very good to me to write so often without waiting for answers. May some one deal just so with you, if ever you are in a foreign country and among entire strangers.

Yesterday my husband left me for Liverpool, intending to sail on next Saturday for America. It took all the fortitude I could muster to have him go, and when I bade him good-by, although I thought I was prepared to take leave of him calmly, I broke down and cried outright. Johnnie and I took a cab and drove back from the depot, and though it was a ride of an hour, neither of us spoke the whole way, but

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just sat and cried. Saturday he trusts his life upon that treacherous ocean. May God send him a safe journey; for in the event of the loss of his life the light of many others would fade.

Your kind letters have had the effect both to gladden and to sadden me. I cannot believe that I shall not find you in Davenport when I return. You must not go! Persuade your husband to go into some other business, for I cannot give you up. To think that both you and Mrs. Barnard will be gone greatly diminishes the pleasure I take in contemplating the reunion I hope to have with my friends a year hence.

I suppose it will be interesting to you to know *how* I live and *where* and in *what* way I spend my time. My rooms are on the Avenue de la Grande Armée, a street about a hundred and fifty feet wide, with four rows of trees. The rooms front south, and I have two large windows extending from floor to ceiling. There is a set of red plush furniture, and a large mirror over a marble mantel, under which is a grate; there is a handsome wardrobe, the door of which is a large mirror; the floor is inlaid wood, with large rugs laid in front of the sofa and under the table. I also have the promise of a carpet when the weather gets cold. In the morning, at half after seven or eight o'clock, the waiter brings to my room some coffee or tea and bread and butter. This Johnnie and I eat, in bed or after rising, just as we feel. At twelve o'clock, promptly, the bell rings, and we go down to breakfast, composed of two kinds of

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meat, or else one kind and eggs in some style, fried potatoes, good bread and butter and marmalade of some kind, fruit, cheese, and very black coffee. After this I go out to see my daughters, whose school is distant only five minutes' walk. There are about twenty boarders in the house, and nearly all Catholics. They are nice people, but don't spend their time as I think is right. They dance and play cards every day in the week, Sunday not excepted. But this makes no difference to me, as I keep my room most of the time. They seem inclined to be very agreeable to me, although, up to the time my husband left, I had not seen much of them. That afternoon, when I came to my room, several of them came and knocked at my door and asked me to go out with them, saying they did not want to think of me as sitting alone. This was very kind, was n't it? and although I had no heart to accept their offer, I appreciated it nevertheless.

My children are in school here, though when I left you I fully intended to place them in Geneva; but Geneva is nearly twenty-four hours farther from home.

After settling the children and waiting to see if they were comfortable, my husband and I started to see something of the Continent. Our first stop was in Geneva, where we remained long enough to make the trip up Lake Geneva to Chillon, where we visited the castle and gathered some mosses and ferns from the walls to bring home. Here, too, we were treated

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to a view of Mont Blanc, a description of which I will try to give you if I live to see you again. From Geneva we went to Bern. There is little of interest here, save a magnificent view of the Bernese Alps in the distance, and an old cathedral of the thirteenth century. From thence to Interlaken, afterward to Lucerne by way of the Lake of the Four Cantons. At Zurich we spent several pleasant days, and then took our way over the Alps to St. Moritz to see the Smiths, whom we found, especially Mr. Smith, much improved by their sojourn in Europe.

From Switzerland, by the Maloggia Pass, we went into Italy. At Chiavenna we stopped only one day, then by carriage to Colico, where we took a steamer. Passing down the far-famed Lake of Como, we arrived next day at Milan. We spent two days there, and the most of that time sat in the cathedral. Of this magnificent building you have read much, but never until you see it will you be able to dream of its beauty. It has already several thousand life-sized statues in marble, and as many more are to be added. It has been five hundred years in building, and they do not expect to finish it for one hundred more. The most striking feature is the light which represents the star of Bethlehem. On the grand altar is a crucifix. This is life-size, but suspended so far above the altar as to look about the size of my Johnnie. Above this still, in the dim and hallowed light of the immense dome, is a steady light about the size of a star of the first magnitude. I suppose this is a jet of gas

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suspended by a tube so small as to be imperceptible from the room below; but, however that may be, it burns day and night, steady and unwavering, a fit emblem of that light which "lighteth every one that cometh into the world."

From Milan we went to Florence, not over the Apennines, but *through* them, as we passed through forty-five tunnels en route for that place. Here we spent the time looking at pictures and churches. Of these I never can tell you by pen and paper, but hold that in reserve for some of our chats, if we are spared to meet again. After Florence we went next to Venice. Oh, Venice! unique Venice! Nothing *can* be more beautiful than Venice by moonlight. But if ever you go there, take the advice of one who has been, and don't go out in the daytime at all, for it loses all its poetry. The canals are dirty and slimy, and the odor is simply villainous. Venice, though called the "Queen of the Adriatic," sits desolate and forlorn.

From Venice, via Verona, Munich, Stuttgart, Frankfurt, down the Rhine, we came to Paris, and here, if it please God, I shall be for a year, and then with alacrity take my way home. I am glad you 've enjoyed living in my house this summer. I felt, when I read your letters, that I 'd like to be at one of your little tea-drinkings. How delighted I was to hear of the improved health of our dear little friend, Mrs. Hills! May she grow better and better, and live to bless us all for many years. Don't forget to give a word of love to her for me. You need not kiss her for me,

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for many a time and oft my spirit imprints upon her brow and yours, with others of my dear friends, the ardent, burning kiss of undying affection. Don't speak of going away from Davenport. I can't and won't listen. Before this letter reaches you, if my husband has a safe journey, he will be with you. He will tell you of many things that I cannot write. Write me often and long, and tell all the news. I am so hungry to hear from you all! Believe me,

Yours affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

P. S. Johnnie sends much love to you—wishes he could kiss you; he says, when you see his playmate Mary Dewitt, to give her his love, and tell her he is going to bring her something when he comes back.

Miss Fejervary, to whom, when in Europe, the letters in the preceding chapter had been written, had, in the meantime, returned to Davenport; and in the letter to her which next follows Mrs. Dillon gives a short account of her own first four months in Europe.

TO MISS FEJERVARY

Paris, October 4, 1875.

My dear Miss Fejervary :

After an absence of nearly eight weeks I am again in Paris. It is nearly five months since we parted. Little did I think then that so long a time would pass before I should have a quiet talk with you! Of what

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I 've seen to instruct and entertain I 've no ability to describe. We landed in Queenstown on the 4th of June. From thence by boat we went immediately to Cork, and remained long enough to visit the places of interest in and around the city. The old cathedral, with its old stained glass and deep-toned organ, has left with me recollections never to be forgotten. Neither did we forget the church of Shandon, made famous by Father Prout in his

. . . bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

At the beautiful Lakes of Killarney our sojourn was short, though there is much of beauty here, both in nature and art. The ruins of Muckross Abbey contain enough to entertain one for days. Through Ireland, via Giant's Causeway, Dublin, and Belfast, we hurried to Scotland, "land of the mountain and the flood," stopping for some time in Stirling and Edinburgh. At each place, as you know, there is still, in excellent preservation, a castle once occupied by the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. While passing from place to place on the cars, I managed to read again the history (though a condensed one) of this

¹ "The author is buried within the shadow of the spire which contains the 'bells' of which he has sung with such loving grace and pathos. At its foot repose, as the poet informs us, 'some generations of his kith and kin'; and thus we may suppose that it was with tender reminiscence and warm affection that he composed this exquisite lyric." — "Maclise Portrait Gallery" (London, 1898), p. 470.

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most unfortunate woman. Holyrood Palace, with its abbey and many rooms containing so much to recall the life of its beautiful occupant, received a portion of our time. While tarrying at Edinburgh we made an excursion to Abbotsford and to Dryburgh.

In London we spent nearly three weeks. We profited by your kind suggestion, and, meeting with a gentleman on the steamer who was going directly to London, we took the liberty to ask his assistance in procuring rooms, which he did, and when we arrived we were comfortably settled in pleasant lodgings on Cavendish Street. Only for your suggestion we would have found ourselves in London without a shelter, as it was the "season" and every place was full. We spent our time in sight-seeing, visiting Westminster Abbey, the Tower, Parliament Houses, the picture-galleries, and I did *not* forget Kew Gardens. Ever since reading Auerbach's "Villa on the Rhine" I've had a *very* strong desire to see the *Victoria regia*, and here my desire was gratified. It was not in bloom, but, as it was, it well repaid one for the journey to see it. This is a most charming place, and in it and other places in and about London we could have spent many weeks; but my husband's limited time forbade any such indulgence, and we hurried on to Paris, stopping long enough in Rouen to see the cathedral and St. Ouen.

The 4th of July found us in Paris, and after remaining long enough to place my children in school, my husband and I started for Switzerland, stopping

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at Geneva. We made the tour of the lovely Lake of Geneva, stopping at Chillon and at many of the little villages that line its shores. While we were here, Mont Blanc, which had been obscured by fog and clouds for many weeks, revealed himself in a glory that cannot be surpassed in this world. From here, via Bern, Interlaken, Lucerne, and Zurich, we bent our steps toward St. Moritz. At Lucerne we stopped long enough to make the ascent by rail of the Rigi. This was to me a frightful trip, and nothing in the world would induce me to make it again. We were much disappointed, upon arriving, to find fog and rain. The view was entirely obscured, and we hastily retraced our way to sunshine and summer. At Coire we took a diligence for the Engadine, and after mounting several thousand feet above the level of the sea we found ourselves in that lovely spot—a valley with the little river Inn running through it, about one mile wide and fifty miles long, lined on either side with snow-capped mountains whose lofty peaks pierce the clouds. Here, within sight and breathing the air of glaciers, I found and gathered some flowers which we cultivate with great care at home—the wild pansy and canterbury-bell.

From St. Moritz, via the Maloggia Pass, we went into Italy. At Colico we embarked on a steamer for a trip down beautiful Lake Como. After all I had heard and all I had read of Como, I thought myself, in a *measure*, prepared to behold its beauty; but if I had died without *seeing* it I should never have

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had even a conception of its loveliness. The day was one of the most enjoyable of all our days; the weather was perfect—just made for a trip on Como. Without thought of car or hotel, or aught else than the pleasure of the moment, we abandoned ourselves to the enjoyment of the time, and while we live it will be a bright spot to turn to, if all else should be dark and dreary. At Milan we spent only two days, and most of that time in the cathedral, which, while it is the perfection of art interiorly, is, to my eye, sadly marred exteriorly by the commingling of the two styles of architecture, Gothic and Grecian.

After Milan we went next to Florence. Here, while enjoying the pictures in the Uffizi and Pitti galleries, it seemed that you were with me, for, through the letters which you wrote me while there, I was in some degree prepared to see them. We visited the churches; saw the tombs of Dante, Michelangelo, Alfieri, and Canova. Although much hurried, we gave the churches a glance, but saw only enough to make one wish to return. We happened in Venice at the time of the full moon, and as you have been there and spent a much longer time than I did, any description that I am able to give is entirely superfluous. I was much disappointed in the Church of St. Mark. I had read Ruskin's description of it in "The Stones of Venice," and had my expectations wrought too high. While it is grand and beautiful, it falls far below the idea given by him. From Venice, by way of Verona, we went to Munich. At

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Verona we stopped long enough to visit the amphitheater and the house where "Juliet" was born, and saw also the sarcophagus which once held her body (?).

At Munich we went several times to the old and the new Pinakothek, visited churches, and were fortunate enough to be there at the time when the Emperor reviewed the soldiers. There were ten thousand men on the field, and they presented a sight well worth seeing. After Munich we went to Stuttgart, Heidelberg, Frankfort, Wiesbaden, Mayence; thence down the Rhine to Cologne, where we stopped two days to see the cathedral. My husband and I stood in wonder and delight before this magnificent pile, and felt that the annoyance we suffered while stopping in that filthy place was, in a measure, dissipated by sitting for a short time each day in this noble structure. From Cologne we proceeded immediately to The Hague, where the Peace Congress for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations had already assembled.

After The Hague we went to Amsterdam; then, by way of Antwerp and Brussels, we came to Paris, where I am settled for a year, unless I should conclude to spend a month of the time in Rome. My rooms here are very pleasant; they have a south front, and are located at 34 Avenue de la Grande Armée. My time would be insupportably long, being here among strangers, if I did not *go to school*. Does n't that sound strange for a person of my age to say? But

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it is true, nevertheless. I go each forenoon to the same school where my daughters are, and I 'm trying to learn to speak French. If I succeed I shall be very happy; if I do not I will have the satisfaction of knowing that I have not idled away my time. Now, my dear friend, will you write me? Overlook what has been only *seeming* neglect and be good enough to answer this miserable letter. The 7th of this month, three years ago, you wrote me from Boston just before you sailed for Europe. My husband left me nearly two weeks ago for home, and will, if it please God, arrive in New York about to-morrow.

Give my kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Fejervary, and believe me,

Ever truly yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MRS. SILSBEE

34 Avenue de la Grande Armée, Paris,
Friday, November 12, 1875.

My own dear Friend:

Your good letter reached me yesterday. It did me much good. I felt as if I had been with you and we had had one of our old-fashioned talks. My heart overflows with thankfulness that my husband has arrived in safety, and you have seen him and talked with him. The day that his letter arrived from New York saying he was safely landed, I indulged in a good long cry. The vessel was out a day or two longer

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than usual, and I had been so anxious that, when the climax came, it was too much for me. Johnnie—eight years old—comforted me, dear fellow, by saying, “Why do you cry, mama? Papa ’s safe. I knew he would be, for I asked God to take him safely over.”

I am almost frantic sometimes to see you; it seems an age since I left you. I sit here of an evening, after Johnnie goes to bed, and picture my getting home—how I ’ll run in from the cars and surprise my little friend Mrs. Hills; how, next day, I ’ll start and go from house to house and clasp to my heart my dear old friends. But where shall I find *you*, my darling? I cannot bear to think you will not be there. But wherever you are I ’ll go to see you. If it please my kind Heavenly Father, I shall be at home this time next year. I sit and think much about it, and cheer the lonely evenings with the happy thought, and liken the return day to the sunlight which we sometimes see of a rainy day, resting upon the far-distant hills and clothing them with a glorious beauty, while all around and overhead is dark and cloudy.

You said in your letter that Mr. Putnam had gone for Duncan. Poor Mrs. Putnam! how I pity her! Duncan’s death is inevitable. My heart is full of sympathy for her. She loves him to distraction, and her poor heart will break, I fear.

I hope you have had some fruit to put up. I wish I could have been there to help you, as you did me last summer. How is Mrs. McCullough? My husband said when he called upon her she was coughing.

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I hope it is nothing serious. I am daily expecting a letter from her. She is so prompt in all things else, she won't keep me waiting long. She is a woman of sterling worth, and I feel that all the years she lived in Davenport when I did not know her are lost years to me. I feel that upon her exertions, in a great measure, rest the success of the Library, and she must be president, lecture committee, and much else.

I had a letter about ten days ago from the little lady of the Burtis [Mrs. Hills], and it made me quite homesick, for, while I was delighted to hear about her trip this summer, and her great enjoyment, it made me wish to see her all the more. And I *went to see her, too*, for, in my mind (that part which will come back and visit all my friends after I leave the world), I took up the line of march for America. I went to Liverpool and took steamer for New York. Arrived there, I took the train for Davenport, got off the cars, and went up and sat down in the easy-chair which stands in the corner of her room, and looked right into her eyes. There she sat, busy as ever. There was a piece of work nearly completed to make somebody happy. There was a good fire burning in the stove; the gas was turned on, and everything was just as cheerful as of yore. Mr. Hills came in after a while, spoke pleasantly to "little roll," but never spoke to or even noticed me. I thought that was very strange, for there I sat and wished so much to be noticed. I stopped a little while longer, and then came to *myself*, and found I was again in Paris.

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I am sorry your sister could not come to Davenport when I was there; not that she would be better satisfied with her visit, but I should have felt the pleasure of getting acquainted with her. I know she is nice, for she is *your* sister. I hope it may be my happy lot yet to see her. I cannot and will not believe you will leave Davenport. I think there are many good days in store for us yet. When you see Mrs. Wadsworth, tell her I often think of her, and that, in the language of a good old Methodist hymn, "no change of season or place can make any change" in my love for my friends. Remember me to Mrs. Bills.

There is much here to entertain one fond of butterfly life. This city is full of strangers—conceited English and vagrant Americans. I say "vagrant Americans" because they are here for no other reason than to kill time and display the great variety of dry-goods offered for sale.

I have as yet invested nothing in new clothes, for I find I 'm too busy with going to school and study to devote any time to it. I must very soon do something, for I 'm beginning to get quite shabby. The children are studying hard, and, I think, getting on very well with their French.

When Mrs. Burton leaves town what will you do for a president for the Christian Association? I fear the star of its prosperity is waning. How goes the Temperance Association? Is Mrs. Porter still the president? How is my friend Mrs. Foster? Give my love to her. I am glad you are going to take my poor,

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forlorn husband in for the few days he will be in Davenport. Take good care of him, for he is a good man, and is the *only husband I have*. Sometime, when it is in my power, I 'll do as much for Mr. Silsbee. Present my very best regards to him and your son, and pray for me and mine, and think of me always as one of your many *best* friends, for I am,

Lovingly yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

The following letter is a résumé of Mrs. Dillon's European life and travels during the period covered by it. The last sentence explains why it was written, and why it is more formal than most of her letters. The exceptionally fine view of Mont Blanc, so vividly described, fastened itself forever upon her memory. As the letter ends in Switzerland, it may have been intended that it should be followed by another, but, if so, such intention was not carried out, or the letter, if written, has been lost.

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

Paris, December 1, 1875.

Dear Mrs. McCullough :

The morning of June 4, 1875, found the steamer *Russia* off the Skelligs, somewhat impatiently awaiting the arrival of the tug which was to carry those of her passengers who wished to see Ireland to Queens-town. Arrived, we found plenty of donkeys and beggars, but only a few persons who could in any

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way contribute to our comfort. After a miserable breakfast and some delay, we took passage on a small steamer bound for Cork. One day sufficed to see all of interest in that city. We made some excursions in the vicinity, and then visited, in turn, Killarney, Dublin, Giant's Causeway, and Belfast. One feels the government there at almost every step; at every turn one encounters a red coat, white feather, and sword.

Across the North Channel, and by the Firth of Clyde, we entered Scotland. At Glasgow we ate our first oat-cake, but, I confess, with some disappointment, for we had anticipated a rare feast after reading of the relish with which George Macdonald ate it sitting at the feet of his very orthodox grandmother. Over Loch Lomond, past Ben Lomond and Ben Voirllich, and in sight of Rob Roy's prison, we came to Inversnaid, with its beautiful little cataract falling over moss-covered rocks into the lake. After a night spent in this romantic spot, and a drive of five miles next morning, we were in sight of Loch Katrine, with promontory, creek and bay, and "mountains that like giants stand to sentinel enchanted land." In a sheltered bay a rustic pier has been constructed for the accommodation of steamer passengers. Embarking here, we sailed close by Ellen's Isle, the Silver Strand, and Roderick Dhu's tower. We were presently in the bosom of the Trossachs, a wilderness of crags, rocks, and mounds extending a distance of fifteen miles. Here, in rich abundance, grows the bronze elm, a tree I have rarely seen in America. The

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scenery is such as to tranquilize, subdue, and awe the beholder; but driving with us on the top of the same coach was an individual whom the thunders of Sinai would have failed to silence. An unmarried woman, no longer young, occupied the central position, guide-book in hand, and persisted in reading aloud from it; then, for a change of program, demanded certain explanations of the driver, and at other times declaimed portions of "The Lady of the Lake."

At Edinburgh we rested, wiped the dust from off our faces, and went out to see the old castle, rich in historic memorials. The most interesting part of this city is the Old Town, and at every step one sees something to remind him of Sir Walter Scott. He is the idol of the people, and they consecrated the new part of the city by erecting, in a prominent place, the magnificent Scott monument, in whose niches stand proudly, or sit quietly, sculptured in massive stone, the principal characters in the Waverley Novels. Holyrood Palace (or Holycross Palace), the scene of so many stormy interviews between its beautiful mistress and John Knox, is in many parts in an almost perfect state of preservation. Many souvenirs of Mary Stuart are shown, among them a moth-eaten basket containing some of the paraphernalia of a baby's toilet, a present from her cousin, Queen Elizabeth, before the birth of James the Fourth. Here, too, is a piece of embroidery, done by the delicate fingers of one who, while she wrought, is charged with coolly planning the destruction of her husband

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that she might marry his destroyer. A small room adjoining the queen's bedchamber, where still stands the bed whereon she rested her faultless form, is the spot where Rizzio met his death, and the guide fails not to point out with eagerness on the floor some black spots which he insists you shall believe are Rizzio's blood-stains. In another room are portraits of Lord Darnley and Mary. Who can look into the depths of those mild brown eyes, and not adore her beauty, lament her weakness, and pity her fate?

The walk up High Street and through Canongate is most interesting. On the way are seen John Knox's house, St. Giles's Church, and the site of old Tolbooth Prison, or Heart of Midlothian, which is marked with a heart carved in the stone pavement. In another part of the city, and near the Queen's Drive, is Jeanie Deans's house, and the old ruin where she met her sister's lover. In a narrow, gloomy street, at right angles with High Street, still stands the house where Darnley met his fate. Melrose Abbey is a short ride from Edinburgh, and is remarkable for the delicacy of its stonework. The principal feature of the abbey remaining is its choir window, fifty-seven feet high and twenty-eight feet wide, a marvel of delicate and finished sculpture.

Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand,
In many a freakish knot, had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.

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As we passed to and fro under its lofty arches and among its broken pillars, the portress, a Scotch lassie, plucked from a bed near by three pansies, and gave them to me as a souvenir. How could she have known my fondness for the flower, or how divined my longing for one grown on the soil where molders, as the tradition has it, the heart of Robert Bruce?

Six miles from Melrose rise the towers and turrets of Abbotsford, conceived by the same brain that created "Ivanhoe," "Waverley," "Heart of Midlothian," and "Marmion." It remains, like them, a monument of the genius and individual taste of its author. The house and furniture are the same as in his lifetime. Portraits of Scott, his wife and children, adorn the walls. The chair and the table at which he was wont to write stand in the center of his study, whose walls are lined with books, and in which, it is said, were produced many of his novels. Round three sides of this room is a light gallery, reached by a private staircase by which he descended to his work unobserved in the early morning. The library is a large room with a richly carved ceiling, pictures, busts, and books in abundance, and a life-size portrait of Sir Walter's son, who lost his life on his way home from India. The breakfast-room adjoins the dining-room, and, like it, overlooks the Tweed. Here, at his request (so a member of his family told me), his bed was brought a few days before his death, that in his last hours he might hear and see the rippling waters of this lovely stream. Here he died, and

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here are preserved, in a glass case, his cane, hat, pipe, and the last suit of clothes he wore in health. Just outside the house is a stone statue of his favorite dog, his faithful companion in all his walks. At Dryburgh, a few miles from Abbotsford, and in view of the beloved Tweed, Scott is buried. In St. Mary's Aisle, the most interesting part of the ruin, is the marble sarcophagus which guards the dust of the "Great Wizard of the North." Near at hand, covering the unsightliness of moldering stones, creeping over broken arches, and climbing into aged trees, is the ever-smiling ivy—"the plant of immortality."

'T is but a step from the "Land o' Cakes" to "Merrie England." Out from Edinburgh at early dawn, a few miles' ride over green and fertile fields brings you to York. And now you are sure you are in England: your baggage is no longer baggage, but "luggage." You hear your mother-tongue spoken with that peculiar intonation which convinces you that yours is not the English language, but veritable United States! The cathedral at York is immense, old, and rich in stained glass of the fourteenth century—justly one of the famous cathedrals of the world. It was our good fortune to be present at a morning service, and to hear grand music from a choir of boys, which made to resound the vaults and arches of this majestic and venerable pile. Among the inscriptions on the time-worn tablets and tombs, I found and carried away in memory the following, composed by an archbishop for his own monument:

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Father in heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends, whose precepts guide,
In life our guardian and in death our friend,
Eternal praise be Thine till time shall end.

Good fortune brought us to London in the "season." We gave three weeks to this world of London—barely time enough to get an idea of its magnitude and outward aspects, for its palaces are countless, its streets interminable, and its population legion. Westminster Abbey, with its multitude of graves and statues, occupied much of our time. Here, on Sunday, June 20, we heard Dean Stanley preach from the text, "Render unto Cæsar," etc., and afterward offer the prayers of the church for the recovery of Lady Franklin, then ill and since deceased.

Of all chapels, that of Henry the Seventh was, to me, the most attractive. It contains the tombs of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart, separated only by the nave of the chapel. In the center are the tombs of Henry the Seventh and his queen. But time does not permit a description of this abbey, where lie buried England's kings, queens, and bishops, her great warriors, statesmen, and poets. Standing there, one feels the appropriateness of the beautiful reflections of Addison: "When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; . . . when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided

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the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind.”

Westminster Hall, the largest, it is said, in the world, except one, unsupported by pillars, derives its chief fame from its association with English law, being the seat of the courts of justice, and the entrance to the Houses of Parliament. It has been the scene of many ceremonies and state trials. Many times during our stay we visited this venerable seat of justice, and saw for ourselves those bewigged and begowned judges, wearing expressions of great wisdom—the successors of those sages, as lawyers are pleased to call them, who, in their affection and consideration for English wives, declared that their husbands, in whipping them, should not use a stick larger than the little finger. Fortunately the custom is obsolete, thus obviating the necessity for a tender “modification” of the law.

But space admonishes me that I can but glance at the other places of interest. The Albert Memorial is a magnificent structure, as far as fine statuary can make it, but it is, to my eye, so deficient in height that one beholds it with a feeling of disappointment. Trafalgar Square, with its fountains and colossal Landseer lions, is a striking feature of the city. The British Museum, Royal Academy, Kew Gardens, the various churches, and the Tower of London, require much time to see, and much more to describe.

After three weeks of busy work we left London in an unsatisfied frame of mind, to see for ourselves

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what was across the Channel. Crossing from New-haven to Dieppe, and hurrying from Dieppe to Rouen, we stopped only long enough to see the famous old cathedral with the "butter tower," and to visit the spot where Jeanne d'Arc suffered martyrdom, and take a hasty glance through St. Ouen, by far the most beautiful and soul-subduing of all the churches I have seen; and then we were off for Paris, the most enchanting and seductive of all the cities in the world.

To get the finest and most extensive view of Paris, go with me to a point on the right bank of the Seine, near the bridge leading from the Place de la Concorde. Before us we have the Place itself, with its fountains and Egyptian obelisk, the latter standing on the spot where Marie Antoinette was beheaded. Directly across it, the eye rests on the imposing façades which form a grand portal to the Rue Royale, at the end of which rises the Madeleine, with its majestic front of Corinthian pillars. On the right, the eye rushes along the grand façades of the Rue de Rivoli, and catches a glimpse of the Tuileries peering above the trees of its garden, which, with its deep shades and wide walks, lies between you and the palace. From here the view sweeps on, and ends in a labyrinth of buildings, out of which rises the dark head of Notre Dame de Paris and the fairy-like spire of Ste. Chapelle. Farther on, where the Rue de Rivoli and the Boulevard Sebastopol cross, is the tower of St. Jacques. Near us, on the opposite side of the Seine, is the Palais de Bourbon, situated vis-à-vis to the Madeleine, since known as the

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Hall of Deputies, but now closed because of its functions being performed at Versailles. The gardens round this building and the grounds of the Hôtel des Invalides fill all the space near the river on the left, while the Champs-Élysées presses upon its shores on this side, and the view stretches out toward the Champs de Mars and Trocadéro, where the buildings for the Exhibition of 1878 are being erected.

Taking a cab from this point, one can, in a short time, visit many famous places, among them the Conciergerie where Marie Antoinette was imprisoned, the house where Marat was stabbed by Charlotte Corday, the house where lived and loved Abélard and Héloïse, where Napoleon resided before he was Napoleon the Great, where Voltaire dwelt, and where Mme. de Sévigné wrote her letters. Coming back to the Place de la Concorde, we are at the foot of the Champs-Élysées, at the other end of which, more than a mile distant, towering above all Paris as the dome of St. Peter's over Rome, is the imperial Arc de Triomphe built by Napoleon. The Champs-Élysées on a summer night, with its fountains, colored lights, and myriads of lamps, presents a scene of unparalleled brilliancy, and forces upon one the fitness of the name. In this vicinity are the Palais de l'Industrie, containing a panorama of the siege of Paris, the Jardin Mabille, and like places of entertainment for the stranger. A long drive over the boulevards de la Madeleine, des Italiens, des Capucines, de Sebastopol, brings you into the vicinity of the old Bastille, the

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site of which is marked by the Colonne Juillet, surmounted by a figure of Liberty.

The Louvre and Palais de Luxembourg are, as I have found, blissful havens to the homesick and lonely traveler. As he wanders through the long line of Rembrandts, Rubens, Murillos, and Raphaels, he forgets the wide ocean that rolls between him and home, and is led away into the ideal land from whence many of their subjects were taken. Who can gaze long on the "Assumption" of Prud'hon, the "Assumption" by Murillo, Delaroche's "Death-bed of Queen Elizabeth," and the varied and beautiful statuary there exhibited, and not lose himself, forget his friends, and wish never to live elsewhere than among these masterpieces of art!

The Bois de Boulogne, the different parks, the goblins, the multitude of public squares, all afford many days of study and delight. Père Lachaise, on a little eminence at some distance from the principal part of the city, contains the monuments of many celebrities, among them Chopin, Abélard and Héloïse, and Rachel, the tragedienne of our own time. Of places in the vicinity of Paris there is St. Denis, within whose walls lie buried many of the French kings; here, too, in marble, are statues of Francis the Second, the first husband of Mary Stuart; also one of Marie Antoinette, representing her kneeling at prayer just before her execution. St. Germain, the aristocratic residence of many wealthy French, St. Cloud, the summer residence of the regal Eugénie, Ver-

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sailles, where are shown the greater and lesser Triansons, and where the *grands eaux* are offered each first Sunday of the month—all these contribute to the pleasure of the visitor.

From Paris to Geneva is a long and tiresome journey, but the fatigue is soon forgotten when once on the shores of the beautiful lake. Sitting all along its banks, laving their feet in its crystal waters, are some of the prettiest towns in Switzerland, among them Lausanne, Vevey, and Coppet, for some time the residence of Mme. de Staël. While at Geneva we had such a view of Mont Blanc as few are privileged to have. For several weeks the weather had been unpleasant, and the old monarch had sullenly concealed himself behind the clouds; but upon this particular evening, while at table d'hôte, there was an outcry on the street under our windows that Mont Blanc was visible. Regardless of table etiquette, all simultaneously rushed for a sight. Surely it was a verity! Standing out against the clear blue sky, bold and defiant, clothed in spotless white, towered Mont Blanc. The setting sun in the opposite heavens had thrown over it a halo of golden pink, the glory of which no language can adequately describe, but which brought forcibly to mind St. John's vision of the New Jerusalem. Never shall I forget the sight or my sensations. The blood chilled in my veins as if an ague fit were upon me. I sat down in one of the garden-chairs, and watched it till the gold faded into silver and the silver into gray, and

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then went to my room, feeling my insignificance, and revolving in my mind the text: "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

From Geneva to Bern is an interesting trip of five hours by rail. The quaint old place has little of note, except its clock tower and cathedral. From the piazza of the Bernerhof we had a grand view of the peaks of the Bernese Oberland.

A short ride by rail, by steamer, and then by rail again brought us to Interlaken, where all the tourist world congregates at some time during the summer. Sparkling little rivers run through its midst, and the Jungfrau, as some one has said, "from between two mountains looks down upon the village like a maiden just risen from her sleep, parting her curtains to look over the hills for her lover." Aside from the majestic mountain and the motley crowd which gathers to do her homage, there is little to detain one in Interlaken. Taking a carriage in the early morning, we drove seven miles to Lauterbrunnen. Close beside much of the road ran, sparkling and chattering, the pretty stream of the White Lütschine, until joined by that of the Black Lütschine, when it became murky and sullen, and wandered off into the distance and was lost to us. Pursuing our way up the narrow valley of the Lauterbrunnen, with snow-capped rocks on either side, we came to the Staubbach, or Bridal Veil, a pretty waterfall. Throwing itself down to us from the rocks one thousand feet above, it breaks into mist and

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hangs floating in the air, and then, condensing into water again, forms a little stream over which hovers a brilliant rainbow. Here, in the immediate presence of the mighty Alps, I rest for the present. I have sent you this long letter because you were kind enough to say that you and my friends would like a more full account of my wanderings and experiences than I had previously given.

Ever affectionately yours,

A. P. D.

TO MISS FEJERVARY

Paris, 34 Avenue de la Grande Armée,
Tuesday, December 7, 1875.

My dear Miss Fejervary :

Your kind and cheering letter reached me some days ago, and found me watching anxiously beside Johnnie's sick-bed. He has had one of his serious winter illnesses from cold, but is now much better. I do not think that the climate of Paris is any improvement on our own, for, while here we have not the extreme cold, we have the leaden skies and damp, penetrating atmosphere, which produce an unpleasant feeling and are far more deleterious to health than the clear, bright, sparkling cold of an Iowa winter.

I am beginning to look about me, for traveling companions to Rome, for I wish to make my escape to some country where the sun shines. We have not

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seen the sun for two weeks until to-day, and then only for a few moments. I sometimes doubt the wisdom of taking the time from my studies to go to Rome; but looking at it from the standpoint of not being in Europe again, and that I can pursue my French at home, I have about concluded to go for a month at least, provided my daughters are in good health. Johnnie I shall take with me. With so delicate a throat, he cannot be separated from me. He was with us in all our journeyings this summer, and endured the fatigue of rapid travel like a soldier. He is now going to school, and is learning very fast.

On Sundays, when I have my daughters and niece to spend the day with me, I have to be constantly on the alert to hear and understand what is being said, for they learn the language so much more readily than I. Prompted by the desire to acquire something while abroad that cannot be obtained at home, and encouraged by Mr. Fejervary's success in Italian, I am working away at my books in the hope that I shall sometime be able to *speak* French. I *read* it now with some facility, and am much entertained in reading Châteaubriand's "Atala." The story is beautifully told. The scene, as you know, is laid in our country, on the Mississippi, near Natchez. In the Louvre, if you remember, there is a picture representing the burial of Atala.¹ What do you think of it? To me, who judges a picture only by what I *feel*,

¹ Mrs. Dillon brought home a copy of "Atala" made by a skilful artist, so impressed was she with the original.

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it is one of the most beautiful; for beauty of expression, depth of feeling, and rare but natural coloring, it cannot be surpassed.

How I wish we could visit the Louvre together! I would like *your* ideas of some pictures that are considered *fine* that I see no beauty in at all, but probably one whose eyes and tastes are cultivated could point out beauties that I am not able to find. Sometimes, when I am a little homesick and lonely, I wend my way to the Louvre, and after looking for a while at "Atala," Prud'hon's "Assumption," and Murillo's "Madonna," I am better contented and can bear my exile with more resignation. (Is n't it odd to hear one speak of being an *exile* in *Paris*?) Mrs. Captain Adams of Davenport, who has been in Paris for some weeks, has been copying at the Louvre. One of her copies is the "Assumption" by Prud'hon and is very creditable to her. She has proved by it that she has exquisite taste. For the further cultivation of her art, she and her mother left for Rome a few days ago.

I am delighted that my plants gave you so much pleasure, and that, instead of being a burden, they have repaid your care and attention by abundant flowers. I was much struck by our similarity in taste, as evinced in our mutual love for the heather. I first saw it in Scotland, and was wild over its little feathery branches; but when I next saw it, it was in bloom, and oh, so beautiful! We were driving from Heidelberg up to the König's Stuhl. If you remember, the way winds up the side of a steep hill into

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which the road has been cut. On one side the view stretches far out over the plain toward the Rhine; on the other the bank rises abruptly, and was at that time literally aglow with heather blossoms. I could not sit in the carriage, but jumped out, and clambering up the bank, I gathered, *not handfuls* but *armfuls*, while my husband rode quietly along, laughing at my enthusiasm. He told me a carriage full of ladies passed while I was on my knees before the heather, and looked much amused; he said, "I know they think you are heather-crazy." If you remember, you remarked in your letter that when I came to know the heather I would be ready to go on my knees before it. I thought, when I read it, how amused you would be to know that I went on my knees at the *first introduction*, not only *figuratively*, but *literally*.

The other afternoon, in passing down the Rue Neuve Petits Capucines, I halted suddenly in front of *le jardin d'hiver*, a floral magazine with those large windows filled to the top with blooming plants—camelias, roses, heliotropes, pansies, pinks, hyacinths, and many flowers that I do not know, with large bouquets of white lilacs. Oh, it was a Paradise of flowers! and how I wished that my Davenport flower-loving friends could enjoy it with me! This is the country of flowers. Here the ivy stays fresh and green all the winter. How small and insignificant seems my little plant beside the world of ivy which grows here! But then, I love it, for it is *ivy*!

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If I go to Rome, it will not be until the 1st of February, so that if you should write me before that, will you not give me some idea of what I should see first, in case my visit should be a short one? Remember me cordially to Mr. and Mrs. Fejervary. Accept also for them and yourself the kind regards of my three daughters (I call Susie Price mine), and believe me,

Very sincerely,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MRS. MCCULLOUGH

Paris, Monday, December 13, 1875.

My dear Friend :

Your kind letter reached me some days ago, and found me anxiously watching over Johnnie, who has just recovered from an attack of his old complaint, ulcerated throat. Your letter was long in coming, and I had been awaiting it *patiently* for I know that, with what you had on hand this winter, you had little time for letter-writing. How much I have thought of you, and wished that some one would be able to take Mrs. Barnard's place in the work of the Library Association and assist you in your arduous duties! How hard you must have worked to accomplish so much, and how many times you must have been heart-sick and weary! But for all this you are, in a *measure*, compensated by the approval of all, for, so far as I hear, you have won the praise of not only the society, but the community. Your letter had a tone

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of despondency that I have never thought was like you, and I suppose it to be very foreign to your nature from the indefatigableness with which you adhere to an enterprise in which you embark. I thought "Nil desperandum" was your motto, and that, "sink or swim, survive or perish," you would stand by an object until it was finally successful, and that beyond a doubt. You say when your year is out you are going to retire into private life. I think your *friends* will have something to say about that!

You will find that they will not only prevent your laying aside your armor, but will rivet it anew, and add to your epaulets another bar, and perhaps a star. Why, you and Mrs. Wadsworth and Mrs. Bills, and the others who are working so faithfully with you, are the veterans, the reserve corps, and you would no more surrender the Library into other hands than would the veterans of the army of Napoleon have surrendered their arms to the advance-guard of Wellington's army; and were it demanded of you, your answer would be, "The Old Guard never surrenders."

What is the matter with Davenport, that so many people are leaving? I always thought it a good place to live in, and it is now more than ever a guiding star, a cynosure in my wanderings both by sea and land. I must confess to the fact that sometimes I 'm homesick, and then I go to the Louvre. I 'm plodding along slowly with my French, and, until Johnnie was sick, went regularly to school, and was at first in a

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class with a dozen or more ten-year-olds. Was n't that funny for an old woman? I am at present taking lessons at my rooms, and am encouraged to think that *quelque fois je parlerai la langue française avec facilité*.

When I first came to this house there were in it a gentleman and wife of Irish birth that I came to know very well. They had been in Europe three years, and were just preparing to go to Ireland to make their final visit before returning to California, their present home. I liked them very much, and one day I was showing them the photos of my friends whom I had left in Davenport, when the gentleman took up yours and said, "This is a *relative*, I suppose, for it looks much like you." (Now, don't be mad!) I told him that was a picture of a friend, and that she was a countrywoman of his. "Well!" he said, "I might have known that, for she is very handsome." After they left and arrived in London, the wife wrote me a beautiful letter, and, among other pleasant things, she said: "I may never see you again, but I feel that I am a better woman for the short acquaintance, and shall hope for a visit from you in California. And now good-bye. I leave to-morrow for Ireland, where there awaits me *caed mille a failtha*." Do you recognize the Irish sentence for "one hundred thousand welcomes"? It is the same given me by the Irish lady at The Hague when she presented me with the grass and ferns that she wished me to keep to remind me that I must visit her before I left Europe. All my life hereafter will be filled with pleasant

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recollections of the cultured people I have met while here.

The Smiths and Renwicks arrived in Paris last week, and will remain for three or four weeks, when they go to Rome. If my daughters are well, I shall go with them, and shall not return to Paris until March. I think a trip south will do Johnnie and me good, for we have both suffered much from this climate. While we have not the piercing cold of our own country, neither have we the sunshine, but fog and rain and snow always, which is far more deleterious to health than the bright, sparkling days and invigorating cold of an Iowa winter.

I am much concerned for the welfare of the Christian Association. What is to become of it when Mrs. Burton leaves you? Oh, how I shall miss all those good people who are leaving Davenport! I see by a "Gazette" which I received to-day that you have elected Miss Rogers in Mrs. Crawford's place. This is a good choice, and will no doubt redound to the prosperity of the association. I think, from the report of the librarian, that the number of books taken from the Library Association the past month is not so large as formerly. I suppose you can get at the other reports. Please tell me in your next how it *does* compare. When you see my husband, ask him to pay my dues. I forgot to ask him when I wrote him Sunday, and *may* forget it again.

Christmas is coming, and Paris begins to put on her holiday dress. The shops are very attractive, and there is hurrying to and fro in every direction.

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There is no end to the pretty things, and, you would think, no end to the money, the way some people buy. Last Christmas I was at home, happy in preparing, in my small way, for a good time. I wish I were again. When you write me, open your heart to me and tell me your honest thoughts about the Library. You don't know how welcome every titbit of Library news is. How I wish I could meet with you next time! I am so much interested that I think of it all the time. And now, my dear friend, as my letter will reach you about New Year's, I close, wishing you a Happy New Year and the return of many such. Think of me at the time, and know that there is one heart across the wide water that looks forward impatiently to the time when she shall see you face to face, and tell you much that cannot be put on paper.

Very sincerely,

ANNA P. DILLON.

The following delightful letter, welling up from the depths of her heart, seems to be the first which Mrs. Dillon wrote in Europe to her friend Mrs. Bills, the wife of the Hon. John C. Bills of Davenport. Mrs. Dillon, in the letter to Miss Fejervary above given, was in ecstasies over the heather, but in this letter to Mrs. Bills her love of the ivy breaks forth again, and, for the reasons stated, it stands, in her mind, as the fittest emblem of unchanging love; and the whole letter is redolent of her own love of home and friends.

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TO MRS. BILLS

Paris, December 18, 1875.

My dear Mrs. Bills:

Ever since my husband wrote that he had given you my address and asked you to write me, I have been impatiently awaiting your letter. It came yesterday, and was to me a godsend, for it found me a trifle homesick and brought sunshine and cheer to my heart. My anxiety to receive your letter was not caused so much by the "news" it might contain as that I longed to know if in its tone I might detect a kindly feeling for one who has so long silently and earnestly desired your affectionate regard. Your letter has made me exceedingly happy, and no language that either pen or tongue can command is able to tell how large a place you hold in my heart. Should I reach my old home in safety, my lips may never lisp my thoughts (for I'm not given to protestations), but in the long life of pleasant social intercourse which I pray may be granted us, I hope to prove the deep-seated, unchanging love I cherish for you. Often, since being domiciled on this side of the broad water, "I've sat and closed my eyes, and my heart has traveled back again" to your pleasant little library and the last visit I made you. I see again, by memory's light, the cheerful faces, and hear the merry chat of the dear ones I left and that I long to see. Such reunions are the oases where we sit to refresh

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ourselves and gather strength for our further journey over the burning sands of the desert of this life to the "sunlit land where noon is but the name for rest."

My husband has no doubt told you how hurriedly we traveled this summer, only glancing at places and things, with the expectation and view of studying them afterward. Notwithstanding this haste, I 've seen much to interest mind and heart, the recollection of which enables me to pass pleasantly many an evening without other society than my own thoughts and memories.

While sitting here by my grate, I often retrace my steps over the Alps into Italy, sail down Como, revisit the picture-galleries of Florence, take a gondola and ride through canals of Venice, the memory of whose heat serves to keep me abundantly warm long after my fire dies out. Of many things both enjoyable and instructive I must tell you when we meet; to write of them would lengthen my letter till it became tiresome. Among them I only mention, as I pass, the echo of the valley of the Lauterbrunnen at the foot of the Jungfrau, which I fancied must resemble the voices of angels echoing back the tones of the Alpine horn of the valley from the top of this gloriously beautiful mountain; the ascent of the Rigi, and the view of four lovely lakes therefrom; the hot springs of Ragatz, the waters of which rush madly through a fissure in the rocks about twenty feet wide and thousands high; the night-cry of the watchman in the quaint old city of Amsterdam. All of these

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and many more you would have enjoyed, and my only regret in viewing them was that I had not the ability vividly to describe them; but I comforted myself with George Macdonald's reflection under like circumstances: "It is given to the few to describe the beauty in nature, and thereby reproduce it for the benefit of others; but, thank God, enjoyment of it is given to many, and I am among them."

Since being here I confess to some seasons of homesickness, and a day at the Louvre with the pictures is the only antidote at hand. After a visit there, I return to my rooms light of foot and light of heart, and can more patiently await the expiration of my exile. This is an odd way to talk of life in Paris, is n't it?—a city of so many attractions and of such beauty. But, remember, my husband, my son, my friends, and all the associations of more than thirty years are not here, and I confess to a weakness for all; for there are no times like the old times, and no friends like the old friends. But, to be just, I must admit that Paris is beautiful, and never more so than now that she has put on her holiday garb.

A few days ago the sun shone for the first time in ten days, and I took occasion to ride down the Champs-Élysées to see how things looked under a blue sky and a shining sun. Although this was near the middle of December, the grass and ivies were as green as summer, and the only things I missed from this most beautiful avenue in the world were the foliage and gorgeous flowers that flourished through

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the warmer months. *Tout le monde* was *en promenade*, elegantly attired, gay, and seemingly happy; I say "seemingly," for no doubt many hearts beneath their burden of satin, lace, and velvet longed for the presence of an absent one, and in agony cried, "Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand!" Such were my thoughts as I rode slowly down the broad street, looking first to one side and then the other into the faces of what appears to be the gayest people in the world.

My husband wrote me what a delightful evening he had at your house, and it made me quite homesick. I wish I had been there, too, and somebody else in Paris. However, I 'm trying to make the best of my stay here, and have learned much I never should have learned at home.

I wish I could transport you and others of my flower-loving friends to this city for a short time. The first thing I should do would be to take you to a flower store on the Rue des Petits Champs. I venture to say there was never more beauty grouped in one and the same place: two large windows filled to their tops with flowering plants — roses, camellias, pinks, pansies, callas, mignonette, all in bloom, while there are large bouquets of white, fragrant lilacs from the south of France, myriads of the sweet-scented violets, and hosts of flowers I do not know. Oh, there 's a world of beauty in that one place! The "ivy never sear" has constantly a new charm for me; it is growing now outside, just as in summer. The other day we had some snow, and everything

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was covered; but out from the midst of it looked the ivy-leaves, as green and smiling as in June, needing no care, but flourishing alike in heat and cold; and as I stand and admire it anew each day, I think how emblematic it is of devoted, unswerving love, which circumstances, time, season, nor place can change.

I am sorry for your sake that Mrs. Wing has moved from your neighborhood, but you know "it's an ill wind that blows nae gude," and as long as she is a little nearer mine, I can't possibly weep as bitterly over your loss as you do. Wish your husband a Happy New Year, and believe me,

Forever tenderly yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.





CHAPTER III

VISIT AND SOJOURN IN EUROPE (*Continued*)

1875-76

1876, Visit to Italy — Rome — Florence — Naples — Castellamare — Sorrento — Pompeii — Paris — Return to America, via London, Stratford-on-Avon, Leamington, and Liverpool — National Centennial Celebration, Philadelphia — Welcomed home.

LETTERS TO MRS. SILSBEE, JOHN F. DILLON, MISS
FEJERVARY, AND MRS. McCULLOUGH

AS stated in the last chapter, Mrs. Dillon, with her young son John, left Paris February 2, 1876, arriving at Rome on February 5. Her visit to Italy on this occasion is described in the first five letters which follow.

TO MRS. SILSBEE

Hotel Bristol, Rome, February 10, 1876.

My dear Friend :

My first thought upon sitting down to write you is, Where will this letter reach you ? I try to fancy you



PORTRAIT OF MRS. DILLON, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
TAKEN AT PARIS, BY ÉMILE TOURTIN, 1876.



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still within my dear old home [Leafland], making it bright and cheerful by the light of your dear, kind face. A paper received to-day from home gave me, for the first time, the news of Mrs. Burrows's¹ death. How sad it makes me to think that the sweet face which always greeted me so kindly is hid away forever! I had a presentiment that she would not live long, and so hastened to write her before writing many other dear friends that I hope to see again. Dear Fanny! [A near relative of Mrs. Burrows, living with her.] How my heart aches for her in her loneliness! How I wish I could but express to her in person my sympathy and love! When you see her, tell her, for me, that I fully appreciate her great loss, and wish I could do something to alleviate her sorrow. Where is little Saida? [A fatherless granddaughter.] Poor child! she will soon think the hand of fate is hard upon her.

Are you not astonished at the heading of my letter? I cannot realize that I'm in Rome, as you will no doubt believe when you notice that I actually wrote "Paris" instead of "Rome." We arrived here a week ago, and I have done much toward getting acquainted with this ancient city. One day we visited the prison where, tradition says, Peter was imprisoned and the angel made its appearance and liberated him. Not a great way from here they point out the reputed site of the house where Paul lived while he preached the gospel for two years in Rome. Day before yesterday

¹ The mother of her old school friend and companion, Julia Burrows.

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I visited the house where are kept and displayed the steps down which the Saviour walked after His condemnation by Pilate. This I don't fully believe, as it is hardly probable that the stairs could or would be removed hither from Jerusalem and preserved so long; but it is believed by devout Catholics, and it was while ascending these stairs on his knees that Luther was struck by the force of the words, "The just shall live by faith," and suddenly arose to his feet and walked down and out.

Of the number and magnificence of the churches here it is hard to conceive, unless you see for yourself. There is one for every day in the year, and the richness of the finish surpasses anything to be seen in our country. The walls within, lined with alabaster and porphyry, lapis lazuli and malachite, present an appearance most beautiful and imposing,—I doubt if Solomon's temple could compare with them,—while the massive marble steps outside are literally crowded with the lame, halt, and blind of both sexes and all ages, begging a penny to buy bread wherewith to continue their miserable existence. Of Rome I've heard and dreamed all my life, but without seeing it one can have no idea of its grandeur and interest. The Palace of the Cæsars covers many acres, and in it still remain traces of fresco, sculpture, and painting which quite fill you with astonishment and a vague feeling that you wander in a land and age not altogether real, but mythical. As I pass through the streets where stand buildings erected before the time

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of our Saviour, my thoughts lead me far, far away into the past, and I am conjecturing as to the manner of people "who lived, moved, and had their being" when these old houses were new. I have not seen the Pope yet, nor do I think I shall.

I see, upon looking over this letter, that it is horribly written, and hope you will excuse it. My pen is worn out, and it is the only one I have at hand.

Ever, etc.,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Rome, February 13, 1876.

Dear Johnnie:

This is my second Sunday in Rome. It has rained nearly every day since I came, but notwithstanding that, I have been sight-seeing. There is, indeed, plenty here to occupy one for months. One of the days in the early part of the week we visited the Palace of the Cæsars. This in itself offers enough to interest one for days. It covers an area of many acres, is situated on the Palatine Hill, and in this immense pile of ruins are shown the houses of Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero, and other emperors. I succeeded in obtaining from the ruins a piece of marble, which I intend having made into a paper-weight for you. I regret constantly that you have not the opportunity to see these things, which extensive reading has fitted you fully to enjoy,

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and I shall never rest satisfied until you have given at least three months to Rome. It will well repay you for another trip across the ocean, even if you should be seasick all the time. The little that I 've seen up to this time compensates me for the wretched days I passed on the *Russia*.

I do not quite feel that the days I 've been shut up in my room are a total loss, for I have put in my time reading "The Marble Faun," a delightful guide-book to Rome in Hawthorne's beautiful style. We spent half a day at the Vatican, where there are many pictures of renown, among them Raphael's "Transfiguration." We have visited several palaces, in which we find the pictures that we 've heard of all our lives. Next door to this hotel is the Barberini Palace, in which is the famous "Cenci," painted by Guido Reni two hundred years ago, but as fresh as if coming from his hand yesterday. I also saw the "Deposition," painted by Raphael when only seventeen years old, three Carlo Dolci "Madonnas," and one by Sassoferrato that almost set me crazy. In another room I saw a portrait of Petrarch and Laura, which I should think can only be esteemed for its perfect representation of two intensely ugly personages. There are a few Titians here, a few Tintoretos, a few Veronese. Do you remember the "Rape of Europa" by Veronese, that we saw in the Doge's Palace in Venice? There is a picture of the same name here in the Colonna Palace, by Albani; but it is not so fine. There are many villas open

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to the public certain days in the week. They are not only models of architecture, but the grounds are lovely also. The statuary is beyond anything I have ever beheld, for we 've not yet seen the statuary in the Capitol and the Vatican, though I hope to do so this week. Do you remember the statue we saw in the Glyptothek at Munich of the "Vestal Virgin," by Tenerani? I hear that there are several works by the same sculptor in one of the palaces here. Of the number and variety of photographs offered for sale there is no end. I have bought a large one, to frame, of the Roman Forum. It gives, besides the Forum, a view of many other places of interest in the same neighborhood, among others the Column of Phocas, spoken of by Byron as "the nameless column with a buried base." Now the base is in full sight, for extensive excavations are being constantly made.

I hope to reach Paris in about three weeks, but will not have time to stop anywhere except at Naples. Old Vesuvius is on a rampage, and they are daily expecting an eruption. Remember me to my friends. John says, "Tell papa that I wish I was at home."

Affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MISS FEJERVARY

Rome, March 1, 1876.

My dear Miss Fejervary :

Your last letter reached me just upon the eve of my departure for this place. After reading it care-

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fully I put it away in my satchel for future use. We left Paris on the 2d of February, via Mont Cenis and Turin, for this place, where we arrived nearly a month ago, which is ample time to have seen much of Rome, had I not had the misfortune to have Johnnie fall sick four days after arriving. He took this most inconvenient time to have the measles, and I have been tucked beside his bed for three weeks, most of the time. However, since his convalescence, I have driven out, and have had a very few hasty glances at this wonderful old city, of which I have read and dreamed all my life.

The weather is most charming, such as Hawthorne says "exists nowhere but in Paradise and Italy." One glorious day we drove for quite a long distance along the Appian Way out on to the Campagna. My sensations as I drove along this boulevard of the city of the dead I have no language to describe. The sun shone as it shines only in Italy. Through the blue atmosphere I saw the silvery, snow-crowned tops of the Albanian hills. In the distance the Claudian Aqueduct, moss-grown and crumbling, was distinctly seen. Near by me rose "the stern round tower of other days," built to commemorate the life of only *one* woman. In the Baths of Caracalla I stood as one in a trance, so little had I conceived of this stupendous work. The Colosseum I have seen on three occasions, once in sunshine, once in storm, and once by the faint glimmer of the moon. Each time that I saw it I was more impressed than the time previous, and

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could only gaze with bated breath, awe-stricken. Through the Palace of the Cæsars I have made but one tour, but I feel that I cannot leave Rome contentedly without having seen it again. At the Golden House of Nero I looked, as I passed, with longing eyes, but did not venture to enter, for I felt that I dared not encounter the dampness of the underground passages.

I have made but one visit to the Vatican, giving most of the time to the Sistine Chapel, where I could spend many days with pleasure. In "The Last Judgment" I was disappointed. Why was it so? Probably because I had expected too much. Of all the places I have seen in Rome, the Pincian Hill charmed me most. One evening at sunset I stood on the terrace where Hawthorne places Kenyon and Hilda in one of his beautiful descriptions, and saw the sun set behind the dome of St. Peter's. In this one sight I felt repaid for all fatigue endured in coming to Rome. Of the pictures I have as yet seen but few. In the Barberini Palace, which is close by the hotel where I stop (the Bristol), I saw the far and justly famed "Cenci." The sadness of that lovely face still haunts me, and should I forget all else in Rome, the mute appeal of those sorrowful eyes will never leave me.

St. Peter's is a volume of instruction and enjoyment in itself. I have been there three times, and am each time more impressed by the magnitude of the work and the wonderful genius of the man

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who designed it. To-morrow, if Johnnie is well enough, I hope to get an hour for the Corsini Palace. But what an insignificant morsel of time in which to see the most attractive gallery in Rome ! But still, if God gives me back the health of my child, I must not complain; and although this illness has, in a great measure, frustrated my plans for improvement, I do not question the righteousness of it, but cheerfully submit. As soon as John can travel, we start for Naples, but only for a few days' visit, then back to Florence, Pisa, Nice, and Marseilles. My children write me every day—sometimes only a line to cheer me and satisfy me and to beseech me to have no concern about them, as they are well and getting on nicely with their studies.

Although I am satisfied that this year abroad will result in permanent benefit to my children and myself, yet, if I had known that I would be harassed by the innumerable anxieties which I have had, I never would have consented to stay without my husband. During the nights that I have walked the floor since Johnnie's illness, how my heart has yearned for my old home and all its comforts ! Johnnie has borne his illness cheerfully. A few of the beautiful violets that are so plentiful here have often made him forget his pain, and many times while burning up with fever he has asked to have a bunch placed in his hand. I had always supposed, until a few days ago, that they were the production of greenhouses; but one bright morning, when I could steal from Johnnie's

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bedside for an hour, I took a carriage and drove to the Borghese Villa; then, for the first time, did I know that they were wild, free, and abundant as the air and blessed sunshine. I cannot tell you how thankful I am for the little violets. I am pressing great bunches of them for my children, but still they will not delight them as they would growing.

I fear my letter is too long to be enjoyable, and so close by sending kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Fejervary, and with much love to you, and many thanks for the kind letter which aided me so much in choosing what to see in Rome, especially as I could not see it all, I am, as ever,

Your ardent friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

P. S. Knowing, as I do, your great fondness for violets, I inclose a few, but fear that by the time they reach you nothing will remain but their fragrance.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Florence, March 12, 1876.

Dear Johnnie:

I wrote you last Sunday from Naples, and you will see by the dates that I am on my way Paris-ward, where I hope to arrive next Saturday. At Naples we spent two days, then took the train for Castellamare, a little village lying about ten miles off across the bay. We stopped there in an old convent converted

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into a hotel, built on a crag which can only be reached by a steep and zigzag winding way. That house is the queerest and most antiquated of any I have ever seen. It has nooks and corners, cells and dark rooms and gloomy passages, in which, I suppose, poor, distressed womanhood has done penance for many imaginary sins. On the terraces grew orange- and lemon-trees whose branches were breaking with the weight of their golden fruit. While at Castellamare we made excursions to Pompeii, Vesuvius, and Sorrento. To visit Pompeii is like visiting a deserted graveyard. In a room of a house recently discovered, that had not yet been cleared of its dead and rubbish, a skeleton is seen doubled and twisted, showing the horrible death which came to its living tenant. Close by it, in the ground enriched by the decay of human flesh, grew ferns of great variety and beauty. The houses of Glaucus, Sallust, and Cornelius, with statuary and many articles and ornaments, still remain as they were eighteen hundred years ago, when they were buried. A few days before we came, a house was exhumed that had frescos as fresh and fine as many shown to-day in the palaces at Rome.

One day, while at Castellamare, we took a closed carriage and made the ascent of Vesuvius to the Hermitage, which is about two thirds of the height. Here Mrs. Renwick and John and I stopped until Mr. Renwick and some other Americans we found up there went to the top. I was deterred from going by your son, who would not consent to stay behind.

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Mrs. Adams, a day or two before, went to the top, a feat which few women are able to perform. Only those who have good backs and limbs and little flesh can do it, and nowadays I belong to that class, for John's last illness took off all my superfluous weight. The view, from the height where I was, was so grand and magnificent as to be perfectly overwhelming, and can only be described by an inspired pen. Mr. Renwick came down from the crater smelling strongly of sulphur and bringing a piece of it with him, which proved conclusively he had either been at Vesuvius or some other place where they use a good deal of it.

The fields where the lava has devastated everything before it must be seen to be appreciated. For miles the eye rests on the black, weird, and contorted shapes in which the lava has cooled. Gustave Doré would see serpents and every monstrosity that the imagination ever created, but it is sickening to think how many beings have been buried beneath this burning mass. At the Observatory is shown a list of the names of fifty-one persons who, on an excursion, were swallowed up. They had ascended to the foot of the cone, or that place where they leave horses and go on foot, and were contemplating the scene generally, when the ground opened and they were engulfed, and the red-hot lava poured in upon them. This happened as late as 1872.

The day after our arrival at Castellamare we went to Sorrento. Starting as early as half-past seven

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o'clock, we wound round the base of the huge uprising rock upon which this village is situated, close beside the blue Mediterranean. Here it is, you will remember, that Mrs. Stowe has laid the scene of her "Agnes of Sorrento." This village is most beautiful, and unlike anything I've ever seen. After reaching it, our way lay through streets lined on each side with orange- and lemon-trees, laden with the largest, yellowest, and juiciest oranges and lemons that I ever dreamed of, and they can be bought for nearly nothing. Donkeys, bearing great panniers full of them, pass one by the dozens on their way to Naples. You must remember, the carrying of all kinds of produce is largely done here, not by vessels or wagons or rail, but by the donkeys and the women. At Sorrento is shown the house where Tasso lived; and here, as you know, the famous Sorrento wood-work is made.

We left Naples on Friday at noon, and came straight through to Florence without stopping. I was a little afraid to do so on John's account, but felt that I had been so long away from the girls that I must make an effort to get back to them. Give my love to Hymie, and let him read your letters, as I don't get time to write him. Remember me to all my friends.

Affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

The letters which follow were written by Mrs. Dillon after her return from Italy to Paris.

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TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

Paris, 197 Rue Faubourg St. Honoré,
March 28, 1876.

My dear Friend :

Your welcome letters have both reached me; one came to me at Rome, the other since my return to Paris. The one which I received in Rome came just when I most needed it, cheering and comforting me, as only the kind letter of a dear friend can, in the dark hours which overtake us all in this world. I left Paris for Rome on the 2d of February, and arrived there on the morning of the 5th. I had put in a busy week sight-seeing, and had a fair prospect of knowing much of Rome by actual sight, when Johnnie took this most inopportune of *all* times to have the *measles*! Was not this *seemingly* a great misfortune? I was much disappointed, and should have been never so blue had not the good old orthodox faith in which I was brought up taught me to believe that "all things are for the best." I was as cheerful as possible, consoling myself with a verse of Longfellow's "The Rainy Day":

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall.

I went earnestly to work reading everything I could get hold of pertaining to Rome and her surroundings,

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and have the satisfaction to know that I turned the long, weary hours in the sick-room to a profitable end. During these days your letter reached me, together with others from dear ones at home. How many hours I sat beside my fire, dreaming of home and friends, no one knows except my own heart.

But now you want to hear something of Rome, the "City of the Seven Hills," the "Eternal City," the city where resides the great head of your church. But of Rome where shall I begin to tell?—Rome, with its narrow, filthy, sunless streets, lined with gorgeous palaces, which are filled with masterpieces of art from the hands of Raphael, Guido, Domenichino, and Angelo—Rome, with its thousand villainous smells, which mingle with the incense of magnificent churches! I would that I had the power to give you but a faint idea of this wonderful old city. Of course, when I had fairly recovered from the fatigue of my long journey, my first visit was to St. Peter's. At first sight of this magnificent structure one suffers more or less disappointment; for, as he approaches the dome, that masterpiece of a master hand, it gradually sinks from view in consequence of being placed too far toward the distant end of the cross, in which form the church is built. Upon entering, one's first impulse is to fall upon his knees, so overwhelmed is he with its immensity. The Colosseum next claimed our attention, and we turned our steps thitherward. After reading, dreaming, thinking of this wonderful old pile, I thought I should

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recognize it as one does a long-time acquaintance. But no; it burst upon me in all its solitary grandeur, completely overawing me, and suggesting more thoughts than ever found utterance within its massive walls.

When Johnnie's convalescence was fairly established, I went about the city considerably, and one day—an *Italian* day, when the sun shone "as it shines only in Italy and Paradise"—we took a drive out upon the Appian Way. Passing through the old Arch of Drusus and the Gate of St. Sebastian, we wandered out upon this old road, over which so many Roman emperors and armies have passed, through miles of ruined columns, tombs, and broken walls. In the blue distance was seen the Claudian Aqueduct, marching with stately strides over the Campagna. It was a day of pleasure and yet of sadness; for who does not experience a feeling of sorrow when witnessing the ruin and decay of former grandeur?

After many days of enjoyment and profit, mingled with anxiety on Johnnie's account, we left Rome for Naples, and after eight hours' continuous travel, Vesuvius appeared to our anxious sight, and, soon afterward, the Bay of Naples, in all its transcendent loveliness. In Naples we spent but little time, as Roman fever prevails there. Taking the train for Castellamare, just one hour from Naples, we arrived at this quaint old village in time for a six-o'clock dinner. While here we made excursions to Vesuvius, Pompeii, Sorrento, and other places of less importance in the

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neighborhood. Taking a carriage one bright morning, we began the ascent of Vesuvius, through miles of lava, which, in cooling, had taken the most grotesque and hideous forms possible. On Johnnie's account I went no farther than the Hermitage, which is about two thirds of the way to the top. Here, being overtaken by a severe hail-storm, we stopped and partook of a lunch, preparatory to the gentlemen of the party making the remainder of the ascent, which had to be made on horseback or on foot. The view from this point transcends all others in grandeur and *awfulness*, for awful it really is. One feels as if lifted into the clouds, from where he beholds all "the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them."

At Pompeii one is brought face to face with the dead of so many centuries ago. The sensation, as one passes from street to street in this exhumed city, is a peculiar one. Everything about one speaks of a life once as active as any at the present, but now gone beyond all hope of a resurrection. In many of the houses the statuary and marble ornaments still remain.

At Sorrento we spent the day—saw the house of Tasso and the world-renowned orange groves. Capri we did not visit, because of our short stay and the uncertainty of the weather.

My letter is getting too long, and I know you are tired. I have just read it over, and find it so interlined I am ashamed; but if I keep it to rewrite, it

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will not catch the steamer. With love to your family,
I am,

Your true and sincere friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MRS. SILSBEE

197 Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris,

May 12, 1876.

My dear Friend:

Your dear, good letter reached me some days ago, and would have been answered before this if I had been rightly settled. You do not know how sad it makes me to know that you are really away from Davenport. I had hoped that something would happen to keep you there; but the heading of your letter satisfies me that you are really gone, and there is one dear friend less in Davenport than when I left. I do not wish to make you unhappy, but I must tell you that you were very much liked in Davenport, and that you cannot possibly find more fervent friends than you left there. I shall hope to see you soon after getting home. You will by that time be wishing to go back to see your friends, and I hope to be there among them. May the Good Father grant us that pleasure.

Hymie, I presume, sailed Wednesday for Europe, and is to-night on the ocean. How anxious I shall be till I hear of his arrival! It is now only a little more than three months till I start home. Leafland is not sold yet, and I presume I shall go back there to live.

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I shall think of you many times, and wish I could get you first by sending old Frank and the rockaway after you.

I wrote you from Rome, and just at the time, I think, when Johnnie had the measles. I stopped for four weeks there, as I did not consider it safe to start with him before that time. I then went to Naples, and spent several days—visited Pompeii, Vesuvius, Castellamare, Sorrento. No one, however vivid his imagination, can give you any idea of southern Italy. No language, though ever so fervid, can make you feel the warmth and glow of an Italian sun, or the unfathomable depths of blue of an Italian sky. Notwithstanding all obstacles in the way of any pleasure, Johnnie's illness and my own fatigue in consequence, I was intoxicated with its beauty all the time of my stay. The view of Naples, the bay, and all the surrounding country is one of the finest on the earth. As far as the eye can reach stretches the blue Mediterranean, on whose placid bosom flit innumerable white sails, which resemble strongly the wings of gigantic sea-birds balancing over the sea.

We spent one day at Pompeii. At Castellamare we stopped for two or three days, our hotel being an old convent situated on an eminence so great that we could only get to it by a difficult road along the side of a steep hill. But oh, when there, how well repaid we were for so tedious and toilsome a climb! On one side, in the distance, smoking quietly, was Vesuvius; on the other, the blue sea and the beautiful Isle of

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Capri. If I live to get home, I can entertain you for hours, telling you of what I've seen that I have not time to write.

I had a letter from Mrs. Hills, in which she tells me she is actually going to housekeeping. What a little doll-house hers will be, and how much she and her friends will enjoy it!

The children all send their love to you, Johnnie especially.

Very lovingly yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

About June 1, her son Hiram arrived in Paris, and remained with his mother until the return of the family to America in the latter part of August, 1876, as described in the letters.

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

7 Rue de la Bienfaisance, Paris, June 21, 1876,
five o'clock in the morning.

My dear Friend:

I have just risen in order to learn a French lesson; but before commencing to study, I must drop you a line to say good morning, and to tell you that your welcome letter was received yesterday. I was much pleased to hear from you, and felt quite like a Davenport again after reading it.

You will observe from the heading of my letter that I'm again back at my old retreat for the fourth time. It has been to me a kind of home since I've

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been in Paris, and although I have left it each time to take up my abode in a French family for the purpose of learning to speak French (which, by the way, I have accomplished, but not perfectly), I find the lady of the "American Hotel" glad to see me, receiving me always with a smile. What I've done and seen since last writing is hardly worth recounting. Johnnie has had his frequent sick spells, which, of course, have occupied me at the time; since his recovery I spent my time in trying to keep up in my various studies, so that my children may see and realize that one is never too old to learn.

Day before yesterday I was forty-one years old, and I must not forget to tell you of the surprise Hymie prepared for me. Arising from the breakfast-table, he said: "Excuse me, mama; I have business to attend to before I can go down into the city." I finished my breakfast and went to my room, and there, upon my center-table, was displayed a beautiful set of majolica vases, and between them a large majolica bowl on a dark-blue standard. This was his present for my forty-first birthday. Beside it was a handsome cut-glass bottle and apparatus for showering perfume, the gift of a Jewish lady [Mrs. Kaufman] with whom I had passed many pleasant days in one of my boarding-places. It is unnecessary to say that I was overcome, for I did not know that any one would remember my birthday, as I had not mentioned it myself. Hymie arrived here nearly three weeks ago, after visiting the Emerald Isle and Scotland.



PORTRAIT OF HER SON HIRAM, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, 1889.



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Poor fellow! how glad he was to get here and to see his mother! He has left my side scarcely for a moment, although he fell in with some very pleasant young men in traveling, who have called twice upon him to go with them to "see the sights." He prefers to go with me, for I know Paris pretty thoroughly. Saturday morning was the first and only time he has been away from me, and that was to select this present.

Monday morning I took the girls out of school, and at seven o'clock that same evening the two Susies and Hymie left, in company with some friends, for a little tour through Switzerland and down the Rhine. Hymie will probably leave his sisters with our friends in Lucerne, and make a flying tour to the Italian lakes, and to Milan and Venice. May the Good Father bring them all back safely. I have with me my daughter who is known in Davenport as "little Annie." She is little no longer—tall as her mother, and not yet twelve years old. She will be, I think, something more than ordinary in the way of a musician, and she speaks French well. Susie is as tall as Mrs. Martin, and is very much improved in looks; for you know she was quite plain as a child. She plays very well, and can speak French surprisingly, and has evinced quite a taste and talent for drawing. I 'm having some of her pictures framed to bring home. If I had no ties in Davenport I should compel myself to stay here another year for the sake of the advantage it would be to my children. Susie Price is delicate,

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beautiful as her mother, and as affectionate as a child can be. She speaks French like a native. She will still make her home with me, although her father is writing her constantly about staying in New York at the Sacred Heart for a year. She does not like the idea of being separated from Susie Dillon, and I presume she will have her own way.

I read the papers with much interest about the time of the Library election. I hope the Library will thrive. Keep constantly in mind, but make no noise about, Mrs. Cook's intentions. Tell Mrs. Peck, for me, that I heartily rejoice in her popularity as president [of the Library Association], first, because I think she deserves it, and secondly, because I predicted it when I was trying to persuade her not to resign the vice-presidency. We are all weak enough to wish our predictions verified.

I owe Mrs. Wadsworth, Mrs. Wing, and Fanny McManus letters, which I intend to answer *tout de suite*. Give my love to them. Just think; two months more and I'm almost home! I wonder if good people who have been sick a long time don't think the same thing about going to heaven. I'm only waiting for a few more weeks to pass, and then, please God, I shall be in the midst of my friends and at home. I shall never forget my sensations the morning we sailed out of New York harbor. There passed us inside the bar, with flags flying and every demonstration of joy, the good ship *Bothnia*, full of people getting home; and I thought then, *that* must be the same feeling people

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experience when, after a long, weary, and anxious voyage over life's sea, they sail joyously into the haven they have looked forward to, and rejoice to find themselves there without a shipwreck of faith. Give my love to your sister. Tell her, if it were possible to get a bouquet to America fresh and green, I'd undertake it just to have her see how beautiful they are here. No one who has not seen the flowers of this moist climate can conceive to what perfection they grow. My husband sent me, last week, a few pressed flowers planted by my own hand at Leafland. I wish you would drive down there occasionally and get some. Remember me to Willie and your husband, and believe me,

Always your friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

Some anxiety concerning a possible fatal disaster on the ocean, such as twenty-two years afterward befell Mrs. Dillon and her daughter, doubtless led her, on the eve of sailing, to write to her husband in New York the letter which next follows—the last of her letters written on her first visit to Europe.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Liverpool, August 16, 1876.

Dear Johnnie:

We reached here to-day at half-past one. We left London at eleven o'clock Monday, and arrived at Leamington in the afternoon. We had dinner, and

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immediately took a wagonette and drove to Kenilworth Castle. The drive was a lovely one, through the most beautiful country I ever saw, every inch of the ground under the most complete cultivation "up to the very edge of the road." I was much disappointed in Kenilworth, though it may have arisen from the fact of its being more of a ruin than I anticipated. In its palmiest days it was no match for Heidelberg Castle. Yesterday we took the train for Warwick Castle; arrived at the village of that name after seven minutes, and then walked about a mile to the castle. It is a gigantic as well as magnificent building, in a perfect state of preservation, and the grounds prove that there is the greatest care given them. It is furnished in a princely manner, and from the windows of one side one overlooks the Avon and the beautiful country beyond.

At ten o'clock we retook the train and went in thirty-five minutes to Stratford-on-Avon. Here a coachman cheated us into taking a cab by telling us that it was a walk of three quarters of an hour to Shakspeare's house, when in reality it was not over ten minutes. The house is literally tumbling down, and has been stayed in many places by iron rods passing through. The same chimney-place and the corner where Shakspeare used to sit when a youngster are still there. Johnnie ensconced himself in the corner as comfortably as ever did the great man himself. We were shown the first sheets of some of his plays, among them "The Merchant of Venice," which cost

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one hundred guineas. I saw where Sir Walter Scott wrote with his diamond his name on the window-pane of the room in which Shakspeare was born, also some lines written by Washington Irving on the occasion of his second visit. After leaving the house, we walked about three quarters of a mile to the church where Shakspeare is buried; then we walked back to the depot and took the train for Leamington, arriving at seven o'clock, in time for dinner.

If I were sure, Johnnie, that I would arrive home in safety, I should wait to tell you all that I have written. In case any accident should occur, and we never meet on earth, I must assure you that the children and I are all jubilant in the hope of getting home to you. With kind remembrances to all my friends and a heart full of love for you, I, with the children, join in saying good-by till we meet again, either in this world or in a better one.

Affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

Mrs. Dillon returned to Leafland on September 21, as stated in Chapter II, and her home-coming and warm welcome are recounted in the following letter. The last letter of the husband to his wife and children prior to their return is given in the margin.¹

¹ "Leafland, August 5, 1876.

"My dear Wife and Children:

"I have been running over in my mind the chances of this letter reaching you. They are against it, but not wholly, so I risk sending it. I have just received a despatch from Sidney Dillon, from Council Bluffs, stating that he and family will breakfast at the Burtis in the morning, and asking me to come and see them. The train will go

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TO MRS. SILSBEE

Burtis House, Davenport, Iowa,
November 23, 1876.

My dear Friend :

If I did not know how kind and long-suffering you are, I should not dare to write you after such a long silence, but I know how good you are, and when you have heard my defense you 'll forgive my seeming neglect. I arrived at home on the 21st of September, worn and weary, but oh! so thankful to the kind Father of all that He brought me in safety to my native land and dear ones. I was sick and totally unable to be up and dressed a whole day for three weeks after my return; then visits and unpacking, and, finally, moving up here to pass the winter months, have taken all my time.

My husband met me ten miles from New York, coming out on a revenue cutter. We landed in Jersey City, took dinner, and hurried over to Phila-

on, and I will get Uncle Sidney to carry this letter with him to Chicago, if I can't mail it on the train. I have little additional news since my last. I have been busy this week writing and fixing up things for your return. I have finished my article for the "Law Journal," one hundred and fifty pages of manuscript, and will send it off soon. I'm having the rockaway revamped and made new. It will soon realize Sydney Smith's idea of his "Immortal." If old Frank could be made over young and new, it would reduce his size and add to his speed. I've had some of the furniture varnished, the cellar cleaned, and things are now in pretty good shape for your coming. *Bon voyage* to you all. I hope to see you soon in your own country. May God fold you all in the arms of His love and care.

"Affectionately yours,

"JOHN F. DILLON."

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delphia, where we passed three days at the Centennial. The heat was intense, and the worry of travel and seasickness had entirely unfitted me for sight-seeing on this side of the water. I did not enjoy anything. I brought home with me seven children—my own five, and Mr. Collier's two sons, who had been at Heidelberg for nearly three years. You know it is no easy matter to engineer such a party as mine through France and parts of England, and across the broad water, without fatigue.

The word "home" *never* had so much music in it as in the sixteen months I was away. When I did arrive at that blessed spot, kind friends had decorated my house from end to end with flowers. Over the door leading from hall to dining-room, in large letters of evergreen, was the word "WELCOME." I need not tell you it touched my heart, and how I indulged in a good, hearty cry that took away all my remaining strength. I thought of the day I left my home, and of your standing on the step to say a last good-by, and I could not be reconciled that you were not there to take me by the hand, to lead me in, and tell me you were glad to see me. I thought of much that was sad and much that was pleasant, and thinking was too much for me. I had to go to bed to get rested and think it all over.

Now that I 'm well and settled in this wretched place for the winter, I begin to look over the pile of letters that have accumulated since I came back, and have begun the good work of replying by first an-

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swering yours. Now that I've told you all about myself, I want to know where you are and how you are.

My children have grown wonderfully. Susie is taller than I, and Annie quite as tall. Johnnie is perfectly well and goes to school every day. He is quite large and manly. I never can tell you how grateful I am to you for taking my house and keeping it in such good order. Everything looks fresh and new. I saw many little things around that reminded me of you, and it seemed to me that you must walk in from some place and speak to me. For the nice new mattress you left me I am greatly obliged, and hope that before long I shall have the pleasure of making it up for you to sleep on. Mrs. Hills's house is a perfect representation of herself. It is little, neat, and complete in all its appointments. She was in to see me this afternoon. We spent quite a length of time talking of you, and wishing that something would turn up to bring you back to us.

Mrs. Putnam returned home from a long tour with Duncan about two weeks ago. Duncan is much the same, except that his feet swell badly, which, in cases like this, is a sure sign, and one of the last symptoms, of approaching death.

The Library gave another of its dinners last week, and realized about a hundred and fifty dollars.

To-morrow there is a lunch at Mrs. Ballou's. I expect to go. How I wish you were to be one of the guests! I suppose you do not know that Hymie has left us. He has settled permanently in Topeka,

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Kansas, put out his sign, and is going to practise law. Having him leave me at a time when he was old enough to be companionable, and, in a measure, make it easier to have his father away, is one of the greatest trials of my life; and if it were not for my vows, on the other side the ocean, that if I were spared to get home I would not complain or find fault with anything that might come to me, I should be very unhappy about it. When I find out where you are, I want to send you a souvenir of my trip abroad. I should have done that long ago, only that I was afraid it would never reach you.

Remember me to your husband, and write me soon and tell me you like me and like to hear from me, for I am, ever sincerely,

Your friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

In the following letter Mrs. Dillon refers to a visit which she and her husband made to their son at Topeka, and to a trip to Colorado, and to her election as president of the Ladies' Christian Association.

TO MRS. SILSBEE

Burtis House, Davenport,
Thursday, December 21, 1876.

My dear Friend:

Your welcome letter came to me yesterday morning at the same time as one from Mrs. Barnard. Was I not in luck? Your letters have put me in such a good

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humor, and inspired me with such a desire to talk to you, that I 've seated myself for a good chat. Since writing you last I have been in Kansas and Colorado. As the latter State has recently been added to my husband's circuit, he was compelled to go there this winter to organize the court. After spending a few days with Hymie, we started; and oh, what a delightful time I had! Not a cloud nor the sign of cold did I see from the time I left Davenport till I returned. The weather in Colorado is nearly all the winter as pleasant as that which *we* have in November. Many people called upon us, showed us much attention, and made our visit very pleasant. If we live, and all things go as we hope, we shall go out there next summer to spend a couple of months.

By the way, when are you coming to Davenport to make that visit we mutually agreed upon when we were separated by the wide ocean? I don't want you to come while I 'm penned up in this house, but I do want you as soon as I get back home and the pleasant days come in May. Then I want you, and I want you all to myself. Is that selfish? We have not yet sold Leafland—don't think we ever will; but I 'll not complain. I 've too much given me to groan about so small a thing as not selling our house. I went up to see Mrs. Hills to-day, and told her about your letter. We talked about you a long time. She wishes very much that you would come and make her a visit. She lives very nicely. Everything about her is neat and tidy, like herself.

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Yes! I *have* been elected president of the Ladies' Christian Association, and I cannot say that I feel complimented. I am put at the head of every organization which is dying in this place, to try and revive it. We are in a very low state, and in considering its condition, the prophet's question, "Can these dry bones live?" is strongly suggested to me. I wish you were here to stand by me and help me with your prayers and kind words. Do tell me something on which to build the hope of having you again.

What are you going to do Christmas and New Year's? I expect to spend New Year's with Mrs. Frank Smith. We traveled together in Europe, and are more than fast friends. I'm glad you find your health so much improved—hope you 'll never have any more sickness. I send by same mail some knickknacks which I brought home for you, but as long as I was too miserable to send them when I first came back, I've held them over till Christmas. I send also a copy of myself.¹ Tell me how you like me. Do you see anything Parisian? Don't you think I'm the same old *sixpence*? Remember me to Mr. Silsbee, and don't forget to write me, for your letters do me a world of good.

Your devoted friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

¹ This refers to the picture taken in Paris in 1876, mentioned on a previous page. See Chapter I, p. 40, and note.



CHAPTER IV

LIFE AT LEAFLAND AND IN ST. LOUIS

1876-79

First winter in St. Louis — Social life — Second winter in St. Louis — Friendships and social life — Silver wedding at Leafland — Daughter's lameness — Sale of Leafland — Removal to New York.

LETTERS TO MRS. McCULLOUGH AND MRS. SILSBEE

ON the return of Mrs. Dillon and children from Europe, as previously mentioned,¹ the family spent the fall of 1876 at Leafland, the winter of 1876-77 at the Burtis House in Davenport, the spring and summer of 1877 at Leafland, the winter of 1877-78 at St. Louis, — living first at 3212 Olive Street, and afterward at 2326 on the same street, — and the summer and fall of 1878 at Leafland. On November 5, 1878, the son Hiram was married, at Jacksonville, Illinois, to Miss Susie Brown.

Mrs. Dillon and husband celebrated their silver wedding at Leafland on Tuesday, November 12, in-

¹ See Chapter II, p. 89; Chapter III, p. 169.

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stead of the 10th (the real anniversary), as the latter day fell on Sunday. The only record by Mrs. Dillon of this event is found in a letter, fortunately preserved, written December 16, 1878, giving interesting details to Mrs. Silsbee, who was unable to be present.

A short time before this Leafland had been sold, with a view to a contemplated removal by the family to St. Louis.¹

In the last week of November, 1878, the family went to St. Louis to reside, at least for the winter, taking rooms again at 2326 Olive Street. While there, in the spring of 1879, her husband was tendered, through the Hon. Hamilton Fish, acting for Columbia College, New York, a law professorship therein, at a salary considerably larger than he was receiving as Federal Judge. The importance of the change was appreciated, and, before acting, Mrs. Dillon and her husband visited New York, in May, 1879, to examine into the matter on the ground. The object of the change, if made, was to secure an adequate provision for the family, in case of the father's death. After investigation it was found that, owing to the greater cost of living, the increased compensation of the professorship would not materially aid in effecting the desired object, and accordingly it was at first decided to decline the offer and not to remove to New York. It was only when the college offer was supplemented with the tender of the place of general counsel to important railway companies, at a liberal salary, with

¹ See Chapter I, pp. 16-19.

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the added privilege of acting as chamber counsel and of arguing causes in the Appellate Courts of the State and in the Supreme Court of the United States, that the removal to New York was finally resolved upon.

In August, 1879, while on their way to Des Moines, the father and the daughter Annie barely escaped death in the frightful railway accident at Four Mile Creek, just east of that city, where the whole train except the sleeper was precipitated into the stream, and many lives were lost.¹

The family reached New York in September, 1879, taking up their residence at 716 Madison Avenue, and afterward at No. 671.²

¹ The following contemporary account was written to Mrs. Dillon by her husband :

“Des Moines, Wednesday, August 29, 1879 (8 P. M.).

“*My dear Wife :*

“The papers will tell you all the general news connected with the fated train on which Annie and I were. I cannot describe to you the terrible scene—midnight, raining with the utmost violence, dark, and a rapid and resistless stream of water into which the whole train, except the sleeper, on which we were, was plunged. I had just been roused by the porter to get up and dress for Des Moines. I was sitting in the upper berth, putting on my stockings. Annie had risen, and when I called to her she was just getting up from the floor of the car, to which she had been violently thrown by the shock. No one in the sleeper was injured. We did not reach Des Moines until one o'clock. Judge Cole was at the cars, and took Annie home with him. I went to see her for a minute after supper to-day, and found her quite composed and cheerful. Judge Love got a despatch that his son was on the train, and for a half-hour he believed he was dead ; but it turned out that although he intended to take the train at Grinnell, fortunately he missed it. I sent you at once a despatch from Altoona, one mile from the scene of the disaster, so that you would know that we were safe before you had read of the accident in the morning papers.

Very affectionately,

“Your husband,

“JOHN F. DILLON.”

² See Chapter I, p. 19.

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The St. Louis letters of 1877, 1878, and 1879, given in this chapter, fully describe Mrs. Dillon's domestic and social life in that city. Here she made many warm and lasting friends, among them Mrs. Treat, Mrs. Filley, Mrs. Pollak, Mrs. Ware, Mrs. Gerard Allen, and the lamented Mrs. Gantt, wife of Colonel, afterward Judge, Thomas T. Gantt, with whom she continued to correspond. Unfortunately, the letters of Mrs. Dillon to Mrs. Gantt and her other friends in St. Louis are not recoverable. Mrs. Dillon always looked back upon her two winters in that city as among the pleasantest of her life, although her own health was not the best, and her daughter Annie was a great sufferer.

The letters in this chapter relate essentially to the social and domestic life of the writer, and for this precise reason they have a special autobiographical interest and value.

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

3212 Olive Street, St. Louis,
November 11, 1877.

. . . We are very pleasantly located here. The house is very large, situated upon a fashionable street. The table is good and much above par. My brother is furious that we did not come to him, and threatens to cut our acquaintance. Remember me to your family, and, like a dear, good woman, write me often. . . .

A. P. D.

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TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

3212 Olive Street, St. Louis,
Sunday, November 16, 1877.

My dear Friend:

How long it seems since I last talked with you! Sitting here this Sunday afternoon, it seems a year since I left Davenport. Not that I 've been moping about, homesick, or giving myself up to loneliness, for I have been out every day and have had plenty of calls. But I yearn for a little chat with you, and I feel that, whatever else I may have given me, nothing supplies that want.

Last week Mrs. Treat, wife of the United States District Judge, gave a kettledrum in my honor; and, I assure you, I met some lovely people. The refreshments were served to the guests, some sitting and some standing, some with bonnets and shawls on and some with them off, just as suited the fancy of the individual. I imagine that each lady appeared as she thought she looked best. Dainty Japanese cups held the beverages, of which there was nothing stronger than delicious old mocha. Oyster patties, steaming hot from the oven, were the "chief of our diet," while all the other things that are proper on such occasions were passed and used to fill up the interstices. The sweets were offered in good time, prominent among which was home-made sponge-cake, smoking hot. It was a *distingué* as-

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semblage and delightful occasion, and I enjoyed it thoroughly, although, while dressing to go, I had to sit down every five minutes to hush my heart-beats, I was so frightened at the thought of going out into a new world.

How is the weather in Davenport? Here it is delightful—sunshine and no wind, just cool enough for one's India shawl to be displayed. Did you go to dinner at Mrs. Foster's? How is Mrs. Silsbee? My poor, dear friend! how it did hurt me to have to run away from her the next morning after her arrival, when she had traveled that long way just to spend a night with me! Did Frank get a letter from John? He wishes to know why he does n't answer. Hymie is here spending a few days with us. My husband left us for his courts two days after arriving here. I don't expect to see him until the middle of December. You are a dear, good woman to write me so often. If ever you leave Davenport I'll be just as good. Remember me to all my friends and to your family. Give my best and warmest love to the Reverend Mother.¹ Tell her that nothing but the mud prevented my getting out to the hospital to see her. With much love, I am,

Your friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

Mrs. Dillon preserved the letter given in the footnote, written to her at this time by her nine-year-

¹ Mrs. Dillon was in the habit of going out to Mercy Hospital to see the Superior, whom she, in her letters, calls the "Reverend Mother."

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old boy, who, en route to Topeka to see his brother, accompanied his father to court at Jefferson City.¹

In the six letters which follow Mrs. Dillon gives some additional particulars of her domestic and social life in St. Louis in the winter of 1877-78.

TO MRS. SILSBEE

3212 Olive Street, St. Louis,
Sunday, December 16, 1877.

My dear Friend :

I reached here safe on the Friday morning after leaving Davenport. My husband and Johnnie were at the depot, where they had arrived an hour before from

¹ "Jefferson City, Missouri, November 26, 1877.

"*Dear Mama :*

"We got here at three o'clock and saw the State prison as we came in on the cars. Papa sends love to all, and I do too. We are going away to-morrow afternoon to Topeka. When you go home to Davenport, if you or any of you see the Grahams, will you ask for my knife, and please don't forget it. I am going to write to you to-morrow and every day we are gone away. Tell Susie she must write to me. When we got to the U. S. Court-House, I saw a man with some clothes on and they were all striped, even his mittens were all striped. You must write to me. Give my love to Jimmy Graham. Good-by.

"JOHNNIE M. DILLON."

At the foot of the above, on the same page, was the following :

"*Dear Wife :*

"Johnnie wrote and spelled and composed this himself. We get along all right. He sticks to me closer than a brother. During court hours he takes his place at the foot of the steps leading to the bench where the learned judges sit, and amuses himself as best he can. Occasionally he comes unawed up to the chair where I sit, demands his privilege, plucks my sleeve, and, in the face and amid the smiles of the bar, interrupts the learned counsel who may be addressing the court by whispering to me his little question or petition. He is a little hoarse and his throat a little sore. I guess he will come all right.

"Affectionately yours, "JOHN F. DILLON."

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Kansas. Knowing that I was always on time, they did not go up to the house, but sat patiently waiting for the Rock Island train. How disappointed they would have been had I yielded to my friends and stopped over for a day or two! Friday I was miserable all day. Early in the afternoon I went to bed, where I have been ever since. To-day is the first time I've been up and dressed since then. My trouble was the old one of stomach. I am quite prostrated, and am not able to write much. My husband stopped two days over his time, in the hope that I would be able to go with him to court at St. Paul, insisting that the trip would do me good. Finally he came to the conclusion that I had had too much dissipation, and started without me. You would laugh to see how thin I have grown in the short time. I don't think I would have any trouble to get into my velvet dress now.

I hope you will stay in Davenport all the time. It looks now as if I should not go back there to live, but you stay anyhow. Every one loves you, and one should live among one's friends. It seems probable now that Congress will create a new court, to be called an Appellate Court. My husband, being the oldest judge in appointment, would be presiding judge. Then his work would be in St. Louis almost exclusively, and we would live here. If there is no change made, we shall go back to Leafland. Write me about yourself—where you are and what you expect to do. I shall always be interested in you and love you dearly, though we should live at the ex-

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treme points of the compass. Nothing can ever change my love for you but your *own self*, and this I know you will never do.

Very sincerely and lovingly yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

St. Louis, December 16, 1877.

My dear Friend :

. . . I was disappointed not to see you before I left, but well knew there was something you could not control which prevented. It never entered my head that you did not wish to see me. You know my peculiarity: my friends *have* no faults and never do wrong; no one can change my opinion of them but they themselves. But when the tide *does* set the other way, "may Heaven defend them!" I am implacable. One night, since coming to St. Louis, my husband and I were discussing people, their peculiarities and failings, I sitting with feet upon the fender, he pacing the floor behind me. I wound up my remarks by saying, "Well, every one has his faults." "Yes," he replied, with a sigh of resignation—"every one but Mrs. McCullough." I only relate this to show how all my family know the weakness in my character—to see no ill in my friends and no good in my enemies. It is unnecessary to say I pommelled him good for making sport of me. . . .

Ever affectionately yours,

A. P. D.

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TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

3212 Olive Street, St. Louis,
Sunday, January 13, 1878.

My dear Friend :

Your letter was received a long time since, but the hope that I might be able to say that I had fully recovered my health led me to postpone writing you. I am now quite well for the first time since coming back from Davenport. I say *well*, and so I am, by being very careful about my eating. When I am able to go out at all, I 'm never at home.

No one person, I dare say, has ever received more kindness and attention from others than I have since I have been here. We have invitations for every day in the week, and sometimes two in a day. Susie often accompanies us, and seems to fulfil Mrs. O'Sullivan's prophecy concerning her: she certainly does "take well." New Year's she received calls with Mrs. Lackland, and I have heard a hundred compliments for her since, and through her being out that day she has had several invitations to the opera, theater, and parties. (This is for your eye only; don't read it to the family; it would sound very flat to any except those interested in her.) New Year's Day I did not go out at all, except to take a quiet walk with my husband in the suburbs. He had just returned from Chicago, and declined all invitations on account of my feebleness. I was quite anx-

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ious to have him attend a large dinner-party given to General Sherman, but because I was not able to accept any invitations to receive with the ladies, he would not leave me. Was n't that a good speech he made in Chicago?

I wish I had time to tell you of all the nice people I've met since coming here. Some of them I have told about *you*, and have promised them they shall see you. Mrs. Judge Lord, now a widow, is a dear friend of Mrs. Judge Treat, is a Catholic and a lovely Christian. Miss Eustace, about thirty-five years old, is a Catholic, and was born in Ireland. She is refined and good, is an intimate friend of Mrs. Sherman's, and spends much time at her house here when it is open. Mrs. Hugh Campbell was born in Ireland, and is one of the most elegant women I have ever met. If you had seen her the other night, as I saw her, at a state dinner given by Mrs. Robert Campbell to Sir Peter Coates, you would have been more proud of your country and people than ever. The dinner was the grandest affair I ever attended.

If it will be interesting to you, I will give you my program for the present week. To-morrow (Monday), with a party of ladies, I am to visit two of the kindergartens; then we all go to lunch with one of the ladies; in the afternoon we attend a lecture on art. Tuesday morning our French teacher (a veritable countess) meets a few persons at my rooms to talk French. Wednesday there is a large tea-party. Thursday is French Club day, when we have a French

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play and conversation, with coffee and cake, and a good deal of fun. Friday there is a dinner-party, and I want to make some calls besides. Saturday I go to Judge Lindley's. So you see I have no time for anything else that may happen. Up to this date I have had little leisure time to read or study. Leafland is the best place for that. My letter has grown to be quite a lengthy one, and, I fear, is not very interesting, but it is only for you and none else. Kind regards to all the family, and much love.

Affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

P. S. Give my love to the Reverend Mother. Tell her I think I shall be ready to go into "retreat" when I get back, for I shall be so tired.

A. P. D.

TO MRS. SILSBEE

2326 Olive Street, St. Louis,
Monday, February 18, 1878.

My dear Friend:

Your letter came to me a few days before I went to Kansas to visit Hymie. I was there ten days and enjoyed myself intensely. The climate seemed to agree with me better than this, and I was quite as well as when at Davenport. Probably one reason of it was that I rested, to a great extent, from visits and calls, not having nearly so many as I have here. Your letter was a great comfort to me. It gave me

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much news from Davenport, and satisfied me that you are a fixture there, for the winter at least.

I had a good long letter from Mrs. Wadsworth, and gather from it that they take the death of Mrs. Shaler with more resignation than their mother's. It was a hard blow, and I felt that I could sympathize with them to the full extent. No doubt her friends all feel her death, for I am told she was a most lovely character. I think, from what I hear, that Davenport must be dull this winter, and I sometimes long for the quiet that comes from a lull in so much visiting. Do you know, my dear friend, that I am worn out—just literally worn out—with going so much? While I appreciate the kind feeling that prompts so much attention, this manner of life cloyes me, and I long for a few restful days at Leafland. My quiet, domestic life with my children has not fitted me for gaiety and such a whirl of *pleasure*—I call it the opposite of pleasure. It is almost frivolity. Yesterday a lady called, who said, “I wanted to know you, for every one who has met you is delighted.” That is gratifying, is n't it?—if I could only believe it, which I could not do.

My husband is in Iowa City now, lecturing at the university, and will probably have time to call upon you as he returns through Davenport. How I wish I was housekeeping, so that I could have a visit from you, and some of our delightful talks! I could always tell *you everything*. How come on my friends Mrs. Hills, Mrs. Bills, and their good husbands? Re-

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member me to them, to Mrs. Wadsworth, to Mrs. McCullough, and to Mr. Silsbee; and love me ever, for I am, truly, Your friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MRS. MCCULLOUGH

2326 Olive Street, St. Louis,
March 15, 1878.

My dear Friend :

If my heart did not so thoroughly repose and trust in you, I should fear that my long silence had estranged you. Two letters are before me unanswered. They were received and read with gladness, and would have been answered only for the many, many things which come to occupy me the little time I am well. When my husband came home from Iowa City he found me confined to my bed with serious trouble of the liver. I am feeling and looking better now than at any time since my return from Davenport. I am quite anxious to see you. My husband says your hair is so beautiful. Not to see your hair only, but to have another good long talk, to tell you what I think of the people who have *certainly* exerted themselves to make me like them. I venture to say that no woman has ever been received anywhere with more consideration than I have here. There is even now no end to invitations to drive, to lunch, to dinner, to tea, to matinée, to theater, to be present at debates, to take part in the discussion of a paper which will be read, etc. So you see how it goes. There is no let up. To

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be frank, I think that the amount of going I have done has had much to do with my miserable health. There is no rest.

A few days ago a committee waited upon me to know if I would become a member of the board of directors of the School of Design. But I politely declined, saying that I was not competent to render any service, and that I should only be here a few weeks longer. Shortly after that I saw, to my surprise, that I had been put on the board by unanimous vote. Then came a card from the secretary, informing me of my election, and that my presence was earnestly requested at the next meeting of a certain date. My husband is determined that I shall serve on this board, and I have determined that I will not.

Johnnie is lying quite ill with rheumatism. He is a very sick child and requires much care. While I am sorry to have him ill, I must say that I enjoy the respite it gives me from visits. I have declined two invitations to-day because of it, and I know no one will take offense. John is crying in bed to have me read to him, and I want to post my letter to-night. He is wild to see Frank and Will, and talks about them constantly. We do not dare to tell him that his dog is dead. Judge Grant wrote me a kind letter promising me another collie for John next summer. Give my best regards to your family and the Reverend Mother. Forgive my long silence and write me soon.

Very lovingly,

ANNA P. DILLON.

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TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

St. Louis, March 20, 1878.

Dear Mrs. McCullough :

I wrote you quite a long letter a few days ago, and yesterday posted you the paper containing my husband's St. Patrick's Day speech and the menu. I now write to say that I will send you to-morrow by mail a potato from the box that was sent over from Ireland. Each guest found one, wrapped just as you see yours, on his plate the night of the banquet. Inclosed find a leaf of the shamrock that was sent to the president of the Society of the Knights of St. Patrick, as mentioned in the letter published. John is up again and dressed; he looks wretched. The weather here is lovely, the trees in bloom, and spring has surely come. Everybody seems happy and cheerful. Give my love to your family.

Affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MR. AND MRS. McCULLOUGH

Dear Friends :

No words that I can command will express to you even in the slightest degree the emotions I experienced upon the receipt of your elegant token of regard. However imperfect may be my note, it far better expresses my feelings than I could verbally make them known,

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for I am overwhelmed with your kindness, and my heart swells with gratitude. Accept our thanks, dear friends, and may the Good Father grant you health and strength, so that we may enjoy the pleasure of your company at the approaching anniversary occasion.

Very truly your friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

Leafland, Sunday evening,

November 3, 1878.

The summer and fall of 1878 the family spent at Leafland. At this place Mrs. Dillon's twenty-fifth wedding anniversary was celebrated, which is described in the following letter to her friend Mrs. Silsbee, who was unable to attend. As stated in the letter, Leafland had shortly before that time been sold, and the occupancy of it by the family ended forever with the wedding celebration.

A few days afterward the family went to reside for the winter at St. Louis, from which place the letters that follow were written.

TO MRS. SILSBEE

2326 Olive Street, St. Louis,

December 16, 1878.

My dear Mrs. Silsbee :

We came to St. Louis three weeks ago. Your letter reached me soon afterward, but I have not had time till now to answer. I cannot tell you how much I missed you at my wedding-anniversary celebration.

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I *did* not nor *could* not give you up until the very last day, for I felt quite sure you would come, and cannot yet understand *why*, if you found it necessary to go somewhere for your health and a change of air and scene, you did not come to me. That puzzles me a good deal, but I have no doubt you had some good reason.

The affair seemed to be a great success. My son came, with his wife, two days before, and was with us ten days in all. I had my house decorated with fresh flowers from Chicago. Every place that would possibly hold a flower was filled. The whole lower floor, dining-room and all, was turned into room for receiving, and my room, the sewing-room, and Susie and Annie's bedroom were used for supper-rooms. The table was set in the large room with everything I could lay my hands on in the way of good things. Most of the cake I baked myself, but the bride's cake was made in Chicago, and some here in St. Louis. My fine jellies came from Chicago. The meats I cooked myself. And right here, for fear I forget it, I must say that my jellied chicken was delicious; every one who tasted it spoke of it. I had, besides, chicken salad, lobster salad, ham, turkey, raw and scalloped oysters. My supper was served by six colored men, who did their duty well. Mrs. Martin came to me, and worked like a Trojan; so did Miss Fejervary; and Mr. and Mrs. Bryson, from Chicago, came and stayed five days. Sometimes I think if it had not been for my friends I could not have gotten through. I had (notwithstanding my "No presents received") quite a

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number of gifts from those *who would anyhow*. I wore a white silk and brocade. The dress is handsome. They say I looked well in it. My daughter-in-law's dress was, of course, pure white silk and brocade. That, with bridal veil and diamond ornaments, made her look very charming. She is beautiful and very lovely; every one admired her very much. Susie Dillon wore white silk and tarlatan, with pink garlands of flowers. Annie wore a plain school-girl's dress of pink brocade.

The party was on Tuesday the 12th, and by Wednesday the 20th I had moved all my furniture out and stored it, and Thursday left the house, never to return to it as a home. You asked me who bought the place. Dr. Hazen is the purchaser, and will add four rooms to the house, with a view to establishing an eye and ear infirmary.

Since coming here I have seen a great many people, some of whom are warmly interested in benevolent enterprises, and I have not forgotten to inquire about the little three-year-old with light hair and blue eyes for your sister to adopt. Since I came to St. Louis I have been more confined than usual by Annie's lameness. You have many times heard me speak of her trouble. She is much worse this winter, and has to submit every week to the terrible ordeal of having her foot burned with a red-hot iron. The suffering is terrible, but the doctor says it is the only hope for it. I had arranged to visit my sister this winter, and my mother in Washington,—not so much for my

Memoir and Memorials

pleasure as for Susie's,—but must give it up because of Annie, whom I cannot leave, unless in company of some one who would be a good companion to cheer her and drive with her occasionally. Write me when you can, for I am,

Always yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

The letters next given describe the incidents of Mrs. Dillon's life in St. Louis in the early part of 1879.

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

2326 Olive Street, St. Louis,
Sunday evening, January 19, 1879.

My dear Friend:

I have planned many evenings to devote entirely to the writing of letters to my Davenport friends, but you know

The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley.

Some I have written, but not without many interruptions. You were a long time answering my letter, and I was hungry to hear from you. If I were to tell of all I have seen, heard, and done during my short sojourn here, you would think it impossible for me to have had strength to endure it.

Susie brought me news of you which you may believe did me good. She says you worked with a will and conscientious devotion for the Library fair. How

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I wish I could have been with you through all the excitements and perplexities of that time!

How did you pass the holidays? They were full of pleasure for us. My husband was home, and, as is our custom, we exchanged some little tokens of affection. Christmas we spent with our friend Mrs. Gantt; we went as a *family*, John included. We met there Admiral Lee and son—a young man about to graduate this year at Princeton College—and a Mr. Washington, who claims to be a descendant of George Washington. The dinner was fine, served by colored waiters. New Year's, one of our invitations was to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Campbell, on the occasion of the husband's eighty-second birthday. You remember having heard me speak of them. They were born in Ireland, and lived there till grown. She is the woman with hair like your own. I told her about you, and promised, if we came here to live, she should see you. If they live to see the 4th of March they will celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

Last Sunday we were invited (Susie included) to accept seats in Dr. Pollak's pew at St. Xavier's Church to hear the music and then accompany them home to dinner. It was Epiphany, and the music was divine. The dinner was grand, and the visit delightful, *notwithstanding the people were Catholics!*

I am sincere when I tell you that I like St. Louis people better and better each day; be they Catholic, Protestant, or Jew never enters my mind. I think sometimes the millennium is not far distant. A few

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weeks ago fire destroyed the new Baptist church here. The congregation were thrown out of a place to worship. Many of the churches were offered, among them the synagogue. The latter was accepted, as to accept a Christian church would compel them to hold service in the afternoon. As the Jews worship on Saturday, the Baptists have the exclusive use of the synagogue on Sunday. We have in the nineteenth century the rare phenomenon of Christians worshipping in a Jewish temple.

I cannot undertake to tell you of all the clubs and societies here for the improvement of mind and heart. Though the ladies are very punctilious in discharge of all social duties, enough time is given to books and self-culture to enable them to keep level with society anywhere. Young people are gay and have something constantly on the tapis. Susie has had a grand time ever since her arrival. New Year's she received with some young ladies, and wore cream-colored silk, with scarlet poppies for a garniture. But last Wednesday night she made her entrée, or début, in society. She wore a white tulle over white silk, trimmed with satin loops and bows, natural scarlet carnations in her hair and at her throat. It is needless to say she had a happy time. On Monday and Wednesday nights of this week there will be two more parties; but I fear she is not going to have strength to keep this up long.

Annie's foot does not seem to get any better; she suffers the barbarous ordeal of cauterization every week or ten days. I sometimes fear she will never

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walk again. She has met with much attention from our friends, who are always sending something to show their sympathy, or else coming to take her to drive. Pod wants to get back to Davenport. He said the other day: "When are we going back to Davenport? I can't get along here much longer. I want to see Frank." I had last week another long letter from my daughter-in-law in Topeka, begging me to come and make them a visit. She says: "Dear mother, we are now fairly settled, and happy as possible here on earth. I would like to have you see how fine our house looks, and taste the nice fruit you have put up for us." Susie will go during Lent and make them a visit, but I cannot leave Annie to go anywhere. My husband is in Iowa City, lecturing at the State University, and will be there another fortnight.

Now, be good and write me soon and tell me all the news. Give my love to Mrs. French and Mrs. Martin, and kiss the Reverend Mother for me. Remember me to Will and that blessed boy Frank. Susie and Annie send their love to you. With my arms around you, and a kiss on your plump cheek, I am,

Always yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

2326 Olive Street, St. Louis,
February 26, 1879.

My dear Friend:

I greatly fear that my long silence has led you to suspect that I have forgotten you, though I flatter

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myself that I must do more than neglect to write before you could be induced to believe so. When your last letter came I was so delighted with your free-and-easy style of telling me things which interested me so much that I fully intended to answer that night; but alas! the evening was not mine. Friends came to visit, and, instead of the time being devoted to you, it was given to St. Louis people. And so my days go by; very few are given to my own pursuits. When I came in November, I tried to arrange that I might have some time to myself, so I planned to return all first calls with great promptness, and, after that, to choose my own time for second visits; but the truth is I am constantly having new calls, and in consequence I am constantly on the go. Last week I accepted seven invitations, two a day for two days.

On Friday last there were two elegant receptions at the same time (from four o'clock to seven), one given by Mrs. Foy (who is, by the way, a good, stanch Catholic), and the other by Mrs. Brant, who is a niece of old Colonel Thomas H. Benton. She resides in the house once occupied by him, and which was, during the Rebellion, the scene of General Frémont's ostentatiousness, when all visitors passed up the steps from gate to door between two files of soldiers with drawn swords. To attend two such receptions in one afternoon, it is necessary to be promptly at four o'clock at the place you choose to go first. After passing an hour and a half, you again take your carriage and drive to the other place. Many of the ladies are

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in full evening dress. Music and delicious refreshments are the order of the day, and everybody goes home feeling that it is a good thing to meet people, even if it is "on the fly."

Last Thursday Mrs. Chapman, whom I met in Marquette some years ago, gave me an elegant dinner. Twelve were the number invited, and it was in every respect one of the most *recherché* affairs I have ever attended. Mrs. Chapman was in Europe all the summer, and has but recently returned. She visited Russia, and brought with her many souvenirs of that country.

There is always something occurring here to take one away from home. You cannot count on any day being your own. Thank goodness, Lent commences to-day. Nearly everybody is at church, and because of this event, I hope to get time to answer the pile of letters before me. Susie has been in Chicago for nearly four weeks, and I fully expected her home to-day, but have just received a letter from her hostess, asking me to allow her to stay another week. She has had a royal time, I assure you. She has been out every day by invitation since going there.

I see by the "Gazette" that poor Mrs. Ebenezer Cook has at last gone to her long home. A St. Louis paper says she left most of her fortune to charitable objects. Did she give the Library Association anything more?¹ I received in due time a notice of

¹ See Chapter I, p. 34.

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my promotion to honorary membership in the Library. To you I am grateful for a notice and appreciation of my work. I have but little time for reading, but have re-read Prescott's "Philip the Second," also "Vanity Fair," and am now reading "The Virginians." These, with the addition of one or two French books, are all I have had time to read.

Annie's foot is no better; if there is any change, it is worse. The probabilities are that I shall be compelled to take her to New York for treatment. Her general health is good, and spirits always buoyant. No one can tell of the anxiety I feel for that foot. How gladly would I give the use of both mine, if hers could be restored!

Remember me to your husband and Will. Kiss Frank for me. Now, do write me soon; I want so much to hear what you are doing and if you still like me; and with a heart full of love for your own dear self, I am,

Ever your friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

In the first days of April, 1879, Mrs. Dillon and her son John visited her son Hiram at Topeka. During their absence her husband wrote the note of April 7, given on the next page. Mr. Justice Miller had transmitted the letter containing the offer of a law professorship in Columbia University, and Mr. Ashbel Green had written urging its acceptance. The letters to them mentioned in the note relate to this

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subject, and belong to this period of Mrs. Dillon's life.¹

The operation by Dr. Bauer so affectingly described in the next letter, though beneficial, did not result in permanently relieving the pain, which continued for many years, as will appear in letters of Mrs. Dillon given in subsequent chapters of this volume.

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

2326 Olive Street, St. Louis,
Tuesday, April 15, 1879.

My dear Friend :

When I wrote last week, I supposed I should be in Hot Springs, Arkansas, by this time; but a kind Providence ordered otherwise, and I am home. I am happy in the thought that my poor afflicted daughter is at last cured, or so nearly cured that before many weeks it will be a fact accomplished. Last Friday

¹ "2326 Olive Street, St. Louis, Sunday, April 7, 1879.

"My dear Wife :

"To-day has been beautiful and bright. Susie went to church this morning. Annie and I stayed at home. After dinner Susie and I took a long walk : West Twenty-ninth Street and Washington, and thence to Thirty-second Street and Pine and home. I have put in the day writing letters to Justice Miller and Ashbel Green, and went to the post-office in order to get them off to-day. The evening has been given to reading Lamartine and using the battery on Annie's foot. I inclose slip in reference to contest of Mrs. Ebenezer Cook's will. Judge Drury writes that in his judgment the contest will fail. Susie will write you a long letter.

"We miss you more and more, and we look for you by Saturday sure. Write me what you think of the New York offer, and get Hymie's best judgment.

"As ever, affectionately yours,

"JOHN F. DILLON."

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evening, while making calls to say good-by to some friends before leaving for Hot Springs, we heard of a German surgeon, Dr. Bauer, who has lived here for twelve years, and who has performed some wonderful operations and cures. Accident brought him to our notice, and we decided at least to show him Annie's foot, and tell him nothing, but let him tell, if he could, what was the matter. He took the lame and scarred foot in his hand, and, after examination, said: "The muscles on the outside of the leg have been contracting for years, and the only remedy is to cut the tendons and bring the foot around so that she can place it down squarely like the other." The thought of cutting after all the torture she has endured nearly drove me mad, and I turned from him horrified and would hear no more.

After he left, Annie said: "He is the only man who has ever told me what was the matter; all the others have worked and tortured in the dark; I am going to let him cut till he cures." Sunday afternoon was set for the operation. With the family gathered sorrowfully around her, she gave us all one look and took the chloroform, then with a long, heartrending cry of "Mama Dillon, don't leave me!" she passed into the land of oblivion, leaving us in agony lest she should never return. As soon as she was unconscious, the doctors (for there were three) stretched out the poor contracted leg until the cord stood out on the side almost as large as my penholder; then, quick as thought, they severed it.

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After coming out of her sleep, she stood, with the help of the doctors, on the lame foot, as squarely as I stand on mine.

When we saw her do what she has not been able to do for nearly four years, and saw her smile through the tears when she found that she was able to do it, it was a signal for a general cry, and we all indulged freely. The doctors standing with bowed heads in our midst, I could not but think of the time when the dear Saviour lived on earth and brought joy and happiness to the hearts of earth's afflicted. Annie walks about the room to-day without crutches, but is advised to go carefully for a few days. She suffers no pain at all, except that caused by the incision.

We expect now to go to Davenport about the 1st of May, and unless something delays I shall see you at that time. I owe many letters, one to my friend Mrs. Wing, to whom I hope you will relate this account of Annie's operation. Love to Will and Frank and Mrs. Graham. Kind regards to your husband, and love to yourself.

Affectionately your friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

The following letter from Mrs. Dillon relates to her visit, with her husband, to New York, where he went, early in May, 1879, to determine the question of whether he would remove to that city, and announces the conclusion to do so.¹

¹ See Chapter I, p. 19; Chapter IV, p. 177.

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TO MRS. SILSBEE

Davenport, Iowa, July 22, 1879.

Dear Mrs. Silsbee :

This is the first time in five weeks that I have been able to hold a pen. I have had one of my attacks of dyspepsia, and it has disabled me more than any illness has ever done. This is my reason for not having written you long ago. I hope you did not for a moment think I had forgotten my old friend.

I went with my husband this spring to New York, and did not reach here until the middle of May. Since then there has been much to occupy me if I had not been ill. My son and his wife came a day or two after I returned to make us a visit. She was taken sick and is still here confined to her bed.

As soon as I am able I must begin to prepare to move. As you probably know, we go to New York to live, the middle of September. I am heartbroken at leaving my old friends, and verily believe that my grief is the cause of my illness; but I must accept what comes and try to be resigned. What time in August will you be here? I am looking forward to your coming with great pleasure. I have much to say to you, but am tired now and can write no more. Will reserve my talk till I see you. With much love, I am,

Yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.



CHAPTER V

LIFE IN NEW YORK

1879-82

Settled in New York — Visit to Washington — First Christmas in New York — Longings for old home — Visit to the West — Summer of 1880 at Narragansett Pier and the White Mountains — Death of Mr. McCullough — Twenty-seventh wedding anniversary — Exchange for Woman's Work — Second Christmas in New York — 1881, Son's serious illness — Summer of 1881 at Narragansett Pier — Death of her sister Louisa — Journey to Davenport with her remains — Trip to Europe for daughter's health.

LETTERS TO MRS. McCULLOUGH AND MRS. SILSBEE

THIS chapter embraces the record of Mrs. Dillon's life in New York, as it is found in her extant letters, from November, 1879, till July, 1882, when she sailed for Schwalbach, Germany, for the benefit of the health of her daughter Annie. During this period she made two visits to her old home, one in May, 1880, en route to see her son at Topeka, Kansas, the other in 1882, on the sorrowful office of accompanying the remains of her sister Louisa (in the letters often called "Wisey") to the family cemetery



MADISON AVENUE (NO. 671) HOME, NEW YORK,
1881-95, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



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at Oakdale, in Davenport. Her son John was critically ill in February and March, 1881. The family spent the summer of 1880 at Narragansett Pier and in the White Mountains, the summer of 1881 at Narragansett, and the rest of the time, after April, 1881, at their residence, 671 Madison Avenue, which had recently been purchased. Here the family, when they were in New York, continued to reside for about fifteen years, when they made Knollcrest, at Far Hills, New Jersey, their permanent home.¹ Thither the family moved in July, 1895, but the library addition was not completed until Christmas, 1896, when it was first used for the holiday festivities.

Mrs. Dillon had a special desire to see the White Mountains, for the reason that her sister Mary, just before she was there taken with her fatal illness in 1872, had written her how delighted she was with the region, and urged her to visit it; and while there Mrs. Dillon sadly retraced her sister's footsteps of eight years before. To this sister Mrs. Dillon was warmly attached. Her rare graces of person and character were, on her death (which has been referred to on a previous page), commemorated by the erection in Chicago, in honor of her name and memory, of the beautiful structure called "Mary Chapel."

As narrated in Chapter I, the family, on their arrival in New York, in September, 1879, took up their residence at 716 Madison Avenue, from which the first letters which follow were written.

¹ See Chapter I, p. 19.

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TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

New York, 716 Madison Avenue,
November 23, 1879.

My dear Friend:

Your long-looked-for and welcome letter reached me last week. Your reasons for not writing me are good ones, and if I had known of your sufferings I should not have been unreasonable enough to watch so impatiently for the postman to bring me something from you.

We are having most delightful weather here. We are nearly settled and begin to live. I have made some very pleasant acquaintances. I wish I had been at your luncheon. How I would have enjoyed it! Just think of nestling down among those old friends—and to see Mrs. Barnard, too. Would n't I have been a happy woman! Who got my cup of coffee, my biscuit and piece of cake? When is your husband coming East? You must come with him and be my guest every minute of the time. As this letter will reach you on or about the 28th inst., let me remind you that it is your twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, and allow me to offer my congratulations, with a little silver token of my good wishes and kind regards for yourself and the husband you have lived with these many years of sunshine and shadow; and let us rejoice that there has been as much of one as the other, perhaps more sunshine than shadow, and *that*

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is more than most couples can say. Love to the boys
and yourself ; and I am,

Ever yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

716 Madison Avenue, New York,
January 25, 1880.

My dear Friend :

Your " postal " reminding me of my indebtedness to you came to me in Washington, where I was visiting my father and mother. Right flattered did I feel that you cared enough for me to jog my memory. Many a one would have said, " I don't care whether she writes or not: I 'll never mention it." But you are, and always were, good, true, and trustful.

Well, I have seen Washington in all its glory, all its frivolities, and all its emptiness. Of all the places that I have ever visited, there is here the least to satisfy. Of course I refer to the society. If one happens to be in either House when a good speech is made, or in the Supreme Court room, then she is repaid for having left home and children. But the everlasting exchanging of visits, daily attendance upon receptions, smirking and smiling, efforts to outdress and surpass in entertaining, are most unsatisfying. I was there two weeks, and I have seen all there is in it. Susie was much admired and had much attention. We had a friend with us who could chaperon her, so

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I was relieved from going to many of the places where we were invited. She had a good time and enjoyed it thoroughly. Our drive to Georgetown and Arlington Heights in a great measure compensated me for the disappointments I found in the society. The view of the city from the old Lee mansion is finer than anything I have ever seen, except the view of Rome with her church from the Pincian Hill.¹

We are getting quite well acquainted here in New York. We have had many invitations which we have accepted, and found the people to be the same as everywhere: some refined and cultured, others with nothing but money to recommend them. I have not yet learned to say I am content, for there is ever and anon a yearning for the old home and old friends. My husband is doing well and is busier than ever.

We had a delightful Christmas. Hymie and his wife came from Kansas, my father and mother from Washington, and Price Collier from Cambridge. My sister Louisa has been with me all the winter, so that when we sat down to Christmas dinner we were just twelve. We had a large tree hung with handsome presents, and I tried to feel at home. But in the midst of all the gaiety there often came a sense of loneliness.

I was so sorry to hear of your accident, and only wish I were near enough to run in once in a while and chat with you. Would n't it shorten the

¹ See Chapter III, p. 151.

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weary hours of your suffering? I see my letter is growing long, and I have not yet said one word as to your coming East this spring. When is it to be? Do not dare to tell me you cannot come; I will not listen to it. Do write me when you can; I am so eager to hear from you.

Very truly and lovingly yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

In July, 1879, Mrs. Dillon and family visited Lake Superior, partly for rest and recreation, and partly to see their friends Mr. and Mrs. Burt and family, who resided at Marquette. This visit is briefly alluded to in the following letter. The other references in this letter and those which follow are to incidents in Mrs. Dillon's life after the removal to New York.

TO MRS. SILSBEE

716 Madison Avenue, New York,
February 2, 1880.

My dear Friend:

You little know of the pleasure your letter gave me. I have thought of you often in the past few months, and wondered where on the face of this broad earth you had found a home. I last heard from you in August, just after I returned to Davenport from a trip north to Marquette and Lake Superior. I hoped, until the very last day I was there, that you would make me the long-promised visit.

Anna Price Dillon

Little did I think when I saw you last that fate would bring me to spend my last days in New York city. I say "fate," but hardly *think* it fate, for when one leaves his affairs in the hands of the Good Father, it is only right to look upon all changes as being ordered by Him.

Although I am not entirely discontented, still I cannot say that I am happy here. I have found no church as yet where I feel altogether at home. Everything is new and strange. Living is expensive, and, taking it all in all, keeping house is more of a task than I have found it before. We have a comfortable house, well furnished, and every one is well satisfied to be here but myself. Susie is now a full-fledged young lady. Annie is taller than I, well developed and handsome, but still suffering with her foot. John is a great stout fellow; his health is better now than ever before, but he longs for the old home and his dog and pony.

Christmas was as joyful an occasion as we could make it. There were no rooms during the holidays in my house "to let." After my kith and kin all left for their homes I went to Washington to visit my mother, leaving my sister to take care of the house and children. I had never been in Washington before when Congress was in session, and so enjoyed very much the debates. The society is empty and frivolous, and if I were compelled to live there I should close my doors to it.

Although I am making a great number of acquaint-

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tances, I must in truth say I do not enjoy society here, though it is good, for no other kind collects about a college. But, you know, there are no friends like the old friends. The children wish to be remembered; and, with much love, I am,

Your sincere and affectionate friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

716 Madison Avenue, New York,

March 1, 1880.

My dear Friend:

Your letter has just been handed me; I have only stopped long enough before answering to give it thorough perusal. I am truly sorry for you in your affliction. How many times in the past seven weeks could I have comforted you if I had only been near you!

Now, you want to know how my health is. I am, on the whole, better than at Davenport, but whenever I spend a night worrying over Annie's condition, I find that I have afterward to spend two or three days in bed.

We have a great number of acquaintances, and are often invited to social entertainments. A few days ago we attended a reception given by Mrs. George Ripley, whose husband was associated with Dana in editing the *Encyclopædia Americana*; he is also literary editor of the "Tribune." Last Thursday I was one of the few invited to meet Kate Field at the house of a literary woman, Mrs. Barrow, who is known to almost every

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child as "Aunt Fanny," as that is her *nom de plume*. Among the number present was one whom I took for the abbess of some Catholic institution, as she wore the garb peculiar to them, and had a magnificent rosary at her side. Her face was a benediction in itself, and reminded me strongly of the Reverend Mother (bless her!). I must tell you what was the occasion of this meeting, or you will wonder how she came there. There is a project on foot to establish a woman's coöperative dress association, with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars capital. I shall soon write again.

Ever yours affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

New York, March 18, 1880.

. . . The spring is heralded by the great number of new bonnets that are exhibited. As far as I have seen, they are small,—very small,—and are worn so far off the head that, in case they are accused of any injury to that member, they could easily prove an alibi. . . .

A. P. D.

The next two letters were written from Narragansett Pier, where the family sojourned during the summer of 1880. They refer, among other things, to the death of Mr. McCullough, husband of Mrs. Dillon's friend.

Mrs. Dillon's general health this summer was good.

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She walked habitually between her hotel and the bathing-beach, and enjoyed the bathing, for she was an adventurous and powerful swimmer, going farther out into the surf than any of the women bathers, and competing on even terms with the most expert among the men.

TO MRS. SILSBEE

Mount Hope House, Narragansett Pier, R. I.,
July 16, 1880.

My dear Friend :

If I did not know you to be the truest of friends and one of the loveliest of women, I should not dare, after so long a silence, to write you. I thought when I was West in May that I *must* make you a visit, and it was very hard for me to give it up. We were in Davenport two weeks, in Omaha two days, and in Topeka ten days. I did not know that my husband would be detained in Davenport so long, or I would have gone to your home for a short visit. What are you doing with yourself this summer? I have no doubt you are contented, wherever you are, and are trying to do your duty, no matter how hard it may be.

We have been at the above-mentioned place for nearly three weeks. The temperature is delightful, rarely rising above 85°. The bathing is fine. There are many of my St. Louis friends here, and I am much pleased with everything around me. Annie seems to be improving in health, and I have great hopes that she will be strong and well as she grows

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older. Susie is very slight, has lost much flesh, but does not complain any; on the contrary, seems in perfect health. The bathing here will do us all good, I think. My husband is not with us all the time, but comes every Friday and stays till Monday. He says the heat in New York last week was terrible. How thankful I ought to be that we have the means and opportunity to leave and be comfortable, while so many are compelled to stay and swelter!

I have had a long letter from Mrs. Bills this morning. She gives me some news of Davenport people, but very little. She says the Wadsworths have gone to Oconomowoc for the summer. Mrs. Henry Wadsworth went to Europe this spring, taking Willie Wadsworth with her; they say he is in poor health. Mrs. Hills told me, when there, she had written you of Mother Hills's death. I arrived in Davenport the day she died, and was quite shocked to hear of it. A paper received a few days ago from Davenport gives an account of Mr. McCullough's death. Poor, dear Mrs. McCullough! I sincerely sympathize with her in her loneliness, but must rejoice that her agony is over. She suffered much in watching his sure but steady decline. We who know of her devotion can appreciate what must have been her anxiety. We shall be here until the 1st of September. Is there any hope of your coming East *before* next summer? Write me when you can, and count me always,

Your affectionate friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

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TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

Mount Hope House, Narragansett Pier,
August 19, 1880.

My dear Friend :

Another package of Davenport "Daily Democrats," just received, brings you fresh to my mind, and as I sit here by my window overlooking the beautiful bay, I think of a hundred things I could say to you that might not sound bad, but would look very flat if written. I need not ask how you are, for that I know. I see you sitting day after day, desolate enough, and would give much if I could get to you for but one short day; not that I could by any means dissipate your sorrow, but only lighten it somewhat by assuring you that although robbed of your nearest friend, there are still those who love you dearly, and would, if possible, turn your grief to joy.

We shall go back to New York next week. We have had a delightful sojourn here, and it has been good for us all. Annie is much improved in health, and Susie says she was weighed to-day and has gained nearly ten pounds since coming. The climate is invigorating and the bathing is delightful. It is a much more popular resort than I supposed, and there is vastly more style than I anticipated. There are people here from all parts of the United States, and I have found some agreeable persons whom I have met in my travels with my husband. Many St.-Louisans prefer

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this to any other place for the summer, and this house has a large number of them whom I knew when there; so that everything conduces to make the time pass pleasantly for me.

I have spent several days in Newport, which lies directly opposite, across the bay, only ten miles distant; in fair weather it is in full sight. My husband thought he would take us there for a fortnight or so, but I strongly opposed it. I have some St. Louis friends there, and as they have not been forgetful to entertain us, I have as much of Newport as I care for.

Susie, Annie, and John send love to dear Mrs. McCullough, and I want very much to be remembered to your children. Write me when you can. I shall write you as often as I have anything to say. With much sincere love, I am,

Always yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MRS. MCCULLOUGH

716 Madison Avenue, New York,
November 15, 1880.

My dear Friend:

You may rest assured that I have had no control of my time since coming back from the sea-shore, or I should not have been so long a time answering my letters. My twenty-seventh wedding anniversary was last Wednesday, and my husband gave me two beautiful pictures, one after Meyer von Bremen and the other

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after Conti, also a dozen massive silver dessert-spoons. The day passed pleasantly, and in the evening I went down with him to his office, and blotted for him as he wrote his name as trustee six hundred times on as many bonds (railroad) of a thousand dollars each. There was nothing to mar the pleasure of the anniversary, excepting that Hymie and his wife did not get here, being detained at home by their expectations, which, if realized, will make me a grandmother. Imagine me knitting socks—which enterprise I shall enter upon as soon as I can get time to sit long enough to cast on the stitches.

Last spring, when I came back from Davenport, I found a letter from the president of the Exchange for Woman's Work here, asking me to assist it in a movement to help competent women to make their own living. I answered her letter, saying that as my acquaintance was limited my influence would be slight, but that I would patronize the institution. This month I received a letter which informs me that I am a manager.

I am sorry to hear you do not feel well. I am looking forward to next summer to have a visit with you. Then you will be well again, and will, in a measure at least, forget to mourn for him who has immeasurably improved his estate. You would not bring him back, would you? Write me, my dear friend, one more cheery letter, and believe me,

Yours affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

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TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

716 Madison Avenue, New York,
Monday, December 27, 1880.

My dear Friend :

Your beautiful gift came to me just at the most desirable time—Christmas Eve. I was much surprised, but much more delighted. The book is a beauty. I had seen a notice of it, but never the book. My husband and I took solid comfort examining and reading from it on Christmas Day. We all had a Merry Christmas. A fine tree, which bore abundant and costly fruit, delighted us all. Among my husband's handsome presents to me were a richly carved ebony cabinet and a superb diamond pin. The cabinet I had asked for and expected, but that I should have the diamonds never entered my mind. The children all received (or seemed to) the things that they most desired, and everybody was merry, with nothing to mar the pleasure of the day, excepting that Hymie and his wife could not be here. But are there in this world many days unmarred by something? If there were, this would be heaven, not earth.

Now that the New Year is about to enter, the days will glide very swiftly and the springtime will not tarry. Then I hope to see you and have you for a good visit. Judge Dillon said last night that he expected to take all his family to Colorado in the spring. If he should do so, you can come home with us. He

Memoir and Memorials

reads a paper to-morrow night before the Historical Society of Long Island in Brooklyn, after which a prominent gentleman there will give him a reception. I am going with him, and will take the girls.

Write me whenever you can; I long to see you. Wishing you and your boys a Happy New Year, I am,
Affectionately your friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

The next letter gives a brief account of the serious illness of her son John and of his recovery.

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

716 Madison Avenue, New York,
March 27, 1881.

My dear Friend :

This is the first moment I have had for many weeks in which to write or read. Johnnie is sitting up a little to-day, dressed, and seems more like himself than at any time for seven weeks. He was taken ill the 6th of February, and no one ever approached so near "that undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveler returns," and yet came back to friends. I suppose Anna Graham has told you all about our anxious days and nights, and the heart anguish we endured. It seems to me now that we must have had more than the grace which is given us day by day to live by, or we never could have survived the terrible trial.

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At one time, Johnnie took the little ring from his finger, looked at it, then replaced it, crossed his hands on his breast, and whispered, "Good-by, mama, good-by." Since his recovery he said to me he thought he was dying, but did not want to tell me so, for he knew the girls and papa would make such a noise crying. He added, "I knew you never left my bed, and I would just slip away without any excitement." Is not that much more like a man than a boy? Thinking over all that has come to me in the last two months, I feel sure my friends were praying for both Johnnie and me. How I longed for my friends in my trouble you do not know; not but that there were plenty who came to offer their services and sympathy, but they were not the old, tried friends of other days and other scenes.

Johnnie's only trouble now seems to be in shortness of breath, occasioned, I suppose, by the pain in his heart, which has not yet left him. The doctors say it will take all the spring and summer for him to get well. On that account I do not expect to go West this year, but shall all the more anxiously look for you to come to me. We have bought for him a handsome little vehicle for driving in the park, and a beauty of a horse about thirteen and a half hands high. These the girls are enjoying until he can use them himself. Poor fellow! he can only see them from the window, and is very impatient to get out. He and Frank will have nice times when you get here. My love to your boys. I must close

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my letter, for John wants me to read to him. The nurse left yesterday, and I am in greater demand than ever, if possible. With much love, I am,

Ever yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

No letters written in 1881 after the one last given have been found. The summer of 1881 was spent at Narragansett Pier. Until July 5, 1882, when the family sailed for Europe, they were at 671 Madison Avenue, at which place Mrs. Dillon's sister Louisa ("Wisey") died of typhoid fever, January 2, 1882. Mrs. Dillon's allusions to the event are very pathetic and show how deeply it touched her.

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

671 Madison Avenue, New York,
March 5, 1882.

My dear Friend:

Your kind letter deserved an early reply, but not until to-day have I had a moment that I could devote to you. So much sickness in the house since the 12th of December has entirely prevented my doing many things that were left over at the time of getting settled in our new home, until I should get back from my summer trip. Susie was shut up in the house for six weeks, four of which she was in bed. Wisey's death made a great impression on her. The first night after her death, she and Susie Price insisted upon sit-

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ting up with the remains. I think, and thought then, it was a most indiscreet thing to do. Annie is poorly —has lost much flesh.

I was much astonished to hear of Mrs. Altman's death, and have been watching for my Davenport papers to get the particulars. How strongly it is impressed on my mind every day that "we all do fade as a leaf." There seems nothing except one's family worth living for, and how gladly I would follow Wisey were there not so many depending upon and looking to me for happiness and love. But, my dear friend, I feel that one more blow, were it but a slight one, would be more than I could bear.

It never seemed such a little way to the other side and rest as since Wisey left me. You cannot know what sorrow it was to pick up her things and put them forever out of sight. The last work she did (and that was when she was already miserable) was to drag herself to a florist and buy a basket of flowers to be sent to the woman who leased her house. She came home, removed her clothes, and threw them on a lounge in her room, saying, "I will put them away to-morrow." The morrow found her very ill indeed, and she was brought to another room to be taken care of, and the room she left was locked up. Weeks after I had laid her peacefully to rest at Oakdale, it was necessary to get some things out of a trunk for her poor son. Unlocking the door, I entered the room, and stood in the midst of many of her personal belongings: there on her dressing-table was her watch, her

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collar with the pin in it, her ear-rings, where she had laid them when so sick on that first night; on a chair was her dress, with cuffs in the sleeves, just as she had pinned them, her boots, bonnet, and umbrella, just as she dropped them when God called to her that her work on earth was done. None but the Good Father can know of my agony as I knelt beside her bed, laid my head on her pillow, and prayed for strength to bear my sorrow and go on with my work till I too shall be called. But this letter will be no comfort to you, and I must close. Love to all of yours. Write me when you can.

Affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

In the following letters Mrs. Dillon announces her intended visit to Schwalbach and the reasons for making it.

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

New York, June 16, 1882.

My dear Friend:

It is nearly a month since I left you, and not one moment have I had until to-day in which to notify you of my safe arrival home from Davenport. After arriving, mother stopped with me for a fortnight. Then Annie went to bed, and was there for more than a week, and is more miserable than ever. We have decided to take her to Europe, and will sail the 5th of July on the *Bothnia*. I do not like the idea of making

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such a trip without my husband, yet I shall try it for the sake of seeing her well. How long I shall stay I cannot tell—maybe all the winter. . . .

A. P. D.

TO MRS. SILSBEE

New York, 671 Madison Avenue,
June 25, 1882.

My dear Mrs. Silsbee :

I am not quite clear in my mind who wrote the last letter, but this I do know—that I feel like telling you that I am about to sail for Europe again. I am not going for pleasure this time, but to try the air and baths of Germany for my invalid daughter, Annie. She, as you know, has never been very well since we came back—for the past two years has been gradually growing worse. She has wasted to a shadow, and is so feeble that she cannot at times walk across her room. She has been treated without success by the best physicians in the country. I have heard, from persons who have been similarly affected, of the springs at Schwalbach, Germany, that often work entire cures. I am starting alone with my family—that is, without my husband, whose business will not permit him to leave, this summer at least. If Annie does not mend rapidly we will stay over the winter to give her the benefit of another summer. Judge Dillon will then join us and bring us home in the autumn. You cannot imagine how lonely I feel, starting to a strange country with a sick child and without my husband.

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Nothing but the fact that I must do it, and the hope that she may find health, supports me and enables me to make the effort.

I went with my father and mother this spring to take my sister's remains to Davenport. I was there only four days, but saw many of my dear old friends, who were very kind and sympathetic and did all in their power to help us bear our sorrow. I have a great affection for the old place, and hope to end my days there. There have been many changes. Leafland looks deserted.

We shall sail the 5th of July on the *Bothnia* (the ship that brought me home before). Don't forget to pray earnestly for Annie's recovery and our safe return. I am going out without any guide but the all-powerful hand of Him who always guides aright and proves better than all our fears. I shall be in Schwalbach until September. If you can drop me a line before I go, I shall be so glad. I am,

Affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.





CHAPTER VI

LIFE IN EUROPE

1882-83

Sails for Europe, 1882—Visits Schwalbach and Wiesbaden for daughter's health—Waters and baths—Dr. Langenbeck—Paris, Drs. Warren and Charcot—Nice, Dr. Camerer and Professor Volkmann—Christmas and New Year's in Nice—Friends and acquaintances.

LETTERS TO JOHN F. DILLON, MRS. SILSBEE, AND MRS. McCULLOUGH

THE illness from which the daughter Annie had so long been a sufferer still continuing, the family physician in New York recommended a course of treatment at the German baths. Accordingly Mrs. Dillon, accompanied by her two daughters, Susie and Annie, and her son John, sailed July 5, 1882, on the *Bothnia*, arrived at Liverpool July 15, and going thence via London, Cologne, and the Rhine, reached Schwalbach July 20, where they remained for six or seven weeks, both mother and daughter taking the waters and baths under medical direction. Thence they proceeded to Wiesbaden to consult the



PORTRAIT OF HER DAUGHTER SUSIE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
BY MENDELSSOHN, 1892.



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eminent Dr. Langenbeck, staying there until September 29, when they journeyed to Paris, where they remained from October 1 till December 4. Under the advice of Drs. Charcot and Warren, they went to Nice, sojourning at that place until February, 1883, and then to southern Italy, and afterward to Carlsbad. While at Nice the photograph of Mrs. Dillon which is reproduced as the frontispiece to this volume was taken.¹

The question has arisen whether letters of such a personal and domestic nature as many of those relating to Mrs. Dillon's second visit to Europe should be included in this volume. But inasmuch as they are an important part of her life, it seems that they ought, for that reason, if for no other, to appear among the incomplete memorials she has left under her hand concerning it. Moreover, no part of her life more clearly exhibits one of the leading and most lovely traits of her character—the unfathomed depths of her maternal love and devotion. No doubt her own ill health part of the time, and that of her daughter, somewhat clouded her life, but the natural buoyancy and resilience of her spirits soon overcame any temporary despondency, and enabled her to enjoy the new scenes, objects, places of interest, and experiences which Italy and Germany and their great art collections offered to her. This she often expressed, and the letters in this chapter and the next will be found full of interest. She wrote letters during this period, with per-

¹ See Chapter I, p. 40, and note.

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haps more than her usual care, to Mrs. Gantt, Mrs. Wing, and other friends, which are dispersed or lost. Those to her son Hiram (the only child who was not with her) were accidentally destroyed by fire. After Mrs. Wing's death, her daughter Alice asked Mrs. Dillon what should be done with the letters to her mother, and, much to Alice's regret, she was directed to destroy them as being no longer of interest to any one.

The letters in this chapter cover the period of Mrs. Dillon's stay, in 1882, at Schwalbach, Wiesbaden, Paris, and Nice, and are in general self-explanatory.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

On board *Bothnia*, July 13, 1882.

Dear Johnnie:

Susie is down in the dining-saloon writing, and I am cuddled up in a chair on deck, trying to say something to those at home who may be anxious for our safe arrival. We are now about twenty hours from Queens-town, and shall arrive there to-morrow morning (D. V.). We have had a most monotonous and uneventful voyage; it has rained a little daily. But to-day is gorgeous. The sea, out as far as it touches the horizon, is as blue as the heavens above it, and the whitecaps which fleck its surface remind one of a scattered flock of sheep in the distance. The other night we had what the sailors call a "stiff blow." It carried away some sails and shredded others. We did

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not know, being asleep, how much of a storm it was, or I presume we should have been anxious to ascertain if "the sailors were still swearing." You know that story, don't you? I was terribly seasick when I first came on board, and if I could have gotten home again, would have let Annie take her chances in America for health. However, we are almost there, and I shall be very glad a year hence that I had the courage to take her abroad.

I have written Hymie and my mother each a note to let them know how and where we are. I have suggested to Hymie, if I stay abroad a year (and I think now that I shall, for my stomach will hardly be settled before that time), that he should come over with you in the spring, spend the summer, and then we can all go home together. If you were to see me now, you would protest that you had never known me, for I'm frightfully ugly and sunburnt. I am anxious to hear from home and to learn how you all are.

Ever affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

Schwalbach, Hotel Allée-Saal,

July 23, 1882.

My dear Friend:

If you are thinking of me at all, you must wonder as to my whereabouts. I sailed out of New York harbor on the morning of July 5—one of the rainiest and

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most miserable days that ever fell to the lot of any poor creature on which to part from her husband and her comfortable home. We had a disagreeable voyage in that it rained nearly all the ten days we were out. I was, as I thought, sick unto death, but did recover, however, and was, the latter part of the time, able to drag myself on deck. When we cast anchor at Queenstown I was reeling like a drunkard, but would crawl to the side of the vessel to cast a longing look at Ireland's green hills and rugged rocks. After landing, or rather turning over to a small tugboat, some of our passengers, we struck out again for the broad ocean and Liverpool. In a few hours we entered the Irish Sea, and were again well shaken up, for it was terribly rough, and, as the deck-steward (who, by the way, was devoted to me) said, was "the very devil of a place for seasickness." That night we stood off from the Welsh coast. It was dark and rainy, and our captain, who is one of the best, stopped the engines and lay to in order to get his bearings. I learned afterward that many of the men did not retire at all, as it was on that coast and about that place that the *Britannic* came to grief and had to be tugged into port, a few weeks before. Luckily I did not know of this on that night, or I should not have been so indifferent. Saturday morning, July 15, at nine o'clock, the good ship *Bothnia*, with flags flying and all officers in gala-dress, sailed up the Mersey and deposited passengers and cargo on a steam-tug, in a most drenching rain.

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Then came the hurry and bustle of getting trunks through the custom-house. This was but a short process with me, for I had made the acquaintance of an Irish gentleman who lives in New Orleans, and who was bound to Belfast to make his annual visit to his mother. He took the matter in hand, and told the officers that there was a woman with an invalid daughter who was anxious to get to the hotel. They bade him bring me in by a private way, swore me that I had in my trunks no gold or silver plate, no tobacco, cigars, or whiskey, and then, with opening one trunk (to satisfy the law), put me through at once, thanks to the Irish gentleman. Excepting for his assistance, I should have done as others did, and waited there for hours. I went immediately to the Northwestern, bought my tickets to London, and ordered luncheon. While seated at table, the Irish gentleman, Mr. Charnock by name, again made his appearance, and said he would see us to the train. We found our car, when three fellow-passengers got in also. There were many farewells and hopes of meeting again. As Mr. Charnock left the car I called to him, "You have left a basket." He answered, "That is for you to study on your way to London." Imagine our surprise, upon opening it, to find it filled with large peaches, green gages, hothouse grapes, apricots, and strawberries, some of the latter being nearly three inches in circumference. These were deposited in the midst of roses, jasmine-flowers, and a wealth of *forget-me-nots*. Verily he was a true Irishman.

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We reached London at seven o'clock, and went to the Bath Hotel, Piccadilly, where we stopped two days, then left for Brussels, via Dover and Calais, and arrived at Brussels that night. We decided to go on to Cologne. I telegraphed the proprietor of the Hôtel du Nord that I should arrive at midnight. We stopped there one day to rest. I took my family to see the cathedral and churches, all of which was new to Annie—John and Susie and myself having been there before. Thursday, at 6 A. M., we took the boat up the Rhine to Eltville, where we arrived at 7 P. M. We found the steamboat agent, who secured us a carriage, and started on a drive of ten miles up the mountains to Schwalbach, where we arrived July 20, at ten o'clock, tired and hungry.

This is a beautiful town, dating back to 1628. The trees and the drives all indicate that it was not built in a day. There are about five thousand visitors here annually. The program for each day is the same: Drive at seven o'clock, drink the waters, take a walk before breakfast, have a bath in the mineral waters, and then it is time for another drink; then follows table d'hôte, with music all the time in the public place. I am hoping that Annie may receive every benefit from the cure. Write me a long letter, for I get homesick. Don't forget your old friend in her exile.

Affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

The result of the cure is given in the next letter.

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TO MRS. SILSBEE

Schwalbach, August 27, 1882.

My dear Friend :

Your kind letter, which came several days ago, gave me great pleasure. It was the first received from America, excepting my husband's. We arrived the 20th of July, and have been here nearly six weeks. The place is only a village with a population of five hundred people, which increases to many thousands in the summer months. Its great attraction is the waters, which are said to cure many of the ills and ails that poor human flesh is heir to.

Annie has taken the water-baths, in conjunction with mud-baths, the two being regarded by many as a sure cure for neuralgia. Thus far, I regret to say, she has improved little, if any, though people who have been coming here for years say that one does not feel the benefit at once, but only after some weeks. We shall leave here next Saturday (September 2) and go to Wiesbaden to consult a famous German doctor as to whether Annie's spine is affected, as is often the case where there is such a constant neuralgia. What he will order us to do depends, of course, on what he finds to be the matter. I had thought, after leaving here, to go to Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna, but if Annie is to be treated I must settle down in some place where that can be done with the most and speediest benefit to her. My heart

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is heavy all the time, and I do not find myself very submissive when I see her suffer. Could be much more so were I suffering myself. May the Good Father help me to bear my burden patiently.

I had yesterday a letter from Mrs. McCullough, and she informs me that she is a *grandmother*! Willie, who was married last October, has a fine son.

I think, by the tenor of your letter, that you have not heard of Duncan Putnam's death. He died last December, and Mrs. Kirby, his aunt, has just modeled a bust of him in clay and placed it in the Academy of Science.

Susie Dillon has gained six pounds since coming here. She is looking well, and wishes to be remembered, as do also Annie and John. Remember me to Mr. Silsbee, and don't forget to pray for your friend, who sits in sorrow in a strange land.

Affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Wiesbaden, September 16, 1882.

Dear Johnnie:

I have just been to the bank, and there found your letter of the 30th of August. I received your letter from Keokuk after it had been written over two weeks, also the letter from Topeka; since then they have been coming regularly and in due time.

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I wrote you a long letter two weeks ago to-day, giving an account of an interview with the famous Dr. Langenbeck (the Emperor's physician). He is treating Annie—sees her every alternate day; has prescribed cold-water bandages for the spine, to relieve it of inflammation. Every one who has heard of his giving her case his personal attention is astonished, for it is a long time since he has done anything but consult with other physicians. He is a man of nearly seventy years, I imagine, and has recently been made "his Excellency" by the Emperor. He insists that Annie shall go out every day either for a walk or a drive, though he prefers that she should walk.

I will now give you a short account of how our days are spent. I get up at seven o'clock, take a glass of water that has been prescribed for my gout, then dress, take another glass, and then walk for half an hour. When I come back at eight or thereabout, I find the children awake; then Annie has her first cold bandage, and we all have coffee and rolls. At nine the German teacher comes for an hour, and John, Susie, and I have German, while Annie (who is still in bed) has a mutton-chop. At eleven she has a large cup of milk (which she takes now without much grumbling). At one o'clock we have our dinner; then we all get ready for a walk, and remain out as long as Annie can stay. In the late afternoon Annie goes to bed and has the cold bandages and her cup of milk. Then, with a little letter-writing and reading, the day is gone. There is no use to deny it, it is pretty

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dull, and if I were abroad for pleasure I should seek some other place; but as it is for Annie's benefit, I shall stay until the weather is cold, or well on into October. Then, Dr. Langenbeck says, he will give me a letter of introduction to a doctor who can take care of Annie.

About getting him to give me, as you request, a statement in writing as to her case, I do not know whether it can be done, but I will try. So far I see no results, for she suffers more than ever, though every one says I expect results too soon; they never manifest themselves until after three or four months. The girls do not want to go home this fall, and I have about made up my mind to stay, and leave here in October for Paris, stopping at Strasburg to visit the cathedral, and then at Stuttgart for a day or two to see May Darling, who is to be there by that time. Annie had a letter from May yesterday saying that she will be there, and wants to see her; it seems to have given her new life.

I am sorry that your dinner-party was a failure, but you must understand that I cannot run your house from here. I am looking for another letter from you soon, and I hope you will tell me what you are going to do this winter. The children send you much love, and I am ever,

Yours affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

Mrs. Dillon's view of death is briefly expressed in the next letter.

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TO JOHN F. DILLON

Wiesbaden, Wednesday, September 20, 1882.

Dear Johnnie :

I have just received your letter of Sunday, September 3. Before this time you have mine of the 2d, written immediately after Dr. Langenbeck first saw Annie. I will now commence numbering my letters. This is No. 1, though really I have written many more. Langenbeck has been very faithful, and has done Annie much good. . . .

I have all the papers you have sent me—the New York Sunday papers of September 3, also the Davenport papers giving accounts of Mrs. True's death and H. M. Martin's. It does n't make me blue a bit. Death is only the entrance into life, and rarely comes until we feel glad to go to the rest it surely brings. . . .

Affectionately, etc.,

A. P. D.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Hôtel Quatre-Saisons,
Wiesbaden, September 27, 1882.

Dear Johnnie :

I wrote and mailed you No. 2 four days ago. I think in that letter I told you I should stay here until the middle of October, but since then the weather has changed. It is growing colder, and Annie is suffering constantly. The doctor has been in, and says it may

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be that if I go farther south she will be better, so I shall pack to-morrow and leave Friday, the 29th, for Paris. If it suits Annie, I will stay a month or six weeks; if not, the doctor says to keep going southward. I have just had a note from Mrs. Kemp. They are in Paris, at the Continental. The surprise she refers to was a basket of flowers I requested the proprietor of the Allée-Saal to send her, in my name, when she should leave Schwalbach. She is undoubtedly a very fine woman, and has made herself very agreeable to me, and she touches my heart as no one else has since Mrs. Gantt. Did I ever tell you where I am in Wiesbaden? I know I told you to send my letters to B. Berlé, but did I say that I was at the Quatre-Saisons? If you remember, it overlooks the square with the fountains and the two colonnades. I send you by this mail a book called "Bubbles from the Brunnen Nassau." It is quite interesting, and will give you a better idea of Schwalbach than anything I can say. The Kemps will sail on the 12th of October, and will be home surely by the last. I wish you would call and thank Mrs. Kemp for kindness to Annie and all of us, but to Annie in particular. The children all send love. I will write next time from Paris.

A. P. D.

The following letters from Paris give an account of Mrs. Dillon's life in that city from October to December, 1882, when she started, with her two daughters and son, for Nice.

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TO JOHN F. DILLON

Paris, October 1, 1882.

Dear Johnnie :

I wrote you on the 27th ult. that the doctor had advised me to leave Wiesbaden because of the rain and cold. Friday morning we started for Strasburg in a violent rain-storm. We went first to Mayence, and waited there in the depot nearly an hour for the other train, which brought us through to Strasburg. While we were at Mayence, Susie and I started on foot, and in the rain, to see the cathedral. After getting thoroughly wet, we found it, and it was locked, and so we *paddled* back, just in time to get the train.

We arrived at Strasburg at four o'clock, but it was raining so hard we could only get to bed and wait for another day. Next morning was comparatively clear, so we visited the cathedral, and waited to hear the clock strike the hour of twelve. At five o'clock we took the night train for Paris, and arrived here at six this morning. We had a terrible journey, being compelled to sit up all night. We were told before starting that we could get a *Schlafwagen* at a place two hours this side of Strasburg, but were disappointed, and there was no alternative. To-day we are fagged out, and the children have all gone to bed. . . .

Dr. Langenbeck charged me three hundred marks, and gave me a letter of introduction to a physician here. He took your address and promised to send

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you a diagnosis of Annie's case. I am so very tired, and trembling from fatigue,—and no rest last night,—that I must give up writing more. Will write you soon again. Affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Paris, October 6, 1882.

Dear Johnnie:

I have just received yours of the 17th of September, written after your return from Southampton. . . . Annie's appetite is a little better now than at Wiesbaden, and she seems a trifle more like herself, though the pain in her leg never leaves her. She is pleased to be here, and drives twice a day—she and Susie, and sometimes John, when he is not studying; for I have secured for him a Latin teacher and a teacher in mathematics. A woman comes to the rooms to give French, so I can get the benefit of that. He seems pleased with his teachers. When I left Wiesbaden Dr. Langenbeck gave me the address of an eminent doctor here,—Dr. Charcot, who treats nervous troubles like Annie's,—and recommended me to consult him, but Annie positively refuses to see him. Dr. Langenbeck said it was advisable to keep her in a warm climate, and as soon as it grew cold in Paris, to make my way southward. Not until he said that did I decide to stay over the winter.

Mrs. Hugh T. Reid writes me that General Belknap

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is here, and will stay until November. She will stay a year. I would like to fall in with them, for I feel lonesome. It is getting dark, and I am tired being propped up. I will close, and write again when I get another letter.

A. P. D.

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

Paris, October 15, 1882.

My dear Friend :

Your last letter was awaiting me when I reached here the first day of October. I wrote you just before I left Schwalbach to go to Wiesbaden to consult Dr. Langenbeck about Annie. He immediately took the case, and encouraged me to think he could cure her. The weather in Wiesbaden was wretched; it rained twelve days consecutively, and the doctor was frank enough to tell me that the climate was doing her much harm. In twenty-four hours afterward I was en route to Paris. If I had gone home I should have been compelled to go in December to Florida or Cuba, and then in May come back here, which undertaking I felt would be too much for me. I am not as well as I used to be, and find that it takes but little to fatigue me. My husband—poor fellow!—tries to be brave, looks the inevitable firmly in the face, and says, “Make the best of it, and, if possible, I will come over next spring.” If I could only see the slightest change in Annie for the better, my heart would quail at no task, nor tremble at any undertaking. I often won-

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der if I am the same woman who used to laugh at what other people thought impossible, and who scorned every obstacle in the way to the accomplishment of any desired end.

I presume Leafland will be for sale, and I shall be anxious to know who gets it. One of my children was born there, and I shall always be interested in it. Hymie writes that his little boy is so bad they don't know what to do with him. I quietly fold my arms and answer: " ' Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' You are no more perplexed than I used to be." Hymie's father has just bought him a fine house in Topeka, and they are writing me to know how to furnish it. There are *several things* over here to make a house look well, but the custom-house stands in the way, like Christian's lions in "The Pilgrim's Progress," and we dare not touch them. Believe me,

Ever yours affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Paris, October 18, 1882.

Dear Johnnie:

Yesterday Susie, Annie, and John each had a letter from you. . . .

I am glad you met Mr. Hay. He seems a jolly good fellow, and is the father of eight children. His wife is a lovely woman, but a confirmed invalid. She has lost her voice entirely, and can speak only in a low whis-

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per. She is a niece of Sydney Waterloo, who was once Lord Mayor of London. This I have learned from others, and not from them. I met, while at Schwalbach, Sir James Hannen, Judge of the Divorce Court in London. He is a charming man about sixty-five, and quite feeble; is a widower with two lovely daughters. He expects to visit America next summer. He knew Sargeant Sleigh very well, but did not think he ever returned from Australia. He told me he knew of you, and should be very glad to see you. I gave him my card, and he said if you were in New York he would find you.¹

This morning I received your letter of Sunday evening, September 24. You have no doubt by this time received the girls' photos. I came to this hotel (l'Amirauté) last Sunday week. I left it for good reasons, and came to 52 *bis* Boulevard Haussmann. If Annie shows any sign of improvement Susie and I are going to call upon the American minister. Annie, poor child! is in bed again. She would not allow me to present my letter of introduction to Dr. Charcot, but the other day, as I was very sick myself, Susie obtained the address of a Dr. Warren. As soon as I was able to drive I went to his office, and, lo! he proved to be the same physician that I had met in Frank Smith's room at 7 Rue de la Bienfaisance. He said he remembered *me*, and I know he did,

¹ Sir James Hannen afterward came to New York, and visited Mrs. Dillon and family at 671 Madison Avenue. He was the recipient of much attention, and a dinner was given at Delmonico's in his honor by the Hon. Addison Brown, Judge of the United States District Court.

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for he said at once, " You are Mrs. Judge Dillon." . . . So last night, when Annie was taken sick, we sent for him. This morning he came, and hopes to get her good will and consent to let him try to help her. . . .

John goes every morning to his lessons—Latin, arithmetic, and French. He seems to like his teachers, and the principal told me to-day that he thought him a very bright boy, and he hoped, after his diffidence wore off, to get him into the school. I had a letter to-day from Mrs. Kemp, in London, telling me good-by, as they will sail on Thursday for home.

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Paris, Thursday, October 19, 1882.

Dear Johnnie :

Your letter of October 1 reached me yesterday. I have been in my new quarters, No. 52 *bis* Boulevard Haussmann, just a week to-day. . . . As I am to be in Europe a year, there are many desirable things for the house I can bring home free of duty. I got this idea from Mrs. Goddard (Mrs. Judge Choate's sister), who is buying rugs and portières and bronzes, all of which are half-price here, to take home to her new house. She saw by the "Register" of last week that we were here, and so next day, Sunday though it was, she brought her two children and spent the afternoon. She had been at Carlsbad all summer. She

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is going to Florence for the winter, and is trying to persuade me to do the same, but I shall move as Annie's health dictates. At present Dr. Warren seems to have won her confidence, and she is now following his directions quite closely, taking electricity in a new form that is used now very much for spine trouble. . . . The weather here is terrible, rainy and cold, and I fear that it will drive me away before his treatment can benefit Annie.

Walking along the street the other day, a lady came running after me, calling, "Mrs. Dillon, Mrs. Dillon!" I looked and saw Mrs. William Ware of St. Louis. She had just arrived, and was going about the city, guide-book in hand, looking for quarters. . . .

General and Mrs. Belknap have taken apartments on the Avenue d'Antin. It is mostly Americans who come to this house, and I am satisfied here. The table is good enough, but the house is furnished shabbily. I went to the Bon Marché and bought the silk quilt you have wanted so long, and am using it to cover Annie. You can get very good Daghestan rugs here cheap. I shall buy some and spread them around on our bare floors, and then take them home.

John is getting on very well with his studies. He does not study much at home, but is always prompt to go to his lessons, and seems interested. He will go on with his violin lessons next week. . . .

I have sent to Liverpool for our trunk of winter clothes. If it comes I must fix up my things that I had last winter before I began to wear mourning. . . .

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I lie awake nights wondering what arrangements you will make for the winter. . . .

A. P. D.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Paris, October 29, 1882.

Dear Johnnie :

Last Tuesday I received your letter of October 8, and yesterday yours of the 15th came to hand. . . . I don't know whether or not I told you that Annie was being treated by electricity. However, I'll take the chance of repeating myself, and tell you that she took the electricity three times and it nearly killed her. Dr. Warren has been trying to persuade Annie to let him call Dr. Charcot, but she would not consent until Dr. Warren said the electricity had failed and he would like to consult with some one about what he should do now. Dr. Charcot is at the head of the medical world. Last night he was called as consulting physician. I presented Dr. Langenbeck's letter, and he was pleased to get it, and he prescribed. His *real* opinion I suppose I never shall know. . . .

John is going on with his lessons. He learns French very fast, and I presume he does well in Latin and arithmetic, though I do not hear those lessons given and have no opportunity to judge. The French is given in my rooms, and I can see how quickly he gets it. His teacher is the best I ever knew. . . .

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

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TO JOHN F. DILLON

Paris, Sunday, November 5, 1882.

Dear Johnnie:

Your letter of October 22 reached me yesterday. It is four months to-day since we sailed out of New York harbor, and it seems so many years. I think Annie is worse than ever. Dr. Charcot assures us that there is no disease of the spinal cord, and that the trouble can be cured if she will only work with the doctors to that end. . . .

I met Mrs. E. W. Stoughton a few days ago at Goupil's.¹ She said she had come over in June, intending to spend a year, but that she was homesick and all alone, and should go back to New York next month. . . .

John is going on well with his studies. He learns French very fast, and has taken a violent fancy for practising on the violin. He plays "The Last Rose of Summer" like an artist. He said the other night, "If I could play that for papa I 'll bet he 'd get me a new violin, for that is his tune." . . .

I went the other day to the Louvre. I found my old friends, "The Burial of Atala," "Napoleon Visiting the Pest-house in Egypt," and many others, hanging in the same places where I left them six years ago, and they *don't look a day older*. A marble group representing Apollo driving the horses of the sun is being

¹ See Chapter II, p. 84.

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put on top of the Arc de Triomphe. It is a magnificent thing, though only in clay now, and placed there for the criticism of the public. The design has been approved, and it is soon to be reproduced in marble. . . .

I want Lizzie to take block paper and mucilage, and paste tight and close all of the trunks where there are curtains or clothing, so as to keep moths out. Simply to lock a trunk won't keep them at bay, so where the lid joins the main part must be pasted *tight*.

It is now twelve o'clock—everybody is in bed; it is about six with you, and you are just at your dinner. Good night.

A. P. D.

Monday morning, November 6.

I finished my letter late last night, and when I got to bed I could not sleep, and of course thought of something I meant to say. I want you to go to Mora, the photographer on the west side of Broadway, and order six photos each of Annie and Susie. Annie's is a bust picture, *no* hat on, and a white lace dress. Susie's is a standing picture with white lace dress, and she is holding back a curtain with one hand. I want these particular ones and *no others*. They are the best Annie ever had, or ever will have, for she gets thinner and thinner. Please attend to this at once. . . .

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

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TO JOHN F. DILLON

Paris, November 7, 1882.

Dear Johnnie :

I inclose the deed received a day or two ago, which I have executed. . . . The weather is miserable; it rains all the time. I have to watch John day and night to prevent him from having rheumatism. Dr. Warren keeps as close watch over him as over Annie. I have him covered with red flannel. He has outgrown all his clothes, overcoat and all. He is five feet seven inches tall. . . .

I want to buy a set of dinner-dishes, and they will cost five hundred francs. The rugs and portières here can be bought for one third the price at home. There is a portière at six hundred and seventy-five francs that has all the colors of our carpet and curtains. I want to buy it awfully, and think I shall. . . .

John is learning to play the violin excellently. I think you will be glad I have kept him at it.

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Paris, Sunday, November 12, 1882.

Dear Johnnie :

Your letter of October 29 reached me yesterday. It inclosed the duplicate of the check received a week

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ago, and of which I wrote immediately. I don't know how I will spend the money, but think it will be for a clock for the dining-room and a handsome dinner-set. . . .

When you write to Jackson Hirschl, tell him I read his remarks on the occasion of H. M. Martin's death with great interest, and say to him also that I wrote him a long letter from Schwalbach, but never received any answer.

Last evening, as I was leaving the dining-room, a man about fifty-five years of age walked up and asked me if I was not Mrs. Judge Dillon, saying, "I am Mr. Asay of Chicago." He then brought up his wife, and we had a pleasant chat. They were to leave Paris next morning for London, and will sail for New York on the 25th. Mr. Asay says he will surely call upon you and tell you he saw me. There is a General Corse in this hotel who told us that he knew you and my father very well.¹

Mrs. Goddard has just been here, with her children, to say good-by. They leave for Florence to-morrow. I think I shall follow in two weeks.

Don't let any one give the oleanders water for a month at least, and not then unless the dirt is dusty and will crumble in the fingers. I think they will go very well till the beginning of the year without water. . . .

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

¹ An Iowa general who won distinction in the Civil War.

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TO JOHN F. DILLON

Paris, November 23, 1882.

Dear Johnnie:

This is Thursday, and your letter of November 4 arrived yesterday, and to-day the letters to the children and myself, inclosing checks to each of us, and sent the day you left for Wilmington, North Carolina. . . . I want to leave here the first week in December for Nice. Annie has tried the treatment, and it gave her excruciating pain, so it had to be given up. . . .

Yesterday I received a letter from Mrs. Goddard, who is in Florence, and she says: "I wish I were back in Paris, for we have been in the midst of a hail-storm ever since we arrived. I think I will go no farther south, but go back to Nice." And so I am perplexed and worried about where to go and what to do. General and Mrs. Corse, of whom I wrote you before, are going to Nice, and if I can get ready in a week, we will go together. His wife is a lovely woman, is a great friend of Miss Mary Crowninshield of Charlestown, and has fallen desperately in love with Susie and Annie. General Corse once lived in Burlington, Iowa, and says he knew you as far back as '61. He was all through the war, serving under Sherman; since then he has built bridges and railroads under General Dodge, and lives now in Boston. He is a very pleasant man. . . .

It is eleven o'clock. I am worn out, and too tired

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to write. General and Mrs. Corse have been in the rooms all evening, and prevented my finishing my letter before, but I must get it into the mail, so as to catch Saturday's steamer. I have had the children's pictures and mine taken, and am to have them next week.

Good night.

A. P. D.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Paris, Sunday, November 26, 1882.

Dear Johnnie:

I wrote you last Friday, in answer to a letter received the day before, containing a check for each of us. Yesterday I received your letter from Wilmington, which inclosed a piece of live-oak, or, as you say, "evergreen oak." . . .

The new treatment, like the electricity, proved, in Annie's case, to be more of an aggravation than a relief. Her sufferings are intense.

This morning the sun shone for the first time in a month, and she thought she felt better, so we took a carriage and went to see St. Germain de l'Auxerrois, St. Eustache, and St. Roch. Though we did the whole in an hour and a half, it was too much for her, and she is now in bed. . . . To-morrow, if she is able to go to the place, she will try a vapor-bath. Dr. Warren thinks *that* will relieve her pain. If she gets no relief after five baths, she is to abandon that, too, and then I shall start immediately for Nice. By the time this

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letter reaches you I shall be there, or on the way, for it will take three days at least to make the journey an easy one. I have no faith in the vapor-baths, but do not like to condemn them without a trial, or fail to try everything or anything that may do her good. . . .

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

The letters in this chapter which follow were all written from Nice, and give an account of Mrs. Dillon's anxious and uncomfortable journey to that place, and of her life and experience there down to the close of the year 1882.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Nice, December 4, 1882.

Dear Johnnie :

We arrived here yesterday, Sunday, at four o'clock ; left Paris at seven o'clock Saturday evening and came straight through. We had a very hard trip, as it turned cold about two hours out of Paris—so cold that the ice gathered on the windows as it used to do in Iowa, and stayed there until we reached Lyons, when it melted suddenly, as if we had run into an oven. The sleeping-cars of this country are only a sort of hard lounge that you can stretch out on, without a particle of cover, not even a sheet. If we had not carried our shawls, cloaks, and all sorts of wraps in straps, to avoid bringing so many trunks, we would have frozen to death ; as it was, we were stiff with

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cold, and Annie suffered more than tongue can tell. We—Susie and I—watched her the whole night, and tried to keep her warm. We got our rubber bottles filled with boiling water at one place, and kept shifting them from place to place all night. Not until nine o'clock Sunday morning was there any change; then the Southern sun struck us and we were comfortable. With a view to make the journey easy for Annie, and to avoid making any changes, like getting off the train to stop overnight, I took what is called a *coupé-salon*, which contained a little room to sit in and three or five places to lie down. The train goes right through in twenty-three hours, without stopping. They told me, among other things in portraying the advantages of these coupés, that we could have it all to ourselves: so I paid my one thousand and three francs, eighty centimes. Well, as I have said, I paid that large sum, and thought that we should have it to ourselves; but when I got down there I found a man in the coupé, and no amount of talking would oust him. The railroad officials informed me that he bought his place three days before, and that the man who sold me mine at the office knew it when he sold it to me the day before. Fortunately, the man proved to be a gentleman. John said it was Gambetta—that he had seen his portrait in a window in Paris, and recognized him from it. . . .

I have seen nothing of this city as yet. From where we are we can see but a patch of the Mediterranean, but the mountains immediately around us, and the numerous villas, make the view very

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picturesque. I could get a great deal of pleasure out of my travels if I were not so anxious. . . . The children send love, and I must say good-by and good night.

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

Grand Hôtel de Nice,

Nice, December 6, 1882.

My dear Friend :

Your last letter reached me two or three days before I left Paris, but the hurry and trouble of packing, as well as the care that Annie's weak state requires, prevented my answering. We left Paris last Saturday, and arrived here next day at four o'clock. We had a most uncomfortable trip. The weather became very cold about the middle of the night, and we suffered much on account of it. I had no idea they ever had such cold snaps on this continent. As soon as we approached the Mediterranean it became milder, and when we reached Cannes it was as if we had been suddenly transferred to a different world. The sun shone as bright and warm as it does with us in June. Whole hedges of red and white roses grew beside the railroad, and as far as the eye could reach we saw orange-trees in every stage of growth, some bearing at one and the same time the blossom and the green and the ripe fruit.

It is a beautiful country, blessed plenteously with fruits and flowers, and cursed with myriads of beg-

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gars. As I sit here writing I can see the Mediterranean, with its white sails, and the Pyrenees, capped with a blue mist, while the sun shines with summer heat upon the whole. God grant that such beauty and such air may bring what I most desire—health to my suffering one! My husband still dwells alone in his deserted home, and occasionally sends me a wail across the waves because of his loneliness. Thanksgiving Day was a dreary day for both of us, and brought most vividly to my mind the happy party that gathered round our table a year ago.

Very affectionately your friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Nice, December 11, 1882.

Dear Johnnie :

I am just now in receipt of your letter of November 26. . . . I wrote you a week ago yesterday from Grand Hôtel de Nice. I was there only five days. Annie was very sick after we arrived, and was not able to leave her bed until the day I left to come here. I am now at Foulley-Roth's. The location is good, standing to the south and overlooking the ocean; the table is execrable, and the house full of idle Americans.

As soon as Annie made the discovery that we were out of sight of the ocean, she moaned until Susie started out in search of rooms from which we could see the water, and succeeded in getting miser-

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able ones here. They are up five flights of stairs, but they have from one window a fine view of the Mediterranean, and Annie can hear the splashing of the waves and is satisfied. She has not been out of the rooms since she was carried into them last Friday. . . .

I am very tired, and can fully appreciate the sentiment of the song that is now being sung outside my window by the most mellow of Italian voices, under a clear blue sky, as it swells and ripples through the air — “I have Sighed to Rest Me.”

As soon as Annie is enough better, I am going out to look for a school for John. We study French together, and we have both learned a great deal. His violin-playing will astonish you. His teacher told me, before we left Paris, to keep him at work, for he said he had great talent.

When you write Colonel Gantt, don't fail to inquire whether Mrs. Gantt got my long letter from Schwalbach, written the 17th of August. Children send love.

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Nice, Thursday, December 14, 1882.

Dear Johnnie:

My No. 16 was mailed to you day before yesterday, but as I have just received a letter from you of the 28th (yours of the 26th two days ago), inclosing Dr. Bauer's letter, I hasten to answer so that the letter may catch Saturday's steamer from Liverpool. . . . We

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have been here nearly two weeks. For the first two or three days the weather was delightful, as balmy and bright as June weather with us; it has rained a part of every day since, and Annie, of course, suffers in consequence. The doctor we have is German, and is very careful of her. He is evidently studying her case, and will try to help her. In the letter that I carried to Dr. Charcot from Dr. Langenbeck, he said it was perfectly absurd to have an operation performed on the leg, and so it goes. I don't wonder that Annie is disgusted with doctors.

I have only been out of the house twice since coming here, so that I cannot tell you anything about Nice. Susie and John go every morning for letters. Mrs. Ware of St. Louis, who is here in another hotel, came a day or two ago and took Susie to Monaco, and she had a delightful time. I want Susie to see all she can. I must close and mail this letter so it may catch the steamer.

Yours affectionately,

A. P. D.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Nice, Sunday evening, December 17, 1882.

Dear Johnnie :

Your good long letter of December 3 reached me to-day. While you were writing the letter we were traveling along toward this place, where we have been two weeks to-day. An account of that hard trip I have already given you. Annie has been in bed ever

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since until to-day. This has been a rare day—blue sky, delightful sea-breeze, hot sun, and a balminess in the air that cannot be found anywhere else. . . . I feel that Annie is much the worse for coming abroad, and I am very sorry we came. It is costing a fortune, and we are none of us being benefited in any way. What I hear from all quarters convinces me that Nice is the best place for us. Coming here is the only piece of good luck I have had. I only wish I could have had decision enough to break away from Warren and Charcot and come six weeks ago. . . .

The oleanders are in too hot a place; they *must* be taken to the front basement. In order to do this they must be tied up. Take a strong cord and tie it around the stalk at base of branches; then close the branches all together close.

Mrs. Dan Corbin and her children are in this house. She is a confirmed invalid. Mrs. Senator McPherson of New Jersey is also here. . . .

I have found a teacher for John. He will commence as soon as he is well enough. . . . The children send love.

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Nice, December 21, 1882.

Dear Johnnie :

. . . John has been ill for several days with cold and sore throat. Dr. Camerer, who is attending Annie,

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says he is satisfied that the pain in her foot is caused by a trouble confined to the leg, and that other troubles she suffers from are caused by that and the depletion of her system consequent upon it. He says that, while he is a surgeon, he does not make surgery a specialty, and does not feel like performing an operation without the advice of some one who does. He asked me to-day if he should telegraph a celebrated surgeon at Leipsic, Volkmann by name, asking him how much he will charge to come to consult with him and make the operation, if necessary. Of course, if Annie were strong enough to take the trip, I should prefer to go there; but as it is, he must come to her; she is too feeble to travel. I feel myself that none of the doctors have really done her any good. . . .

Another Christmas is here, and it is almost as sad as the last. I never until the past sad year felt old. . . .

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Nice, Sunday, December 24, 1882.

Dear Johnnie :

I wrote you my No. 19 on the 21st. In that I told you that Dr. Camerer had suggested sending for a celebrated surgeon to examine Annie's foot. I told him to write and inquire for what sum he would come to Nice. This morning his answer was received, and he says: "I will come, make the examination and operation, if one is necessary, for eight thousand francs."

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I am much troubled as to what I shall answer. If I were *sure* that he could give her relief and restore her to health, any sum would be well spent. Camerer has watched her closely. He has advised me that some eminent surgeon should be called to examine her leg, for, as he said, none but a master in the profession could account for a pain that ranges from hip to knee, and from knee to ankle and heel. I inquired if no other could be obtained than the one he suggested, and he said: "Yes; but you will have to pay nearly as much, and you are not sure that what he says is correct, whereas if you send for Dr. Volkmann, who is at the head of the university at Halle, and who has been called to fill Dr. Langenbeck's place at Berlin, you have the best in the world, and he cannot fail to tell you all about it." I gave him permission to ask Dr. Volkmann to come, and as this is the only week that he can leave the college (there being no clinics between Christmas and New Year's), I presume by the time you get this letter it will be all over and *all well*, if you get no other news. I am very anxious and fretted, for fear she is too weak to stand an operation, provided he finds one to be necessary, and, again, whether she *will* be any better after all her sufferings and our expense.

To-morrow is Christmas! There are great preparations being made for a tree. Everybody has given money, and nearly every one is helping. I have done very little for the children—bought Annie a ring, Susie a collar-button, and John a scarf-pin. It will be a sad

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day for me, and so will be the days that follow until I know how Annie is to get along. John is up and about to-day for the first time in eight days. He looks bad, and I think he feels miserable most of the time; the climate is too enervating for people reared in our latitude. I have sent to the Cunard agents for a list of the sailings for '83. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I close.

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Nice, December 31, 1882.

Dear Johnnie :

. . . I have had no letter since I told you in last Sunday's letter that I had telegraphed Dr. Volkmann, at Halle, to come. He has not yet arrived, but is due to-night or to-morrow morning. Annie and her doctor here both believe firmly that it is a case for a surgeon, and she is looking forward to Volkmann's arrival with great eagerness, feeling *sure* he will relieve her. I dare not allow myself to dwell upon it. If he does not help her I shall be distressed indeed, for, as climate has failed, I shall not know what to look to if the doctors also fail. . . .

A few days ago there came here a bride and groom. He had been a widower and she a widow. They were on a bridal tour. *He* was blind of one eye, and *she* had false hair and teeth. One day I met him on my way to the dining-room, and he asked me if I was Mrs.

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Judge Dillon of New York. He then said he was an editor of a newspaper in your old circuit, and knew you very well. He gave me all the news. . . . I had a letter the past week from Mrs. Goddard. She is coming to Nice, and wants to come to this hotel, but there is not a room in it vacant. She abandons her trip to Rome for the present—will go later. It is probable that I shall go with her if Annie improves by the beginning of March. . . . Wishing you a Happy New Year, I am,

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

With the preceding letter the care-laden and anxious year of 1882, so bravely borne, was brought to a close. Letters covering the rest of Mrs. Dillon's present visit to Europe are given in the next chapter.





CHAPTER VII

LIFE IN EUROPE (*Continued*)

1882-83

Life in Nice—Dr. Volkmann—1883, Mrs. Dillon visits Genoa, Naples, Sorrento, Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, Como, Lucerne, Munich, Carlsbad, Vienna, Berlin, and Dresden—Husband visits Europe and returns with family.

LETTERS TO JOHN F. DILLON, MRS. SILSBEE, AND
MRS. McCULLOUGH

THE last chapter left Mrs. Dillon in Nice at the close of the year 1882. She remained there, with her two daughters and her son John, until the middle of February, 1883, when they all started for southern Italy, and during the spring and summer of 1883 visited Genoa, Naples, Sorrento, Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, Como, Lucerne, Munich, Carlsbad, Vienna, Berlin, and Dresden.

On July 4, 1883, her husband, accompanied by his young friend Hugh T. Reid, sailed for Europe on the *Bothnia*, met Mrs. Dillon at Berlin, and traveled with the family until they returned to New York,

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reaching there September 18. During the winter of 1883-84 the family resided at their home, 671 Madison Avenue. In the present chapter the narrative of Mrs. Dillon's life in Europe in 1882-83 is continued.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Nice, January 7, 1883.

Dear Johnnie:

Your letter of December 17 was received yesterday. I had been expecting it ever since Monday.

Dr. Volkmann, from Leipsic, came Tuesday and left yesterday. He made several examinations of Annie's foot, leg, and back, and assured me, on his word as a surgeon of first standing, that there is no need of any operation. He said that although she is a great sufferer, she can be cured by food and regimen; that there is no disease of the spine—it is as completely without curvature as any he ever examined; and *that* I believe, for I was present when the examination was made, and could see for myself. He has given directions as to treatment, and written out his opinion in full for you. This, and only this, he did, and then charged eight thousand francs.

I told you about having met Mr. and Mrs. Fitch. They arrived from Rome and Naples this afternoon. They have had a delightful time, and start for Spain the 15th of this month. They want Susie very much to go with them, but as Annie is so miserable, she does not think of it at all.

Now, note what I am going to tell you. Do you re-

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member a photo profile that you once had taken in Milwaukee? You have one in your little private pocket-album in your drawer, I *think*; if not, I have one in a little light-wood frame that we bought at Abbey Craig, Scotland, and I think I put it in the fourth-floor front room, together with the many things that were carried and piled up there. I *know* it is there some place. I want it sent to me, for, if I go to Rome, I intend to have it cut in cameo. I wish *that* one in particular, as it requires a perfect side face to cut from—nothing else will do.

I had a long letter from Hymie giving an account of the theatricals. . . .

Pappy writes me that Billy¹ has a boy! Lutie is fifteen. . . .

I forgot to say that your letter contained checks for the children and myself. We did not make much of Christmas, but I suppose now the children will treat themselves to some things.

Affectionately,
A. P. D.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Nice, January 14, 1883.

Dear Johnnie:

I received your cablegram last night at twelve o'clock; the time of sending was not given, only dated January 13. When you write me tell me at what hour you sent it. I have this moment (eleven o'clock) sent the answer, saying: "Volkmann came; no operation

¹ Mrs. Dillon's brother, William H. Price.

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needed"; and I wonder if it will reach you straight, and when. It has been raining constantly for six days. Annie has much pain in consequence. The only change that I see so far is that she eats a little better and more regularly. I shall stay and give her the opportunity of the baths at Carlsbad. She is urging me to take her to Italy—insists that she is well enough to go. I sincerely wish she were able. I would not begrudge sixteen hundred dollars for travel, but I do begrudge it to a doctor who has done so little for her. . . .

Gambetta's remains were buried here yesterday in a severe rain-storm. His father and sisters live at Nice, and it was his request to be brought here. It is not generally, or rather publicly, known *how* he came to his death. . . .

Don't forget to send the photo I wrote for in my last letter. Mrs. Fitch had her husband's portrait cut in cameo, and it is very handsome. The Fitches came up from Florence and passed a week here at the Continental. They left yesterday for Spain, and were sorry that Susie did not go.

Affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Nice, Saturday night, January 20, 1883.

Dear Johnnie:

I received your letter of January 1 on Wednesday last. . . .

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Now about the oleanders. . You write very contentedly that they are losing their old leaves and putting out new ones. Oleanders *never* lose their leaves unless they are dying for water. I knew, when you wrote me that Sarah had them at the south window in the kitchen, that *that* would be the result. They are too warm and too dry. They should be watered now twice a month, and, when April comes, brought up into the front room in the basement, not left in the kitchen. If these directions are followed they will be all right. . . .

You ask if I want anything else done to the house, and I answer: Yes; I want a steam-heating apparatus put in; Hess & Co. to put in the three front windows, *stained* glass at top; also handsome stained glass in front door; and then I guess I can get on for a year or two. . . .

Did photos reach you, and how do you like them?¹ I sent the same number to mother, and some to Hymie. Susie goes to a French school the half of each day. She was invited to the Prefecture to a grand ball, and went. There is another at the same place on the 31st, and she expects to go; also to a *swell* german given by an English lady who saw and fell in love with her, and invited her. Children send love, and I must say good night.

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

¹ This is the photograph taken in Paris in December, 1882, or January, 1883. (See Chapter I, p. 40, note.)

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TO MRS. SILSBEE

Nice, January 21, 1883.

My dear Friend :

I received yesterday your letter of December 29. I have thought much of you of late. I left Schwalbach a few days after writing you, and went down to the famous watering-place, Wiesbaden, to consult Dr. Langenbeck. He examined Annie's case and pronounced it one of confirmed neuralgia, and as it was raining constantly there, he advised me to go to Paris, hoping that a change to bright and fair weather would benefit her. The 1st of December I came here, having been told that the warm climate and bright sky would relieve her. I have not found it so, for she is very miserable indeed, and suffers *all* the time. I begin to be discouraged, though she keeps up her courage and feels that a few weeks at Carlsbad will set her all right.

This is a lovely spot, the skies blue, sun bright, and innumerable flowers of every variety. There is a flower market every morning, where we go and carry home *bushels* of roses, pinks, violets, pansies, lilies-of-the-valley, hyacinths, and many flowers the names of which I do not know. One can get a large market-basket full for a dollar. Just think of it! You can form no idea of their beauty or their abundance. I have found here a flower that I have often read about but never saw. It is the eucalyptus. You have un-

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doubtedly heard of it. They say that a spray of it kept in a sleeping- or even a sick-room will destroy all impurities in the air. Susie is well. John is a great boy five feet seven inches tall; his health seems to be good. My husband expects to come over sometime this spring and spend the summer. He is having a pretty lonesome time, poor fellow, and will no doubt be glad to have us all at home again.

I see you still retain your fondness for Davenport and its people. Well, I don't wonder, for I love to go there myself, though I had not nearly so many friends as you. . . .

With the same love that I had for you in Davenport (only stronger), I am,

Affectionately your friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Nice, Monday evening, January 22, 1883.

Dear Johnnie:

I wrote you a letter, my No. 25, on the 20th. . . . I wish you would send Dr. Volkmann a check (eight thousand francs), for, while he could do nothing for Annie, he has relieved our minds *forever* concerning the necessity for an operation; that is settled; also the question as to whether there is curvature of the spine. . . .

Wednesday, January 24. I did not get time to finish my letter the day it was commenced, so take it up

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to-day. Yesterday Dr. Volkmann sent, through Dr. Camerer, his opinion, and I will inclose it to you. He has had some bungler put it into English, and you will have to make it out, as I did, the best you can.

You say you don't like Susie's *picture*. Did you not get two—one without hat, and the other *with* a little hat, or cap, and a cloak? I sent two of each of the girls to both you and mother. To Hymie I sent one of each of us. . . .

Yesterday a lady and gentleman came here from Brooklyn; they proved to be friends of Dr. Armor. I found this out from some persons in the house whom the lady had asked who I was. They told her, and she said: "Oh, yes; my doctor saved her son's life in an attack of rheumatism of the heart."¹ It seems everybody comes to Nice. Last Sunday Bishop Littlejohn of Long Island preached in the American chapel. I hear that Miss Camack, a cousin of Susie Brown's, is at the Grand Hôtel. Susie and John have gone with some Philadelphia people to Mentone over the Corniche Road. They took a diligence, and will return this evening. Next Monday night there is a fancy ball at the Prefecture. Susie will be "Marguerite" on that occasion. . . .

Affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

¹ Dr. Samuel G. Armor, an old friend, who was the consulting physician with Dr. Ranney in the severe illness of the son John in 1881, narrated on a previous page. (See Chapter V, p. 221.)

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TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

Nice, January 24, 1883.

My dear Friend :

Your good long letter of December 31 reached me two days ago. It is now nearly two months since I came to Nice. Most of the time the weather has been fair, but for the last two days we have had the mistral in all its fury. Last night the temperature fell to one degree below zero, and to-day it is snowing for the first time in five years. I have no plans for the future. I may stay here till April, and then go to Carlsbad in May; or, if Annie should be better, I shall go from here to Naples and Rome, and then work up through Italy and Germany to Carlsbad.

The holidays did not bring me much pleasure; with Annie so miserable, and the recollections of last New Year's Day (associated with my sister's illness and death), I found it difficult even to be cheerful. You say in your letter that you will send me your picture very soon; I shall be impatient now till it reaches me. I had some pictures taken in Paris to send to my husband; he seems pleased with them.¹ I will send you one, and you must say what you think of it.

Ever affectionately your friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

The next letter briefly narrates a visit to Monte Carlo, and the one following announces the depar-

¹ As to this picture, see Chapter I, p. 40, note.

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ture from Nice to Sorrento by the way of Genoa and Naples.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Nice, Sunday morning,
February 11, 1883.

Dear Johnnie :

I wrote you on the 7th acknowledging receipt of checks, and promised to write again to-day. . . . I will leave here this week for Sorrento. It is cold and unpleasant here, and I go to Sorrento because I know of no other place where there is a probability of warm weather. I am sorry to leave Nice on John's account, for he has excellent teachers. . . .

I certainly was glad to see Monte Carlo, for without doubt it is a most beautiful place, and people who go everywhere and see everything say that the orchestra which plays every afternoon in the same building with the gambling-room makes the best music in the world. The whole is free to all, being supported by the fools who play and lose. There were three roulette-tables doing a land-office business, and two trente-et-quarante tables crowded with eager faces which afforded me much entertainment. Some were sad but hopeful, others rejoicing over their enormous gains. I saw one woman about my age, who played recklessly, scoop up fifteen hundred francs. I sometimes feel sorry I have not more money to buy beautiful things that cannot be gotten in America, but I would not

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get money that way if I could; my conscience forbids. . . .

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Nice, Tuesday, February 13, 1883.

Dear Johnnie:

I decided suddenly to leave for Sorrento to-day. My trunks are packed and have gone down-stairs. I start in two hours by rail for Genoa. I have tickets for the round trip from Genoa by steamer to Naples, thence to Sorrento, an hour distant. My tickets take me from Naples to Rome, thence to Florence and Venice, and can be used any time within a year. It is pouring rain, and I suppose it will keep it up. Nice has lost its charm for me since the rain began. I will drop you a line from Genoa to-morrow before going on the steamer. The steamer is a transatlantic one, and, they tell me, very comfortable. It leaves at eight and arrives at Leghorn next morning at six o'clock, staying long enough for the passengers to take a run by rail to Pisa for a few hours. In the evening it starts for Naples, and arrives next morning at ten o'clock. I am going to the Hôtel Nobile for a day, and then to Sorrento. I expect to be deathly sick, but it is the easiest way to take Annie, and so must risk it.

Good-by.

A. P. D.

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As stated in the last letter, Mrs. Dillon left Nice for Italy, February 13. She visited successively Naples, Sorrento, Rome, Florence, Venice, and Milan; and her life and experiences in those places are related in the letters which follow.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Hôtel Nobile, Naples, February 19, 1883.

Dear Johnnie:

I wrote you from Genoa. We arrived here yesterday afternoon after a very pleasant trip; no one seasick excepting myself, and that only for a few hours. We reached Leghorn in the rain, and too late to get the train for Pisa. At Sorrento I hope to get into the Tramontano, where Mrs. Goddard is, if they can give me sunny rooms on the *entresol*, or first floor. I want to get away from here as soon as possible, for I don't feel well; I am so chilly and uncomfortable.

Yesterday, while driving through the crowd that always fills Italian cities on Sunday, I saw a man in the mass of heads take off his hat and swing it high. I supposed it was some one recognizing an acquaintance in one of the hundreds of carriages, and only turned to look once more, when, to my surprise and delight, I found it to be John Munroe of Paris. When we reached our hotel, and while bargaining for rooms, in he walked, all out of breath. His coming was timely, for they were trying to compel me to go to the fourth floor, when he interfered and said; "No; give Mrs.

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Dillon my room, for one; I can better go there, and will do so." Whereupon he conducted me up to look at it, gathered up his traps, and left me in possession. Last night he sat beside me at table d'hôte, and invited Susie and me to go to the opera with him; but, as it was Sunday, I declined. He has gone with a party of twelve or fifteen to Pompeii. Susie did not feel well enough to go, but as soon as Annie is able to undertake it, we shall all go together.

This morning Susie, Annie, and I took a long drive round the bay. It was a glorious sight, and I wished you were here to enjoy it. Love from all.

Ever affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Hôtel Nobile, Naples,

Friday, February 22, 1883.

Dear Johnnie:

About a half-hour ago I received your letter of February 4, in answer to my two of January 10 and 14. Just think; it takes nearly a month to get an answer to a letter! The weather since our arrival, all but one day, has been lovely, and this morning at eight o'clock we left here for Pompeii. Annie was carried in a chair all through the dead city, and stood the trip very well. Sometimes I think she will never see her home again; then, when she rallies, and dresses, and enters into all that is going on around

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her, I feel very much encouraged, and am glad that I had the will to bring her abroad. . . .

I received a despatch to-day from Mrs. Goddard in Sorrento. She says she has secured pleasant, sunny rooms for me, and I shall leave here Saturday morning by a little steamer that crosses the bay in two hours, and lands so near the hotel that Annie can be carried to it in a chair. . . . I am very glad you went to see Mrs. Reid. . . .

I must now close my letter and go to bed, and in the morning begin to make arrangements for Sorrento. Children send love.

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

The three following letters describe Mrs. Dillon's two weeks' sojourn in Sorrento, and her departure for Rome.

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

Sorrento, Hôtel Trámontano,

February 23, 1883.

My dear Friend :

I left Nice two weeks since for this place, and arrived two days ago. I went to Genoa by rail, and there took a steamer down the Mediterranean to Naples, stopping four days at Genoa and one at Leghorn.

This place is lovely—Vesuvius in sight, and, by the way, threatening an eruption. They say he has not been so wrathful for a long time. He is constantly throwing up red-hot stones, and the flames are at

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times many feet high. Pompeii is not far away, and it seems as if you could stretch out your hands across the beautiful bay and touch Naples. I shall stay here a month, and try to be in Rome for Easter. We are all hoping that this climate will do something for Annie. The air to-day is balmy and like June. People are walking about without wraps and with sun-umbrellas.

I am much interested in all your accounts about Davenport and its people. I wonder if I shall be there again, except when I go on sad errands.¹ My husband still delays setting the time for his coming. Union Pacific troubles occupy him, and, I fear, will prevent his sailing till late, probably May.

Ever affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

The Syrène, Sorrento, February 28, 1883.

Dear Johnnie :

Your long letter of February 11 came to-day. We left Naples and came here last Saturday. We are at the same hotel with the Goddards, the Syrène. It is located on a cliff which rises perpendicularly out of the Mediterranean; a pebble dropped from a balcony outside my window falls into the water very near the opening in the rocks from which the siren used to emerge to charm the unwary sailor. On one side of the

¹ Referring to the occasion on which she accompanied to Davenport the remains of her sister. (See Chapter V, p. 206.)

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hotel is the house, nearly in ruins, occupied by Tasso's sister; on the other, the house occupied by Tasso himself, which has now become the Hôtel Tramontano, and is kept by the same man who keeps the Syrène. They are the best-kept hotels I have found in Europe. I am *en pension* here at eleven francs each, wood and lights extra. My wood is a great item, as they charge five francs for about an armful, and I have to keep two fires. . . .

I think your idea about leaving the stained-glass windows till I get home is good. I was *jesting* when I suggested them, but as long as you take it in earnest, and consent, I am willing to wait. . . .

I shall leave here about the 20th of this month for Rome, and stay one week or perhaps ten days—*no more*, as I am afraid to be there longer. From there I go to Florence for two or three weeks. . . .

Affectionately,

A. P. DILLON.

The next mentions the unfortunate death, in Paris, of a distinguished lawyer of Dubuque, Iowa, at whose home Mrs. Dillon had once been entertained.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Hôtel Tramontano and Tasso and Syrène, Sorrento,
Saturday night, March 3, 1883.

Dear Johnnie:

The above is a picture of our hotels, three in number. I don't owe you a letter, but this paper has just

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been presented to me, in order, I presume, to advertise the house, so I employ it, and I shall do it by telling of a strange thing I heard this morning.

Last night there arrived at the hotel a party of five women from Rome. After dinner one came to me to say that she had heard of me in New York from the Armstrongs. This morning after breakfast one of the party sat down beside me and began to talk of Paris, Nice, and Naples, and wound up by saying: "Though I was in Paris two months, I knew very little of it, for in the pension where I was there was a death among the Americans, and I felt so much sympathy for the wife that I devoted myself to her." I replied: "Well, the French are so much afraid of death that I suppose they treated the poor widow dreadfully—probably took all her money and then turned her out of doors." "No," she said; "the death was under singular circumstances,—the result of an accident,—and they behaved very well."

She then related the following: "A gentleman and his wife came there to board. He was suffering from some derangement of the stomach consequent upon seasickness, and remarked, one day at dinner, that he would give a good deal to be relieved. The lady of the house [who, by the way, proved to be none other than my old landlady, Mme. Forney, of the Faubourg St. Honoré] said: 'I can cure you. I will give you a glass of mineral water to-morrow before breakfast, which you must take in milk.' He agreed to take it; so next morning he rang the bell and called for the

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water, and the maid came with it all prepared. He raised the glass and drank quickly nearly half of it, when he dropped the glass and exclaimed, 'I am poisoned!' There happened to be a physician in the house, who gave him an emetic, but could not save him. Upon looking into the matter, it was discovered that an empty mineral bottle had been used to put oxalic acid in, and the girl had made a mistake and given him that instead of the water."

The lady went on to say that the widow was almost distracted, and that she had stopped with her day and night. They are wealthy people, and he was, I hear, a prominent lawyer in Dubuque, Iowa. Of course I asked the name. It was Griffith! You knew him well, did n't you? ¹

I remember, when I was in Dubuque with you once, they gave an entertainment, and I went. I do not forget the impression their house made upon me. It was the grandest I had then seen. Well, such was his untimely end. He realized his condition, and told his wife to send for a gentleman friend of the family to come and take her home. She did so, and a month

¹ Referring to this incident, her husband wrote :

"671 Madison Avenue, Sunday, March, 1883.

"*My dear Wife :*

"... I cannot get over the shock of Griffith's tragic death. I have an impression that his general health was much impaired. He was nominated by the Democrats for Congress not long ago, but was not successful. He was a Baltimorean. I recollect well when he first came to Iowa. He was a good lawyer, one of the best in the State, and has argued many cases before me in the Supreme and Federal courts. Mme. Forney can never cease to reproach and blame herself for his untimely end. . . .

"J. F. D."

Anna Price Dillon

afterward started with his body. Had you heard of it before? Is n't it strange that you cannot go so far from home as not to hear of those you know, and those who know you? . . .

Louise Collier wrote me a long and kind letter from London, that I shall answer soon.

To-day is cold, and the Tramontano wind is blowing a fierce gale. The Mediterranean is as gray and angry as though it had never smiled. Vesuvius is covered with snow, and it is altogether a day better suited to a northern climate than sunny Italy. I wanted and intended to stay here until the 1st of April, but if this weather continues I shall leave soon. Have already written to Rome for rooms. Your newspapers still continue to follow me. I have to-night those giving an account of the death of the two prominent New York men—ex-Governor Morgan and William E. Dodge. How much they will be missed, particularly the latter! But who would deny him the rest into which he has entered, and so richly merited? Only those *left* can be pitied.

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Naples, Sunday, March 11, 1883.

Dear Johnnie:

I have had no letter from you since yours of the 11th (a month ago). . . . I send to-morrow a deposit of two hundred dollars to the Cunard agents, to se-

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cure my passage tickets home on the *Servia*, September 8.¹

I was in Sorrento two weeks; left there yesterday. In all that time we had but three fair days. Annie was much worse in consequence. I shall leave here to-morrow, or next day at farthest, for Rome. May Darling is to join us there. Sorrento is a lovely spot in good weather, and the hotel the best I was ever in. I never was treated so well, and never left a house with so much regret. I should have enjoyed a stay of two more months.

Mr. Goddard came a few days ago. Will spend the summer, and sail for home on the *Servia* when we go. The Goddards are very jolly people—have always something on hand in the way of a drive, sail, or walk. The night he arrived his wife had the tarantella danced, at her own expense, in the marble hall, and then invited us to her parlor to a little supper, that she had the hotel provide, to surprise her husband and friends.

I sent Susie Price a photo. I wonder if she got it. . . . I was sorry to hear of Dr. Ranney's death.² What shall we do now for a doctor? . . .

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

Mrs. Dillon was in Rome for about three weeks, and the two next succeeding letters were written from that city.

¹ Afterward exchanged for tickets of a later date on the *Bothnia*.

² Dr. Ranney the elder, who attended the son John in his serious illness in 1881. (See Chapter V, p. 221.)

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TO JOHN F. DILLON

Rome, March 13, 1883.

Dear Johnnie:

I wrote you Sunday from Naples. Monday morning I went to the bank, and found your letter of Saturday evening, February 17, written just before you started for Kansas City. . . . I left Naples yesterday at two thirty-five. Arrived here at nine o'clock, and went to the Continental. This morning, as soon as I had my coffee and roll, I started to find accommodations for the next week or ten days. At the Quirinal I could get rooms on the fifth floor, with an elevator that will take people up, but they must walk down. This, of course, would not suit Annie, so I had to start again. I came down here to the Allemagne on the Via Condotti. All our Nice acquaintances are at the Quirinal, except a family of Philadelphians named Warden (he is an oilman, and a partner of our neighbors the Bostwicks, in New York), who are at the Bristol. . . .

Rome is greatly changed in six years—much improved. In the new part there is hardly a suggestion of old Rome, with street-cars running from one end to the other. Just think of it—street-cars in Rome! To-day is very cold, but dry and clear. The city is full to overflowing. Everybody seems to be here, and when we were in Nice everybody seemed to be there. It is just as Judge Usher said to us: "There are too many people in the world." Annie seems

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pleased to be here, and walked two or three blocks this afternoon, attracted by the pictures and mosaics exposed for sale.

Ever affectionately,

A. P. D.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Rome, March 19, 1883.

Dear Johnnie :

Your letter of March 4 reached me to-day. It is just a week since I wrote my No. 36.

I find myself more than ever interested in this old city. When here before I was so anxious about John's health that I did not see many things and places that others saw.¹ Now I am trying to see it *all*, though much of the time we make our plans, write them out, and start, but are obliged to turn back on Annie's account, who is very feeble, but very energetic. She has been to St. Peter's, the Pantheon, the Colosseum, and several of the churches. She is intensely interested in everything, and it is astonishing how much she endures.

The Wardens, whom I told you about in a former letter, are here. They have fifteen children, and the mother does not look much older than her daughters. They took an elegant villa in Nice for the winter, but came down for a month or two to see Rome and Naples. Mr. Warden has been extremely kind to me, and I do not mean to forget it.

¹ For the letters of Mrs. Dillon descriptive of Rome on her previous visit, see Chapter III, pp. 144-153.

Anna Price Dillon

To-morrow Susie and I will join a party with a guide, to go to the Palatine Hill and the palace of the Cæsars. Annie can't go, because I cannot get any one to carry her. Next Friday she is to be carried by two men through the Vatican and Raphael's Loggia. Some day soon we are to drive on the Appian Way. Annie, poor girl, has to suffer all the time, and give up much that would delight her. May Darling¹ arrived Saturday night, and two happier girls you rarely see. . . . I shall go to Florence next week to stay two or three weeks. . . .

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

Mrs. Dillon and her children spent three pleasant weeks in Florence, as will be seen by the letters which follow, written from that place.

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

Florence, April 1, 1883.

My dear Friend :

When I last wrote you I was in Sorrento. I left there soon after for Rome, where we remained till yesterday. We spent Easter there, and had, taking it all round, a delightful time. We went often to St. Peter's, and Easter Sunday I spent most of the day there, and heard the choir of magnificent voices, some of which seemed more than human. I thought of you often, and know of no one who could

¹ Afterward married to Mr. W. T. Smedley, the well-known artist.

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more fully enjoy or appreciate all that pertains to Rome than your own dear self. There have been many changes in the Eternal City since I was there six years ago.

I shall stop here for two or three weeks, and then start for Carlsbad, reaching there about the 10th of May, at which time the cure commences. Annie is no better, but seemed while in Rome to be able to forget her pains—at least, so far as to be able to go about. She saw the Colosseum and St. Peter's, as well as several other churches. I had her carried in a chair up two hundred and fifty-five steps, to see Raphael's pictures in the Sistine Chapel and elsewhere in the Vatican. She seemed to enjoy everything, and now that she has seen much of Rome, and seems no worse for it, I am glad that I made the effort to take her. You may think it strange to hear me say "effort," but you can have but little idea of the exertion it requires to take an invalid over Europe.

I was much entertained by your last letter. It carried me back to my days of party-giving and party-going in Davenport, and, for the moment, I forgot Italy, Vesuvius, and the Bay of Naples, and was again in your midst. Come over to England, Bessie; come and spend the summer, and go home when I go in September. We will have some good times together even if we do carry sorrow and care. I 'd like to see your baby grandson. I venture to say he is a darling, and clever, too, if he takes after his grand-

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mother. I think I can see him propped up beside you while you write, dipping into everything, and toppling over everything he has no business to touch. Don't begin now to stuff him with a "History of the Popes," and make a walking library of him before he can toddle. Love to all your family from all mine.

Affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Florence, April 2, 1883.

Dear Johnnie :

Yours of March 11 arrived this morning. We came from Rome to this place last Saturday. We had delightful weather while there, and enjoyed our stay very much. Annie saw all the important churches, took a drive on the Appian Way, and went to two or three of the villas and palaces the day before we left. She went in the Vatican and saw Raphael's pictures. She seemed to enjoy them all very much, and set her heart on buying a picture copied from an original Raphael. Pictures are extremely cheap in Florence. I think I shall buy one or two to take home.

I went this morning to see the Duomo. It is about to be closed to visitors, for repairs. Giotto's Campanile still stands, and the Baptistery, with the Ghiberti doors, is surrounded with as many sight-seers as when you and I saw it. The old Palazzo Vecchio is as grim and forbidding as ever, and Loggia dei Lanzi is

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unchanged. Beggars still frequent its steps, and, for aught I know, the same peasant woman was taking water from the fountain whom we saw when we visited the piazza together in 1875.

I shall stay here until about the 16th, and then go for a day to Milan, thence to Venice, from Venice to Munich, and plan my stay at each place so as to reach Carlsbad about the 10th of May. The girls send you their best love.

Ever affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

On the same day on which the last was written to her husband, a letter was written by him to Mrs. Dillon, which, as it may be of interest to those for whom these pages are mainly intended, is given in the note.¹

¹ "195 Broadway, New York, April 2, 1883.

"My dear Wife:

"I wrote you a long letter yesterday. I have, of course, not much more to say so soon afterward. I have made and inclose a memorandum which I think you ought to have in case of my death either on land or ocean before I see you. It shows my property and where it is and all of it, so that you would not be uncertain about it. It is not a very large amount as the result of a vast deal of hard work and a life of much self-denial on the part of both of us; but if carefully husbanded, it would serve to keep the wolf away from the door. I hope that I may long be spared to you and the children, but death comes in so many forms, and so unexpectedly, that it is prudent at my age—it is a duty—to be prepared.

"While I am on this subject let me write you a little love-letter. Are you too old? Am I too old? Well, we have lived together more than a quarter of a century. The days of illusions are past. You have been a true, faithful, and devoted wife. Nothing has ever escaped your vigilant eye that could promote my welfare or your children's, and whatever you saw needful to be done you have always had the energy and the unconquerable will to do it. I have never seen a woman who, all things considered, I thought had your ability and intellectual force—such a wide range of gifts. This is my estimate after,

Anna Price Dillon

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Florence, April 19, 1883.

Dear Johnnie :

Your letters reached me last Monday.

I am counting the hours until you come. You must telegraph me the minute you touch terra firma, for I shall have ten anxious days after you sail. If my expenses were not so great I would meet you in Paris, but there is no use spending money for that when I am going to the same place again.

Yesterday Annie received your letter inclosing

as I have said, the illusions which may deceive in our youth are over and gone.

"I shall not mention my many shortcomings. If I had my life to live over I would doubtless do many things differently and omit many things that I have done. But my shortcomings have not been intentional: they have been inadvertent, and, in some degree, have come in the years gone by from the ever-present and ever-imperious limitations of the sharp necessity of a hand-to-hand struggle with the world for bread, and to better my condition and yours and our children's. I will not longer pursue this subject; but it seemed to me that you would not be displeased to have me say what I have said, and I felt that it would, at all events, give *me* pleasure to say it.

"I fear we are too apt to assume all this, and not enough inclined to say it. Such is my natural disposition. I am too much inclined to leave to be implied what it is better often to express; I have so often felt the necessity, or at least the gratefulness, of an actual expression of appreciation that I am the more to blame for a fault of this kind.

"I have just received a long letter from Colonel Gantt inquiring about you and Annie, and saying Mrs. Gantt is very anxious about you, and also much engrossed with her sister's care. Please preserve the inclosed memorandum, though I sincerely hope you will not have any early occasion to use it, and that I shall see you and travel with you many years yet down the hill of life, or rather, let us fancy, up the hill.

"Affectionately yours,

"JOHN F. DILLON."

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Gyp's proof;¹ also a letter from Mrs. Hogan. Poor child, she enjoyed them very much. She has been in bed a week, not able to be up, and is still quite weak. If she can be gotten to the depot, I shall start for Venice on Saturday, the 21st, the same day you expect to go to Jefferson City. In Venice she can float about in a gondola and get air and sunshine, while here the jolting over the streets prevents her going out when she does feel better. I shall stay there three or four days, and thence to Milan for a day; then to Munich direct, breaking the journey at Innsbruck. At Munich we shall stay three or four days, then break the journey from there to Carlsbad by stopping over at Nuremberg.

¹ The letter from her father here referred to is the first of those given below. The daughter's friend, Mrs. Hogan, had procured for her a fine pet dog, Gyp by name, a most affectionate pug, which, on starting for Europe, she reluctantly left behind in Mrs. Hogan's charge. To please Annie, Mrs. Hogan had Gyp photographed, as related in the father's subjoined letters, written to his daughter at Florence:

"195 Broadway, New York, April 5, 1883.

"My dear Annie:

"Do you know the beautiful creature whose picture I inclose? See how sleek and fat she is, how proud and smart she looks. She is as ferocious as a bull-dog in seeming, but is in fact gentle as a kitten. Observe her black silken, or, in Landor's phrase, 'flaccid' * ears, expanded to show them off to the best advantage. Do you see the streamer on her neck? It is black in the picture, but it is the beautiful 'swell' orange ribbon you bought for her before you left, so Mrs. Hogan says. I took dinner with her on Tuesday night, and she told me she had been to Pach, the photographer, that day and had Gyp sit four times, and that I would find the proofs when I got home. I found several proofs. I cut one of them off,—the one now sent you,—and thought I would forward you an advance copy of the great work, one that you would rather

*—the crocodile
Crying oft made them raise their flaccid ears
And push their heads within their master's hand.
Walter Savage Landor, "Gebir."

Anna Price Dillon

How my money goes! Still, Johnnie, I *had* to buy a few pictures. I knew if you were here you would do it yourself. I inclose bill from Pisani for three pictures. One is an original by Vezzani. At another place I bought an original by Gavini; also two other small pictures on gold ground. Last night, at the last moment, I bought a copy of Murillo's "Marriage of St. Catharine"—it is beautifully framed, and is four feet long—and a "Roman Girl." I know you will like them, and so I have gotten what will be a life-long pleasure to us all. The "Roman Girl" is an origi-

have than a 'Venus de Milo,' a 'Madonna,' or any of the famous pictures in the Tribune room. As soon as the pictures are finished I shall mail you some copies. I hope that they will give you pleasure, for I requested Mrs. Hogan and George to have them taken at my expense, believing that I could send you nothing more acceptable—not even money! I trust the proof will not fade en route.

"Tell your mother that I received her letter, No. 37, yesterday, dated Rome, March 19, telling me, among other things, that your dear friend May Darling was there, and that two happier girls it would be impossible to find. I am glad that you have some happy days, although you have to snatch your joy from so much physical suffering. I send my love to all.

"Affectionately, your father,

"JOHN F. DILLON."

"671 Madison Avenue, New York, April 17, 1883.

"*My dear Annie:*

" . . . The nurse and Mrs. Hogan were here Sunday with Gyp. The most surprising thing of all was Gyp. She was crazy with delight. She knew the house, and fairly foamed over with joy at seeing me, and by her actions and cries told me so in language as unmistakable as human words. She ran round and round the parlor with all her might, pulling up the rugs and hiding under the sofa just as she used to do when you were here. When she got tired of this she went out into the hall and up the stairs, and I really believe she missed you and was looking for you. After all, the picture does not do her justice. The nurse said she could not get Gyp to curl her tail when she sat for it. I have one of the pictures here. I shall keep it unless you send for it.

"Affectionately, your father,

"J. F. D."

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nal by the celebrated Mazzotti. There have been sent from here some dining-chairs, a wood-box, two hall-chairs, and an old-fashioned fire-bellows. . . .

The unveiling of the bust of Raphael did not make near the stir in Rome that it did elsewhere. Arrangements had been made for a procession, but a beating rain interfered with the demonstration. To be sure, the Pantheon was crowded with dirty, greasy Italians, who prevented many people getting in; I, therefore, passed most of that day in Raphael's Loggia. . . .

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

The sojourn in Venice, next described, was in some respects pleasant, and in others disappointing.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Venice, April 24, 1883.

Dear Johnnie :

Your No. 32, of April 8, reached me yesterday. You will see by the heading of my letter that the attractions of the "Queen of the Adriatic" succeeded in winning us away from Florence, where we were so happy and so pleasantly located, only to disappoint and freeze us. We arrived on Saturday evening; the next day it began to rain, and is still raining. Susie had letters from some friends of hers who are here, and they gave such glowing accounts of Venice, its soft airs and sunny skies, of floating about in gondolas over sparkling waters, to the notes of the most en-

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chanting music, that Annie thought it was just the place for her to spend all her time before starting for Carlsbad, and that she could live out in the air and sunshine, without being jolted to death over paved streets; so we packed and came, and, as I tell you, it began to rain, and still rains. . . .

Annie went out but three times while in Florence, and was crazy over pictures and marbles. The place is full of them. I withstood all entreaties to buy marbles, but, as you have already learned, was persuaded into buying some pictures. I have already told you of buying from Pisani, in Rome, three interior views: one an original by Vezzani, "Nuns Waiting for the Superior" in a room of a convent; "The Fisherman's Daughter," after Meyer von Bremen; "A Little Boy of whom the Schoolmaster is Giving a Bad Report to his Mother." From another place I bought an original by Gavini. It represents a trio of drunken soldiers card-playing. It is beautiful in execution and coloring, and true to Italian life in all respects. In the same box are two Italian figures, a little alabaster Venus, a brass Roman lamp, and a little picture, framed, of Guido's "Hope"; also two copies of Angelica's "Angels," framed. Now I believe I have confessed all.

I managed, notwithstanding all my anxieties, to see a great deal of Florence. I used to take my book and go to sit in the old Church of St. Marie Novella; then, again, in St. Croce. Here I read Ruskin's criticisms on Giotto's frescos, climbed around among the

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old crypts, and looked up the world of pictures that the old masters have left to puzzle and entertain us. I rode once to Piazza Michelangelo, visited several times the Ponte Vecchio, examined the old coat of arms that Ruskin raves over, visited the Uffizi and Pitti Palaces, and, in fact, did all that it was possible to do with a mind as ill at rest as mine always is.

Here in this city I have done but little, on account of the rain. However, I went to the Academy of Fine Arts, saw the wonderful "Assumption" of Titian, and looked about for the "Marriage of St. Catharine," by Paul Veronese, but did not find it. They told me it had been sent to some church. I remember very well when you and I were there together, and as I went this time all alone, I was more than lonesome without you. I have been but once to St. Mark's. To-morrow is the fête in honor of that saint, and I shall go to hear the music. . . . The Goddards are in the same house with us—Pension Suisse. I shall leave here for Milan next Saturday, spend Sunday and Monday there, then go, via the St. Gothard Pass, to Zurich, then to Munich for a week, thence to Nuremberg for a day or two, and then to Carlsbad, where I hope to arrive the 10th prox. . . .

I had a very pleasant letter a day or two ago from Mrs. Gantt. I had gotten tired waiting to hear from her, and wrote again on Easter Sunday. . . . I am going now to visit again Santa Maria della Salute. . . .

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

Anna Price Dillon

A short break at Milan, in the journey to Carlsbad, is briefly related in the following letter.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Milan, April 30, 1883.

Dear Johnnie :

We arrived here yesterday at 4:30 P. M., having left Venice at eight in the morning. No doubt you will think it strange that we should take such a trip on Sunday, but it came in this way. I was ready to leave Venice two days before, and felt that I must do so in order to reach Carlsbad by the 10th; but as Annie had been sick nearly all of our stay, and had not seen St. Mark's or the pigeons, she declared she would not go without seeing them. So, summoning all the strength she could muster, she got up and dressed, and I stayed from Friday until yesterday to give her an opportunity to do what we had done when we first arrived. She fed the pigeons, and seemed to enjoy their familiarity very much. The bronze horses and the winged lion were old acquaintances, as she had so often read of them. She enjoyed the gondola-riding, and took to it as naturally as if born and brought up in Venice.

St. Mark's looks more dingy than ever. It smells, and the floor is sunken. What with the dampness, greasy Italians, and incense, it is worse than the fish market at West and Dey streets, New York. I paid

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one visit to the old church, which is blackening with age and moisture, went once to the Academy of Fine Arts, and then was taken ill, and that finished my sight-seeing. The Goddards tried to persuade me to go with them to Vienna, but as you have never been there, and *have* seen Milan and Lake Como, I concluded to bring the children this way, and leave all places where you have not been until you come. Tomorrow morning we start for Lucerne. The route lies through Como, and as it is only an hour or two to Bellaggio by steamer from Como, I have determined to go there for the rest of the day and one night. Wednesday morning we shall return to Como, and thence direct to Lucerne. Next morning we shall see Lucerne's Lion, and go on to Zurich, and be prepared to leave there on Friday for Munich.

Yesterday our journey from Venice here was delightful. Vegetation is about as far advanced as with us a month hence. The day was perfect in every respect, and as we dashed through the green meadows and groves of mulberry-trees, and crossed the Adige, I recalled our trip over the same route (though in an opposite direction) nearly eight years ago. This morning we all (Annie included) went to see the cathedral. They seem, in many places, to be putting in new stones where the old ones have crumbled. Aside from that, there is no change since we saw it together. We went to the Brera, but as Annie did not feel equal to the stairs, no one went up. To tell the truth, we are all tired out, and I am looking

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forward to Carlsbad as a place of rest. The girls send love, and I remain ever,

Affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

In the letters which follow Mrs. Dillon describes her trip to Carlsbad, and her stay at that place and others until the arrival of her husband, whom she met at Berlin, in July, 1883.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Carlsbad, May 9, 1883.

Dear Johnnie :

We have just arrived; came through from Munich in eight and a half hours, and, though tired out and half sick, I sit down to inform you of our whereabouts.

We stopped one day in Milan, went next morning to Bellaggio and to Como, where we stopped all night, and there took the train next morning over the St. Gothard Railroad to Lucerne. I send you a map and a pamphlet describing our route. It is the most beautiful ride in the world. We reached Lucerne at 4 P. M., and went to the Switzerhof, and that night Annie almost died. I had to have a doctor stay with her all night. She recovered at four o'clock, and slept till daylight. She was only able to ride out to see the Lion, and as she could do no more sight-seeing, we left in the afternoon for Zurich, where we stayed overnight. Early next morning we left for Munich, and arrived at seven o'clock. We went to the Four Seasons, and rested one day. The only "going" we

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did was to drive out to see "Bavaria." I had just time enough to look upon the Murillo "Beggars" and Guido Reni's "Assumption," but felt repaid for climbing the stairs in seeing these alone.

I am in Carlsbad, at the Humboldt House; have rooms on entrance-floor because Annie can't get upstairs. We have to go out to meals, which is a great discomfort; but it is what everybody does, and I must do the same. . . . Annie is drinking the water according to directions, and may be benefited. This morning she received the two photos of Gyp, and they gave her great pleasure. . . .

Affectionately,
A. P. D.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Carlsbad, May 10, 1883.

Dear Johnnie:

In my last I told you that I had not heard from you since your letter of the 8th of April. This morning there was a mass of letters of dates 14th, 15th, 16th, and 20th, a letter from Colonel Gantt, and much other news that was very acceptable to me. A letter came to John from you; also one to Susie. We had also a number of newspapers, and the program of the concert for the benefit of the Woman's Exchange; also a copy of the "Judge," giving your admonitory counsel to several New York millionaires. We had quite a feast of New York news, and I feel very much as if I had seen and talked with you. It will not be very long now until I *shall* see you, God willing, and then

Anna Price Dillon

I can tell you so much that I have not been able to write. . . . In a letter I received from Mary Smith to-day, she tells me of Mrs. Wing's sorrow. Little Alice, who has been on crutches nearly or quite a year, has had an operation performed. Poor child! and poor mother, too! What a heavy heart she carries! The Goddards arrived to-day from Vienna. They report a very pleasant trip and stay there, but rather an unpleasant experience at the custom-house at Trieste. . . .

This letter will probably not reach you for quite three weeks. It will then be nearly time for you to sail. . . . I wrote you about reaching Germany via London and Rotterdam. What do you think of it? I shall not write you after the middle of June, as letters cannot reach you; but when you arrive you will find a letter at the Northwestern, in Liverpool, and one at the Bath Hotel, in London. Did I tell you that little Margery Ware is lying low with typhoid fever in Sorrento? Her mother wrote me a sad letter, which I answered immediately, and asked her to let me know from time to time how Margery is. . . .

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Carlsbad, Sunday, May 13, 1883.

Dear Johnnie :

Since arriving here last Tuesday evening, I have written and mailed you my Nos. 44 and 45, but this

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morning your letter from Jefferson City reached me, not quite three weeks en route.

The doctor says Annie must quit taking the Carlsbad waters for some time, as she is too delicate to digest them. John is in bed since yesterday with a violent headache and pain in his chest. Young Austin Corbin, who has been with us for three months, left us to-day for Paris. He expects to be in New York almost as soon as this letter, and will call and tell you all about us. He is a nice boy, and has been as kind as a son to me. He is on his way to Montana to open a cattle-ranch. When he calls, make it a point to say to him that I appreciated all his kindness and consideration.

Carlsbad is already nearly full of the lame, halt, and blind who come to take the cure. Everything is expensive.

You will find on your arrival a letter from me at the Northwestern, Liverpool, and one at Bath Hotel, London, telling you where to find us. You must telegraph me the instant you arrive at Queens-town, and from time to time on your journey. If I am not here I shall be in Nuremberg or Dresden.

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

TO MRS. SILSBEE

Carlsbad, May 16, 1883.

My dear Mrs. Silsbee:

For several days it has been ever present with me to write in answer to your welcome letter, which

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reached me at Rome in the latter days of March. I left Nice in February, and went to Naples and Sorrento in the vain hope that Annie would derive from the climate of the far South the benefit which neither the doctors nor the climate of Nice had been able to give her. But Italy proved "a delusion and a snare." The winds blew there as they do any and every where else; the snow came in storms—indeed, Vesuvius was most of the time clad in white; and the far-famed bay, which is usually so "blue" and beautiful, was as rough and angry as was ever the hoary old Atlantic. Early in March I left Sorrento and went up to Rome—was there during Easter. I have yet four months in Europe. My husband, poor man, has had a lonely year. He is now making arrangements to join me in July. He says, in a letter received to-day, that the days drag more slowly than ever since he has made up his mind to come to Europe. How glad I shall be to see him can only be imagined by a woman who has been away from a good husband for a year.

Do you ever hear from Davenport? I had a long and interesting letter from Mrs. McCullough, and one from Mrs. Mary Smith, last week. I still retain my fondness for the dear old place and the dear old friends. Certainly I have found nothing like them anywhere. I shall stay in this place until about the last week in May, then go to Dresden for a month or perhaps all the time till my husband comes. I sent you a photo of myself from Rome. Did it reach

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you? And what do you think of it? Don't I look a little too much like a Sorosis member to suit you? . . . I feel happy in the thought that you remember and pray for your anxious and worried friend. The good Father will spare us to meet and talk over our trials and our joys. I feel more than ever drawn to the great Giver of all good, and "Though He slay, yet will I trust Him." Certainly my anxieties for the past two years would either bring me closer or drive me farther from the One that doth not willingly afflict the children of men. I am beginning to show in my looks my constant worry, for I am worn and growing very gray. Won't we have a gay time arranging our gray locks, and trying to look well, when we meet again? Don't you remember the good times we had at Leaf-land? How I wish I could be there again and as happy as when you used to visit me! Write me when you can.

Very affectionately your friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Carlsbad, May 17, 1883.

Dear Johnnie:

This is Thursday evening. I have to-day your letter of Sunday, April 29, written while Frank Goode now was visiting you. It came in a wonderfully short time—only three days over two weeks. . . .

So, you see, my coming to Carlsbad was all for naught. Annie is too feeble to take the waters. Dr.

Anna Price Dillon

Kraus says I must not while in this anxious state of mind, and that John cannot now do anything but get rid of the rheumatism, which has kept him in bed for nearly a week. His feet are both swollen frightfully, and his pain is almost unendurable. . . .

Upon thinking over the house affairs, I have decided to have the carpets taken up. As soon as you leave the house give orders to have it done in the manner following. . . . Enough for the present. Will write again soon.

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Carlsbad, Saturday evening, May 26, 1883.

Dear Johnnie :

Your letter of Sunday, May 13, has just been sent me from the bank; also the "Tribune" of same date. Just think of it—only thirteen days since they left your hand! This is the shortest time yet. I wonder if you will be able to come through as quickly. I suppose not; for these certainly came by the fast steamer *Alaska*, and you are to come by the sure, slow, and uncomfortable Cunarder. . . .

Nearly everybody who knows anything of John's illness has been very kind. Drexel, the banker (who is here for his health), has sent me word repeatedly to call upon him for any service. But in all such cases the burden falls upon the mother. As I told you, I could not get a trained nurse, so I've lifted and shifted

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John until I have what I never had before—an aching back, and all that is consequent upon it. I intended to study German while here, and get some benefit from being among Germans; but it is otherwise ordered, and I must be content. . . . The Kemps will reach here before I leave, unless John recovers faster than I dare hope. This place has from eight to sixteen thousand visitors every summer. Some wonderful cures are made every year. I shall never cease to regret not being able to take the waters, as I feel sure my crippled joints and miserable stomach would have been the better for them. So Wisey's bird is dead! Poor little thing! It was all the society she had when Will was at school. . . .

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Carlsbad, May 30, 1883.

Dear Johnnie :

I wrote last Saturday evening. Next morning I received a letter from you inclosing letters to the children and checks for us all. Annie sat down immediately to write, but I've had no time until now to say a word. We have been up every night with John, and are tired out. He is better to-day, and says he feels no rheumatism, excepting in his left shoulder. If he has no relapse and continues to improve, we shall leave in ten days for Dresden. There is nothing to be made by staying here. None

Anna Price Dillon

of us but Susie can take the waters. In addition to this, it rains nearly all the time. . . .

I wish you would have awnings put up just as always, for if we get home it will be in the heat, and I want to be as comfortable as possible. I don't know whether this letter will reach you before you go West; if not, you will get it when you return.

Affectionately,

A. P. DILLON.

In the next letter Mrs. Dillon tells briefly of a visit made to Vienna, which was partly undertaken that she might again see her old friends the Hirschls, who originally came from that city, and had returned thither to live, after having resided in Davenport for many years. The letter was addressed to her husband in care of the steamer at Liverpool.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Vienna, July 1, 1883.

Dear Johnnie :

. . . This letter no doubt will give you a double surprise—the first, that it will reach you while yet on shipboard, and the second, that I should be here in Vienna after your suggestion that I should wait until you came. Your letter reached me after I was all ready to leave Dresden and had given up my rooms at the hotel.

The Hirschls were delighted to see us. They were not at home when we arrived, but our card was for-

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warded to them at their summer place. They came in, opened their city house, and invited us to tea. And such a tea! I assure you, I have had nothing so good and homelike since I left Davenport. The old lady's eyes danced with pleasure. She talked longer, louder, and better than ever, and says that after seeing us there is only one thing necessary to complete her happiness, and that is to see you. You must make a trip here.

Vienna is a most attractive and beautiful city, and well worthy to be the rival of Paris. Its gardens are picturesque, its streets broad and artistically laid out; its buildings, particularly the new Rathaus, excel in beauty anything I have seen in Europe.

To-day is Sunday, July 1, and Annie's birthday. You are doubtless busy packing, to leave on Wednesday. You mention my meeting you in Cologne. I'd like to do it, Johnnie, and I may, though I cannot say now for sure. You will want to rest a day in London before going to Cologne. If you telegraph me directly you arrive in Liverpool, I will send a despatch to the Hôtel du Nord, so be sure to inquire for it or me immediately on arrival. The children want me to go to Berlin and stay there a few days to await you; and I shall do so. They send love.

Ever affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

After leaving Vienna, Mrs. Dillon returned to Dresden, whence the next letter was written. Shortly

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after the date of this letter, accompanied by her children, she met her husband in Berlin.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Weber's Hotel, Dresden, July 10, 1883.

Dear Johnnie :

. . . This letter will find you, I trust, in London, so far on your journey to Germany. I will meet you in Berlin, not in Cologne, as the trip is too long. John has just come in, and has brought me your letter from St. Louis. He is looking forward with pleasure to seeing Hugh Reid. It is dreary for him, and I don't know what he would do without his violin. Telegraph me where to meet you. We are looking forward anxiously to your safe arrival. As I write I fancy I can see the *Bothnia* sailing Europeward with its precious freightage, and I can scarcely wait for ten days more to pass. The children send love, and I am,

Ever affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

The home-coming voyage was on the *Bothnia* ; and it was made especially pleasant by the companionship of Andrew Carnegie (who was well known in Davenport) and of his aged mother. Mrs. Dillon always associated with this trip her recollection of the son's numberless tender manifestations of his love for his mother. Whenever in after life she mentioned Mr. Carnegie, his mother's image was always present.

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The following letters were written by Mrs. Dillon in 1883, after her return to New York, September 18.

TO MRS. SILSBEE

671 Madison Avenue, New York,
October 14, 1883.

My dear Friend:

Your letter reached me several days ago, and would have been answered at once, if possible. I came home nearly a month ago, and ever since my house has been full of visitors.

I am very sorry to hear of your sad bereavement, but cannot grieve for you as I should were you not sure that your loss is your dear father's gain. No doubt he was only "waiting for the summons" and has entered into rest. I wrote you a long letter from Carlsbad, and a few days afterward had a letter from you saying that you had removed to Cameron, Missouri. Can you not come and make me a visit before you go home? I should be so glad to see you.

Annie, I regret to say, is no better, though she still has good courage and hopes to be finally fully restored. Do write and say that you will make me a visit before going back. If you do not, I do not know when I shall see you, for I've had such an amount of travel in the past year that I do not wish to think of a train or a steamer. I am,

Affectionately your friend,

A. P. D.

Anna Price Dillon

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

671 Madison Avenue, New York,

October 14, 1883.

My dear Friend :

. . . I have been home nearly a month, having arrived from Europe on the 18th ult. Since then I have had my two nieces, Louise and Mary Collier, who have just come from Germany, my mother, Susie Price, my son Hiram and family, all with me, so you can readily imagine I have had no time to idle. My mother has grown very feeble since I left her, and leans very much on those around her for support. . . .

A. P. D.

The foregoing chapter concludes the narrative, as Mrs. Dillon has left it, of her second sojourn in Europe. The next six years, 1883-89, were spent in her own country. The extant letters of biographical interest during this period are given in the next chapter.





CHAPTER VIII

LIFE IN NEW YORK

1883-89

Los Angeles visited for daughter's health — Sojourn there in the summer of 1884 — Summer at Seabright, New Jersey, in 1885 — Saratoga, 1886 and 1887 — Christmas, 1887, visit to Topeka — 1888, Death of Mrs. McCullough — Summer at Saratoga — 1889 (January and February), Topeka again visited — Trip to Santa Fé Ramona Indian School — 1889, Europe visited by husband and daughters — Summer, 1889, family at Saratoga.

LETTERS TO MRS. McCULLOUGH, JOHN M. DILLON, MRS. BILLS, MRS. MARY PRICE, MRS. MARY REED SMITH, MRS. SILSBEE, JOHN F. DILLON, JOHN F. DILLON II, MRS. ANNA GRAHAM LORD, AND MISS ANNIE DILLON

THE last chapter closes with letters written in October, 1883. The winter of 1883-84 was spent by the family at 671 Madison Avenue.

In June, 1884, the family, with the exception of the son Hiram, went, mainly for the benefit of the daughter Annie's health, to Los Angeles, California. A short stop was made at Davenport, to enable Mrs. Dillon to visit her old-time friends. At Omaha they

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were joined by the eldest son, and proceeded to Denver, where they remained for a day to see Mrs. Dillon's mother, who was sojourning there for her health. The two sons returned from Denver to Topeka. The rest of the party proceeding to San Francisco, a short but pleasant visit was made to Mrs. Rosalie Kaufman, and then they went direct to Los Angeles, and rented a furnished house for the season. The sojourn was delightful. After visiting the Pasadena Valley, far famed for its beauty, the family took their car and went to Santa Monica for a sight of the Pacific. As this was their first view of that ocean, as a matter of sentiment they all bathed in its waters, and the incident was diversified by the sudden appearance in the midst of the bathers of a large black albatross, six feet between wing-tips, which had sickened, had been left behind by its companions, and at length had fallen, weary and exhausted, to rise no more.

These excursions being ended, and the family settled at Los Angeles for the summer, the husband returned early in July to New York. During their stay Hiram and his family and the son John went to Los Angeles, where the entire family remained until September, when they started home, bringing Mrs. Kaufman with them as a guest. They visited Topeka, and thence, after a short stay at Davenport, came direct to New York. The family resided at 671 Madison Avenue during the winter of 1884-85, and spent the summer of 1885 at the seaside, Seabright, New Jersey, occupying the Turner Cottage.

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On November 11, 1884, Mrs. Price died in Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Dillon, who was with her in her last illness, accompanied her mother's remains to Davenport, where she was buried in the family cemetery at Oakdale.

The winter of 1885-86 was spent at the family home in New York, and the summer of 1886 at the United States Hotel in Saratoga. On March 12, 1886, Mrs. Dillon was unanimously elected president of the Ladies' Hahnemann Hospital, New York. During the winter of 1886-87 the family resided at their house in New York, in the summer of 1887 at their cottage, 704 North Broadway, Saratoga, then recently purchased, and during the winter of 1887-88 at their home in New York. Christmas, 1887, Mrs. Dillon visited her son Hiram and his family at Topeka. En route thither Mrs. Dillon made a visit to her Davenport friends, staying most of the time with Mrs. McCullough, who died in Davenport early in the spring of 1888. The summer of 1888 was also spent at the Saratoga cottage, the daughter Susie, however, being absent in Europe, traveling with her friend Mrs. McPherson of New Jersey.

In January, 1889, Mrs. Dillon again visited her son in Topeka, remaining West for about three months. In March, with her son and his family, she went to New Mexico, first stopping at Las Vegas, where she was joined by Susie Price (then recently married) and her husband, Mr. Theodore W. Sterling. After a week's stay at Las Vegas Hot Springs, she visited

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Santa Fé, which was the primary object of the trip. Some time previously she had subscribed a considerable sum to the Ramona Indian School, located near that city, and, feeling a deep interest therein, earnestly desired to see it. After a visit to the school, and a quite thorough examination of its practical workings, she was satisfied that the money donated had been wisely expended. After about a fortnight in New Mexico, she returned to Topeka, where she was joined by her husband. Shortly afterward they started for New York, going by way of her early home at Hollidaysburg, as previously related, reaching New York about April 1.¹ This winter always remained a happy memory, and she frequently reverted to it, and to the many pleasant acquaintances she had made, especially in Topeka.

Almost immediately after reaching New York, she went to Old Point Comfort, on what proved to be an uncomfortable trip, for the balance of the month of April. The summer of this year was spent at the cottage in Saratoga, where she was joined by her son Hiram and his family.

On July 17, 1889, her husband and daughters started for Carlsbad, sailing on the German steamer *Saale*. They returned on the *Aurania*, reaching New York about October 15, 1889. Mrs. Dillon remained in Saratoga, and during the fall made an excursion with her niece, Susie Price Sterling, to Dublin, New Hampshire. In February, 1890, she was able, though not

¹ See Chapter I, pp. 8-10.

SARATOGA COTTAGE, 1887-95, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



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Memoir and Memorials

in good health, to attend in New York the Centennial Celebration of the United States Supreme Court, and to be present at a luncheon given by Mrs. Cleveland at her home, 816 Madison Avenue, in honor of the wife of Chief-Justice Fuller.

The letters contained in this chapter give a picture, though by no means complete, of Mrs. Dillon's life during these years. "The art of art, the glory of expression, and the sunshine of the light of letters," says Whitman, "is simplicity." True; and the letters which follow, relating wholly to domestic and personal concerns, and of no consequence whatever to the world at large, have all the charm of spontaneity, of informality, of entire unreserve, and of unstudied and natural simplicity. But to Mrs. Dillon's family and friends the real value of these letters consists in the fact that she wrote them, that they are part of her life, and relate to current matters which were of interest to her and to the persons to whom they were written.

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

671 Madison Avenue, New York,
Sunday evening, January 31, 1884.

My dear Friend:

Do you think, as I have so long been silent, that I am indifferent to the kindly feeling evinced in the sending of the beautiful card at Christmas? I assure you, it gave me great pleasure to know that you

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remembered me at such a time. Then, too, it is the most tasteful card I have ever seen, and the paintings the most exquisite. I have it among my treasures; and some day, after I am through with this life, with its sorrows and joys, my children, when looking over the things I have held precious, will find it, and say, "Mrs. McCullough gave that to mama, and how mama loved her!"

I have been wretched all this winter, and am in bed most of my time. Indeed, the whole of this week I have been unable to see any one. Susie is in Washington, too. I don't want her to know how miserable I am, for she would not enjoy her visit, and she has had enough to worry her in Annie's sufferings without worrying over me. She is the guest of Mrs. Senator McPherson, a lovely woman whom we first met in Europe. She is educated and elegant, and nothing can be said against her, except that *her husband is a Democrat*. [Mrs. McCullough was a Democrat.] How glad am I that I am not within reach of your fist at this moment!

I have had two large entertainments this month, a luncheon and a reception, and stayed in bed all the time between. The children are rushing the entertainments this winter, because we were so quiet last. John has been miserable for two weeks. We were afraid he would have a return of his rheumatism, but he is somewhat better.

Ever affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

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The next letters were written from Los Angeles by Mrs. Dillon during her sojourn in that city. Here she had her first and last experience with a Chinese cook. The first is to her son John, then about sixteen years of age, who remained for a time in Topeka with his brother.

TO JOHN M. DILLON

Los Angeles, July 3, 1884.

Dear John :

I have just returned from the post-office, where I received quite a torrent of your epistles—two for myself, two for Susie, and one for Annie. Susie has written you once or twice; also to Hymie. I have written once to you, once to Hymie, and once to Susie Brown. This is about all I am able to do and attend to my other duties. Mr. Win Lung is quite a good cook, though everything he does is under my immediate supervision, and will be until I understand him thoroughly. We have a pleasant little house. It is clean and cool, and does not need much care to keep it in order. I have hired a good piano, and this afternoon the girls are practising like mad, endeavoring, if may be, to regain what was lost last winter through sickness and society. Mendelssohn and Chopin are being completely mastered. In a fortnight we are to have Remenyi to gladden our hearts. I intend to hear him every time he plays. There is a young Spaniard here who gives lessons on the violin.

What are you doing? Have you abandoned the

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idea of being a player? I suppose you have, as you seem to be devoting yourself to photography. Apropos of this, let me say that I think your pictures are very good, particularly the white hat, which looks *borrowed*. Well, no matter; "you are *pitty*, anyhow." I don't like at all my daughter-in-law in the picture you took, and Hymie looks like a midnight assassin. I have sent all your letters and pictures to Susie Price.

In the evenings after dinner, when it is not too cool to stay out, we wander about the garden and yard like lost spirits, without anything to amuse or entertain but hosing the grass. I am now quite rested from the hurry, bustle, and worry of New York life, and shall be ready for it when the autumn comes, though I shall then be nearly fifty years old; but "e'en in our ashes live their wonted fires." Tell Jack that my knowledge of French and German assisted me in reading his letter, and that I enjoyed it hugely. I hope he will write me again.

Say to Hymie that Brother Landon Taylor called on me the other day. Hymie will remember his book.¹ I have now told you everything interesting and uninteresting, and will mail my letter in the hope that you will get it this summer. Do you remember where you were a twelvemonth ago? Last Fourth of July we returned from Vienna to Dresden.

Love to Hymie, Susie, and Jack.

Affectionately,

YOUR MOTHER.

¹ "The Battle-Field Reviewed." (See Chapter I, p. 15.)

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TO MRS. BILLS

Los Angeles, July 3, 1884.

My dear Mrs. Bills:

After leaving you that night in Davenport, we kept right on to Denver, where I stopped for a day to see my mother, who is there for her health. Hymie joined us in Omaha and left us in Denver, taking John home with him. It is unnecessary to say I am lonesome without my boys. We stopped in San Francisco to see Mrs. Kaufman, and then came here direct. After living two or three days in our car, we found a comfortable furnished cottage, and have taken it for three months. I have a Chinese cook. Who would ever have thought that I would come to this? He knows some things, and is desirous to know more, and I am instructing him. I initiated him yesterday into the mysteries of making a chicken pot-pie, and it was good.

Annie is, I dare to hope, a trifle better. I feel sure that if there is anything in climate she will improve. This is the loveliest climate I have ever found; it is never very hot, and the evenings are uniformly cool. Rain from April to October is unheard of, the foliage being kept in its beauty by the heavy night-dews. Eucalyptus-, magnolia-, pepper-, and palm-trees grow in abundance, while orange- and lemon-trees, laden with fruit, are seen on all sides. I enjoy this place very much, and would like to stay here—at least,

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rather than go back to New York. Why? Because it is so much easier to become a barbarian than to be in society. With best love from all of us, believe me,

Yours affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Los Angeles, July 10, 1884.

Dear Judge:

. . . Your letter written the Sunday of your arrival in New York came last night. Annie seems better. She has a better appetite, and goes all about the house and garden alone. Hymie writes me that he and his family and John will leave for this place on the 22d. I am glad they are coming, for we are lonesome. My Chinaman cook does very well, though he has had two sick days. . . .

A. P. D.

Los Angeles, July 14, 1884.

. . . They lynched a Chinaman cook here last week, and I have shipped mine. He was perfectly worthless—out every night, and slept all the next day; and when I found he carried a pistol I had no further use for him. . . .

A. P. D.

The family resided, as above mentioned, in the winters of 1884-85 and of 1885-86 at their home in New York, and in the summer of 1885 at Seabright, New

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Jersey, and in that of 1886 at Saratoga. Covering this period only a few letters of Mrs. Dillon's of any memorial interest have been found. A letter to her from her father, dated March 2, 1886, is given in the Appendix.

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

671 Madison Avenue, New York,
November 29, 1886.

My dear Friend:

Your letter of Friday is just received. It gave me the only news I have of my poor Lev's funeral.¹ He lived with me long enough for me to test his good qualities. He was the most generous, unselfish, and affectionate boy I ever knew. While he was full of mischief, he was always obedient, and willing to take punishment for his misdemeanors. Only a month since I had a letter from him telling me of his engagement, and asking me if he might bring his wife home to me for a bridal trip. John is completely broken up, for he loved Lev dearly. . . .

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

The next letter refers to and was written from the Saratoga cottage, 704 North Broadway, then recently purchased, and which was occupied by the family for the first time in the summer of 1887.

¹ Levin Collier, Mrs. Dillon's nephew (the son of her sister Mary), was assassinated, without provocation, at Emporia, Kansas, by an intoxicated man who was serving under him. He was buried at Oakdale.

Anna Price Dillon

TO MRS. MARY VON T. PRICE

704 North Broadway, Saratoga Springs,
Sunday, July 24, 1887.

My dear Friend :

Your letter of July 2 reached me in due time. I was truly glad to get the news it brought me.

I have been in Saratoga for seven weeks. It is lovely here, and I am so happy. Susie Price is here, and I believe she is enjoying it. I would like to have you get a taste of the comfort of being here, and a glimpse of the beauty of trees, grass, and flowers that surround us. I hope you will not conclude to stay in Denver. Pray come back to New York in the autumn, if not before. With much love, I am,

Very sincerely,

ANNA PRICE DILLON. *

The following note incidentally mentions a short excursion from Saratoga to Stockbridge and Lenox, made by Mrs. Dillon and her two daughters in October, 1887.

TO JOHN M. DILLON

Curtis House, Lenox, Massachusetts,
Wednesday evening, October 12, 1887.

Dear Pod :

We came here yesterday, and find it very cold. We have " done " Lenox faithfully to-day, and to-morrow

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we go to Stockbridge. Friday we return to Saratoga. Annie will leave us at Albany and take the train for New York that leaves Saratoga at 12:45 P. M. Be sure to meet her at the depot at seven o'clock, for she will be alone.

This is a lovely place—indeed, the most beautiful I ever saw.

Affectionately,

MAMA.

The next two letters were written in December, 1887, from Topeka, where Mrs. Dillon was visiting her eldest son and his family. On the way to that place Mrs. Dillon was for a short time the guest of Mrs. McCullough at Davenport. She was joined in Topeka at Christmas by her other son, and returned with him to New York early in January, 1888.

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

Topeka, Kansas, December 7, 1887.

My dear Friend:

I reached here Sunday at noon, pretty well tired out, though it was only from traveling, as I had no responsibility ; for Hymie, who met me at Davenport, is a finished and expert traveler. They had a good dinner ready for me, and Jack was on tiptoe of expectation. The weather is charming, much like May. How is it with you? Delightful, I suppose, now *that I am gone*. . . .

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

Anna Price Dillon

TO MRS. McCULLOUGH

Topeka, December 27, 1887.

My dear friend Bessie:

A day or two before Christmas a mysterious package, which looked as if it might contain a book, came to this place, and was hustled away into a closet to await the great opening time, which, with us, is Christmas morning after breakfast, when the whole family assembles, and the jolly work of cutting strings and unwrapping packages begins. Jack was especially anxious to see the inside of your package, for I had received your letter and read to him from it that you had left an order with Santa Claus to send him a book. When he had it, and looked it over carefully, he sagely remarked that, as "the letters were so large, he could easily read it without any help."

John reached here Christmas morning. The snow-storm delayed the train from New York to St. Louis, and he could not make connections at the latter place. He is obliged to be home at the Law School¹ for the first lecture of the new year's course, which begins on the 9th prox., so I suppose we shall leave here about one week from Thursday. John is sorry to go back without seeing Frank, for whom he has always had a strong attachment; and I fear I must give up my trip to Lincoln to see Mrs. Wing, for, to tell the plain truth, I am not well enough to travel. I am

¹ The Columbia College Law School.

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worn out, and prudence whispers, "Give it up and go home." Love to all, and believe me,

Always yours devotedly,

ANNA P. DILLON.

The foregoing was perhaps the last letter written by Mrs. Dillon to Mrs. McCullough, who died at Davenport in March, 1888. As above stated, Mrs. Dillon, while en route to Topeka, was a guest for some days of Mrs. McCullough. During this stay Mrs. Dillon was quite ill, and the whole-hearted hospitality and loving care which she received on that occasion were always remembered with gratitude. This, among other things, is referred to in the letter to Mrs. Smith which follows, in which Mrs. Dillon pays a heartfelt tribute to the sterling character and worth of her deceased friend.

TO MRS. MARY REED SMITH

New York, Monday, April 23, 1888.

My dear Friend:

Your kind letter, which brought the sad, sad news of the death of one of my dearest friends, has been here a month. At first I was so stunned that I could neither talk nor write. Nearly all of the past month I have been housed, and most of the time confined to my bed, or your letter would have been answered before.

I cannot realize that my dear friend is dead—that I shall never again see her face or feel the touch of her hand. Since I have known Mrs. McCul-

Anna Price Dillon

lough well I have loved her devotedly. She was a genuine woman. If she professed a friendship she felt it; nothing in the world could make her hypocritical. I am devoutly thankful for the time I was permitted to spend with her. No one can know better than I of her faithful ministering, her tender, unremitting care, and of her devotion to duty. The pleasure of the few days spent under her roof on my last visit to my son will be a cherished memory until I, too, am called to "join the choir invisible."

You ask if Mrs. McCullough was with us in our charitable work as early as '73 or '74. I *do* remember distinctly that she did *not* come with the organization until after I became the president, and then it was at my earnest solicitation.

Remember me to my friends. They are very dear to me, and each one that goes leaves a place that cannot be filled. . . . I am,

Affectionately yours,

ANNA PRICE DILLON.

The letter which follows is to Mrs. Silsbee at Omaha, where she was then living.

TO MRS. SILSBEE

671 Madison Avenue, New York,
Christmas, 1888.

My dear Friend:

Have I really found you again? Last evening there was delivered at my door a little book entitled "Grand-

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ma's Attic Treasures." Until I found the card I was puzzled to know who had sent me such a delightful story, describing so well the craze of the present time for antique furniture. The book has given me great pleasure, but that does not equal the pleasure of knowing where you are. I verily thought I had lost you, and it has been a great grief to me. Do you never come East to your old home in Bath? Surely, if you did, you would come to me for a while at least.

I went to Kansas last winter to visit my son and his wife, and fully intended to go to Omaha and to Lincoln; but I was taken ill in Topeka, and was only able to get home, without doing any extra traveling. If all goes well I expect to be in Kansas before the winter closes, and, if so, shall make a great effort to see you, and also Mrs. Wing and Mrs. Barnard in Lincoln. Susie was in Europe with friends all summer. I shall now leave her to take care of the family until I get rested. Susie Price was married in November last, and has a good husband, I think. You must give cordial remembrances to Mr. Silsbee, and with much love to your own dear self, and ardent wishes for a "Merrie Christmas," I am, as ever, lovingly,

Your

ANNA PRICE DILLON.

The next two letters, written by Mrs. Dillon in 1889, when she was visiting her son Hiram at Topeka, are given for the pleasant glimpses they afford of family life.

Anna Price Dillon

TO JOHN M. DILLON

Topeka, Thursday, January 31, 1889.

Dear Pod :

Your letter reached me this morning. I can imagine your trepidation in Chicago at finding your bag and coat gone. I presume you began to suspect that you were doomed to ill luck when traveling.

Hymie intends to give a dinner, and I wish you to get two cans of terrapin at King's Market, and three cans of *macédoine* at Park & Tilford's, put them in a strong wooden box, and let Michael take them to the express office after *you* have directed them. Please attend to this *immediately*, as he wants to give the dinner as soon as they come. The weather here excels anything I have ever seen in America; the birds are chirping as if it were spring instead of midwinter.

Don't take the lemon-juice without diluting, or it will do you more harm than good. Love to all.

Affectionately,

YOUR MOTHER.

TO JOHN M. DILLON

Topeka, Sunday, February 17, 1889.

Dear Poddie :

Your letter of Wednesday night came yesterday. Hymie has not yet sent out his invitations for the dinner; he is waiting till Susie gets over the reception in my honor, which came off last Wednesday, and

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was a very *swell* affair. I am glad you like your bird; hope you 'll enjoy him while I am away, for his little head must be *cut off* when I get back. I wrote you that the terrapin and other cans had arrived.

I have already written your father that the settee for Hymie came in good shape. He and I are preparing to go to Santa Fé about the 1st of March. Susie Price is in Denver, having a good time. She and Aunt Annie and Lutie have all written me to come and make a visit.

Tell Annie that the little dishes came yesterday, and I 'm going to send them to-morrow to the little three-year-old who has had her "old slippers for years"! ¹ Love to all.

Very affectionately,

MAMA.

On the return from Topeka Mrs. Dillon visited Holidaysburg. ²

TO JOHN F. DILLON II

671 Madison Avenue, New York,

April 4, 1889.

My dear Little Casino: ³

I will send you to-morrow some Little Lord Fauntleroy writing-paper, so that when you get over the

¹ The little daughter of Mrs. Wheeler of Topeka. Mrs. Dillon said to her: "Eleanor, I see you have on a new pair of slippers." She answered, "Oh, no, Mrs. Dillon; I have had these for years and years!"

² See Chapter I, pp. 8, 9.

³ A humorous name given by Mrs. Dillon to her eight-year-old grandson, on account of his persistency in compelling her to play casino with him. This letter was written soon after her return to New York, as related in the introduction to this chapter.

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measles you can write me; also a deck of pretty cards that you may have for your very own. They are quite a new thing, and you can amuse yourself with them while you are in bed. I am anxious to hear how you get on, and whether the measles have disappeared. There is a circus in town just now, with a great many animals and a large herd of Arabian horses and some very small ponies. I hope they will stay until you come to New York. I wish you were here now. I have no one to play cards with me.

Very affectionately,

GRANDMOTHER.

The two following letters refer to a trip to Old Point Comfort, made in April, 1889, by Mrs. Dillon and her daughters, Susie and Annie.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Old Point Comfort, Virginia,
April 7, 1889.

Dear Judge:

I have just sent you a night message in answer to the despatch I found awaiting me when I arrived. We did not get here until three-thirty this afternoon. We arrived at Cape Charles in due time, i. e., 7 A. M., embarked on the boat which was waiting, and put out into the angriest sea I ever saw. I was deathly sick, and when, after two hours' buffeting the waves, we reached the pier, the wind was so high that the boat

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could not land. They threw out the plank, and some people took their lives in their hands and jumped ashore, leaving trunks and baggage to their fate. I was so ill that I could n't be gotten down-stairs in time to jump, and so we were carried off to Norfolk. By the time we reached that place, the trip down the Elizabeth River had put me on my feet, and we went to a hotel for dinner, and at two o'clock came back here. It was all the boat could do to land, and we had to be very active to get ashore. I wished myself at home or dead many times to-day.

It rained in torrents all the time I was in Norfolk, so that I made no effort to see Louise,¹ but when I arrived here I found a despatch from her, saying, "Boats not considered safe in this storm." So you see what a risk we ran in crossing.

There are four hundred people in this house, and it is beautifully situated; when the sun shines again I can tell you more about it. I will write again when I come to some conclusion as to whether it would pay you and John to come down.

Ever yours affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Old Point Comfort, April 9, 1889.

. . . I wrote you on Saturday evening, and suppose the letter reached you this morning. The storm

¹ Mrs. Dillon's niece, Mrs. Louise Collier Willcox.

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has ceased, and we are having the first sunshine I have seen since leaving New York. A sailing-vessel was wrecked off this coast, and nine bodies and the debris have come ashore three miles from here; many of the guests have gone to see the wreck. Can you come down Friday night?—and let's go home Sunday. I have had enough of this now.

A. P. D.

Mrs. Graham and her family had occupied Leafland during a part of the time of Mrs. Dillon's first absence in Europe.¹ On learning of Mrs. Graham's death, Mrs. Dillon wrote to her daughter this tender letter.

TO MRS. ANNA GRAHAM LORD

671 Madison Avenue, New York,
Monday, April 15, 1889.

My dear Anna :

I reached home yesterday, and found the letter recounting the sad news of your mother's accident and sickness, also the despatch announcing her death. I am grieved to know that I have one friend less in my old home. The one called was to me more like a sister than an acquaintance. Poor dear! I had hoped to see her once more before she left us; but it was not so ordered.

I was in Topeka several weeks this past winter, but was too wretched in health to extend my visit to friends at Davenport, who would have found me

¹ See Chapter I, p. 82.

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more of a burden than a pleasure. Now I am so distressed that I did not go to Davenport, if for a day only, that I might have just spoken with her, if no more. Since I was last with you, your mother and Mrs. McCullough have gone, and I feel that I am sorely bereft. You have lost the best of mothers. I never knew one more devoted to her children, and particularly to her daughter. Give my love to dear, unselfish Mollie and your lonely father, and accept from your old-time friend all the love and sympathy I feel for you in your sad bereavement.

Affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

Mrs. Dillon's husband and the daughters Susie and Annie left for Europe July 17, 1889, destined for Carlsbad. Mrs. Dillon and her sons John and Hiram, and the family of the latter, and her father, remained at the Saratoga cottage. The following note was written to catch the husband before the steamer sailed. The letters which follow in this chapter were addressed to him at Carlsbad and Paris.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

704 North Broadway, Saratoga,
July 16, 1889.

Dear Judge :

This is the last chance I shall have *vous parler* before a letter can reach you in Deutschland. This is a

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perfect day, the finest we have had this summer, and you miss much by not being here. Everything is still—too still; the half-vacant house seems entirely too large. Susie and Annie's room affects me dreadfully, it is so empty and quiet. It is all picked up and cleaned. Annie's table in the corner, with its bell, and the fan she used at night, with " Sylvia " keeping watch over her, makes me " unco " sad. Susie's slippers and wrapper look so empty and forlorn that I've closed the closet door and put them out of sight. To tell the truth, I'm profoundly lonesome, and everything reminds me that you are gone. The library table is all fixed up and tidy, and *the very order of it brings a sigh*. Out on the lawn they are cutting the grass with a great clatter; but there is nobody to disturb by it now, no sick girl to worry, and I'm dreadfully sad. But enough of this. I will order the carriage and take a drive. *Bon voyage*, God bless you, and good-by.

Very affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

704 North Broadway, Saratoga,

July 19, 1889.

Dear Judge:

In accordance with a request made in the note you wrote on shipboard and sent back by the revenue cutter, I write now so that the letter may follow you

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on the steamer that sails to-morrow, Saturday. I received all the letters from you and the girls written after leaving Saratoga and before sailing. John returned here on Thursday, and he also gave an account of packing preparations, your flowers, fruit, and final departure. You are now more than forty-eight hours out, and know well whether you are to be seasick or not.

We have not had one unpleasant day since you left; the weather is beautiful. Everything in the house moves smoothly. It is very quiet—indeed, too quiet. The sight of the girls' room saddens me; as long as they were to go, I wish they had taken everything belonging to them. I miss you all, but none so much as my sick one, who has been my constant companion.

My father is determined to go home, and will leave here next Tuesday, and spend the night with Mary and Susie Price at the New York Hotel. Tell Susie that Pluto¹ has developed a very savage trait. He has jumped at several people, and he tore the coat off one man, and I have had to muzzle him. We all went down yesterday and sat for a group picture. In the proof I look like the grandmother of the whole lot instead of only one.² When you write, number your letters, and then I shall know if they all reach me. Give my love to the girls, and tell them I shall write to them.

Affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

¹ The name of a St. Bernard dog presented to Susie by Senator McPherson.

² This is the picture of four generations, i. e., of her father, herself, her son Hiram, and his son Jack.

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TO MRS. MARY VON T. PRICE

704 North Broadway, Saratoga,
Saturday, July 20, 1889.

Dear Mary :

Your note in answer to the short one I wrote you on Thursday has just come. I am truly glad that you find it practicable to be in New York city next Tuesday. Pappy cannot be persuaded to stay here any longer than that day, and if you and Susie Price were not to be in the city I should go down with him and make him comfortable at 671 until he goes on to Washington.

I do not wish to go to the city in this heat, for I am not very well able to travel. I am greatly obliged to you for the long letter you sent describing your stay with the girls until their departure. They all wrote me, and sent letters back by the boat that conducted them down the bay. I am very lonesome without them, and miss them more than I can tell. Monday was the worst day of my life. I thought for about twelve hours that my heart and head would burst. I retired to the room you occupied when here, and locked the door till I got the mastery of myself.

I am very sorry to hear that Susie Sterling is so wretched. John says she looks bad. I wish that you and she (if you feel equal to it) would take pity on me, in my desolation, and come, either in August or September, and make me a visit. I should be

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pleased to have Mr. Sterling, too. Give my love to my dear niece. With much love and gratitude for what you did for my girls, I am,

Always yours,

MARGERY.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

704 North Broadway, Saratoga,
July 30, 1889.

Dear Judge :

I have nothing to say that will be especially interesting, but if to-morrow's steamer does n't take a line there will be a long space between letters. Everything goes on as usual. It has rained constantly for four days. The spike from the aloe has gotten to be fifteen feet high, with no sign of flower except that there have started out from the sides of it, near the top, several smaller spikes that have on the ends clusters resembling little cauliflowers. The whole thing is a failure except the length of the spike. The sunflowers will soon be in their glory, and I have an ocean of sweet peas. The pear-tree near the kitchen window is loaded to the ground; I tie Pluto near it every night, in the hope that I may get some fruit this year. Pluto is a terror to every one who comes into the grounds, but the same persons may pass along the sidewalk with impunity. He never notices them unless they make a move to enter, or even look in; then he gives them to understand that he is on guard. I have taken

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him out of the stable and have made him a bed in the tool-house. Frederic and he are sworn friends. He walks beside him when he goes down-town, with his tail waving and his head up. But, poor fellow! he has to be ignominiously tied up when he returns; but that is a necessity.

I suppose your Southampton letter will reach me about the 3d of August; I shall then know what sort of a voyage you had. By this time you are domiciled at Carlsbad, and Annie probably has begun her cure. When you write, tell me how you spend your time, and what are your prospects of going to Vienna and Prague. Give my love to the girls and tell them that their room has a most deserted look.

Ever affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

The next letter is to her daughter Annie at Carlsbad.

TO MISS ANNIE DILLON

704 North Broadway, Saratoga,
August 25, 1889.

My dear Annie "Dinnin" :

Do you ever consider how much letter-writing I do? Just think: two letters every week since you left, except once, and then I was only able to write one. I sent off a long letter to Susie last Saturday, and on Wednesday I sent your father his fourth letter. Is not that doing pretty well? You know, I

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have everything to do myself—my accounts to keep, all the catering for a large family, and all the agreeable when people call. It is very entertaining to see Frederic and Pluto together; there is perfect sympathy and confidence between them. Some day I expect to see Pluto on his hind legs, walking arm in arm with Fred. They go to market every morning, and Pluto looks up the basket if it is not already on hand. We let him loose now at night, and sometimes he sleeps on the piazza and sometimes on the kitchen side porch. When he sleeps there, John watches him out of his window, and he says that during the night he makes frequent trips around the house, taking naps between.

Supper is over and I resume my letter-writing. Pluto, Hymie, and I took a long walk this evening. Pluto seemed as human as any of us. He would march on ahead, and then run back and sniff at my hand as if to say, "Is it all right?" I shall be very sorry when the time comes to leave him here. John says Reilly will keep him for us. Give my love to your father and Otie.¹ I have no time to write more, as I intend to mail this letter so that it will catch Tuesday's steamer instead of Wednesday's. With love,

Affectionately,

MAMA.

The following was addressed to her husband at Paris, to meet him on his way home from Carlsbad.

¹ A familiar name for her daughter Susie.

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TO JOHN F. DILLON

704 North Broadway, Saratoga,
September 2, 1889.


Dear Judge:

Your letter No. 6 reached me last Friday, just before I mailed a letter to Susie. Since then there has not been anything worth recording, but as you will expect a letter from home, I will not disappoint you, for I know how desolate it makes one feel to expect a letter and not get it.

The book of Prague photos came on Saturday last. They are excellent pictures, and are only enjoyable for that reason, as I was so stupid as not to stop there, though we passed through twice. I wonder you did not go on to Vienna; it is not more than six or eight hours farther, and the Hirschls would have been delighted to see you and show you their beautiful city.

If I have kept correct account of the weeks, there is only one more until Annie finishes her cure. I think she can be no better, for every one of you is so silent on the subject; even she says nothing about herself. Well, if she is not cured no one will be more disappointed than she, for I have no doubt she has done everything required of her, and strictly observed the regimen. I am worrying somewhat, but try not to think, and to make the best of it.

The Grand Union Garden Party came off last Sat-



PORTRAIT OF MRS. DILLON, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
TAKEN AT SARATOGA, 1889.



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urday night. John took Mary Price, as she was the only one of the family who had not seen it. People are beginning to leave, and soon Saratoga will be asleep for another eight months. The days for the past two weeks have been fine—indeed, we are just beginning to have summer weather. Our grounds are looking well, and the pear-tree next to the house on the south side has a fine crop of fruit, and, thanks to Pluto, we are getting the benefit of it. Tell the girls that while I write I have three large, yellow, mellow pears, which I shall proceed to eat in the course of the afternoon.

This letter will reach you in Paris, when you will be so taken up by the sights that you will hardly find time to read it. I wish I could be there so as to introduce you to some of my old haunts. Go out to the Trocadéro, and up the Champs-Élysées, take in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, and be sure to take the tramway and ride round to the Batignolles; while you do so, just think of the many times I have done that alone when the girls were in school.

You will see by the inclosed clipping that our old friend Judge Fitch is dead. I feel sorry, now, that I was not able to see more of him when he called.

The aloe still hangs fire as to blooming; I will try to send you in this a sample of the flowers, and the one the most advanced. I vote the whole plant a fraud. It is not beautiful, and only serves to attract the provincials that pass. Give my love to the girls. I must

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hurry and close this letter so as to catch Wednesday's steamer.

Ever affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

Prior to the date of the next letter Mrs. Dillon's husband and daughters had returned from Europe.

The two letters which follow were written by Mrs. Dillon to her son John at Topeka, where he was visiting his brother preparatory to a hunting-trip to the Indian Territory. Although he was twenty-one, his mother in this letter, as in others, resorts occasionally to the infantile vocabulary she had been accustomed to use when speaking familiarly to him. A pathetic allusion to Leafland will be noticed.

TO JOHN M. DILLON

New York, Thursday, October 24, 1889.

My dear John :

Your letter written Friday night has just reached me, and the answer will go out on this evening's train. Glad your journey was so comfortable, and that everything was in such good shape for the home-comers. Your remarks about Davenport are well understood. When I was there two years ago, I drove past Leafland and its ruins, and cried like a baby at the sight of the place, and the recollection of the days that will never come again.

Your account of your health is encouraging. If I could believe all you say, I 'd be happy; but I fear it

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is a "*bid 'ie*," told to keep us at this end of the line in good spirits. The weather here is good; but everything has a lonesome look since my family has grown so small. I hope you may enjoy the hunt. Will send the camera whenever you say. Am going down this afternoon to see Dr. Flint about my throat. Will at the same time buy a screen to set up at your window when Hymie gets that terrible furnace going. Eat all you want, but take your cup of *hot* water half an hour before meals. It will thin you out wonderfully. Be sure to put in the juice of a lemon. It will sweeten the blood and keep off rheumatism. Give love to my *biggest* and *best* boy, and keep a large lot for yourself. Mary Price and the girls send lots of love to you and Hymie. Tell Hymie to write me when he has time.

Affectionately,
MAMA.

TO JOHN M. DILLON

671 Madison Avenue,
Sunday, October 27, 1889.

Dear Pod:

Your last letter came at the same time with one from Hymie, to whom I wrote on Friday. This is a very gloomy, rainy day, the streets deserted by all except a few religious devotees, who, with prayer-book in hand, are dragging their soaked clothing homeward.

We went yesterday to hear the Kendals in "The Ironmaster." I was somewhat entertained and somewhat disappointed. Mrs. Kendal is considered

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the finer actor of the two ; both are tame compared with Irving and Terry.

Let me know whether the camera arrives all right, and if the sticks which support it are in good shape. Where do you suppose I found them ? After moving everything in the storehouse and in the closet at the head of the fourth flight of stairs, I gave up in despair, and was just sitting down to write you that they could not be found, and that I should not send the camera, when it occurred to me to look in your closet, when lo ! there they were on the top shelf. I hope you will get pleasure enough out of it to compensate me for my trouble.

The Elys celebrate their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary next Saturday. We expect to go.¹

Your father has had another shock in the death of Judge Van Vorst, one of his friends, who lived quite near us.

When are you arranging to come home, Sonny ? Give my love to Hymie.

Very affectionately,

MAMA.

TO JOHN M. DILLON

671 Madison Avenue,

Monday, October 28, 1889.

My dear Pod :

You 'd a good one ! I wrote you yesterday, but this morning there came a letter from you, written Thurs-

¹ This refers to the silver-wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Ely, valued and esteemed friends of Mrs. Dillon and her family.

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day night, saying that you and Hymie expected to start on your hunting-trip this week. I hasten to write so that you may get the letter before you go. I wrote Hymie on Friday. I suppose he has the letter ere this.

I am glad that you appreciate your ignorance of the Bible. When you get to reading it, picture to yourself a little yellow-haired girl with blue eyes and plain clothes, poring daily over its pages, committing to memory its verses by hundreds,—once the number reached seven hundred in a week,—and you see your mother forty-five years ago.¹

Michael has been “fired.”² He gave your father some impudence, and was fired quicker than he anticipated. That is the account of your friend No. 1. Now the next news is that your little bird hanged himself last Saturday—friend No. 2. Lena was down-stairs, and when she went back he was dead. He had, to all appearances, caught his head, when flying, in the top wires of the cage. We are all sorry, and are vowing never to have any more pets.

Tell Susie Brown I received a letter from her a day or two ago, and will soon answer it.

When are you coming home, “old one”? The library is the most forlorn place I ever saw, very orderly, and your chair has a desolate look that I can't stand. I am dreadfully lonesome, at night especially. Tell Hymie I would give more than I

¹ See Chapter I, p. 27.

² The coachman.

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have just now to have him come in smoking, even if it were a cigarette! Love to all.

Affectionately,

MAMA.

It was during the summer of 1889, while living at Saratoga, that Mrs. Dillon had the photograph taken which has been already mentioned,¹ and as it is the only one in profile taken in later life, a photogravure of it is given in this volume, although the picture was never quite satisfactory to her or her family.

After the date of the last letter, and until the date of the letters first given in the next chapter, Mrs. Dillon was at her home, 671 Madison Avenue, except when absent on visits to her father.

¹ See Chapter I, p. 41, note.





CHAPTER IX

LIFE IN EUROPE

1890-93

1890, Third visit to Europe — Accident to *Gascogne* — Carlsbad — Return to America — 1891, Fourth visit to Europe — Aix-les-Bains — Cure — Return to America — Her father's illness — Wedding of son John, November 10, 1891 — 1892, Fifth visit to Europe — Paris — Apartment at 12 Rue Pierre Charron — Carlsbad — Return to America, April, 1893.

LETTERS TO JOHN F. DILLON, MRS. BILLS, MRS. MARY
REED SMITH, MRS. PHELPS, MRS. MARY PRICE,
JOHN M. DILLON, AND HIRAM PRICE

MRS. DILLON visited Europe the third time in 1890. A family party, consisting of herself, her daughter Annie (who was recently married and who was accompanied by her husband), Susie Dillon, John M. Dillon, Susie Brown Dillon and her son John F. Dillon II (called "Jack" in the letters), sailed May 17, 1890, on the *Gascogne*, Carlsbad being the objective point. The Saratoga cottage was not occupied this year by the family, Mrs. Dillon's father

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and her husband stopping for the summer at the United States Hotel in Saratoga. The *Gascogne* struck a rock off the Scilly Isles, and all on board narrowly escaped a fearful death. Mrs. Dillon, after reaching Carlsbad, found that she could not take the waters, and thereupon went to Dresden, leaving her daughters at Carlsbad to finish their cure. In August they all returned to Paris, via Frankfurt and Homburg. They left Havre on the *Bourgogne* for home, October 11, 1890, arriving at New York Saturday, October 18. The family resided at 671 Madison Avenue during the winter of 1890-91.

Shortly after returning from Davenport, in July, 1891, as related below, Mrs. Dillon made her fourth visit to Europe, her physician advising the milder waters at Aix-les-Bains, France. With her daughter Susie as her companion, she sailed July 24, 1891, on the *Bourgogne*, leaving the rest of the family at the Saratoga cottage. Her esteemed friend Mrs. Mary M. Holmes, was already at Aix. Mrs. Dillon took the regular cure at that place with seeming benefit. The daughter Susie remained abroad for the winter with her friends Mr. and Mrs. Leech. Mrs. Dillon (accompanied by Mrs. Holmes) returned to America, reaching New York November 9, 1891, in time, as planned, for the wedding of her son John, who, on November 10, was married to Miss Lucy S. Downing, daughter of Augustus C. Downing of New York, that day being selected because it was the anniversary of the

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celebration of his mother's marriage.¹ The family resided at 671 Madison Avenue during the winter of 1891-92, and until Mrs. Dillon left for Europe in June.

Under medical advice Mrs. Dillon and her daughter Annie again went to Carlsbad, with a view of afterward remaining for the winter in the milder climate of Europe. They sailed from New York in June, 1892, on what was Mrs. Dillon's fifth visit to Europe. Here she was joined by her daughter Susie, who was already in Europe. Mrs. Dillon rented, for greater comfort, an apartment, No. 12 Rue Pierre Charron, for a year. Her son John and his wife lived with his father at 671 Madison Avenue from October, 1892, to April, 1893, at which time Mrs. Dillon and her daughters returned on the *Bretagne* to New York, where they were greeted by all of the family, including her son Hiram, who came on from Kansas. The family resided in their Madison Avenue home during the winter of 1893-94. On April 6, 1893, Mrs. Dillon received in Paris, from her husband, proofs of the first chapter of his Yale University Lectures, delivered at New Haven in the college year 1891-92, and which, upon their publication, he dedicated to her, as stated in a previous chapter.²

In the first letter, as also in a subsequent one, Mrs. Dillon recounts the accident to the steamer off the Scilly Isles.

¹ See Chapter I, p. 14.

² See Chapter I, p. 38.

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TO JOHN F. DILLON

Steamship *Gascogne*,
Sunday evening, May 25, 1890.

Dear Judge :

In order that you may have a line, I hasten to get a place at this dining-table, where everybody is writing. We expect to reach Havre to-morrow at seven o'clock; before evening you will have heard by cable of our safe arrival there or otherwise. We have had a smooth voyage, without anything to break the tedium of a nine days' trip, until this morning, at about seven o'clock, we ran upon the rocks off the Scilly Isles, and tore a hole in our bow six feet long. We got off in a short time, and are proceeding on our way, expecting to arrive without further delay. We had dense fog, which was the cause of our accident.

I expect you to tell me, in your first letter, whether you have rented the Saratoga cottage. If you do so, you will need the inventory of articles in it. The key to my desk is tied on to the wire of "The Angel Carrying a Baby," in the middle bedroom. The inventories (one to keep and one for the lessee) are in the top row of pigeonholes. Give the lessee the yellow one; it is written better than the other.¹ Be sure to lock the desk and put back the key. When you write tell me all the news about everybody. In gen-

¹ See Chapter I, p. 26.

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eral the passengers on this vessel are *tres commun* ; with a few exceptions, I never care to see any of them again. John has done nothing but tease me, and I don't know what I have said.

Affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO JOHN F. DILLON¹

Hôtel Chatham, Paris, May 30, 1890.

Dear Judge :

The steamship *City of New York* has just brought to Paris the mail from the United States, and among it your letter written on the Sunday after we left. We are located at the above hotel. You have, of course, heard all about the accident to the *Gas-cogne*. I told you something of it in the letter I wrote you on shipboard, though I did not then know all the danger. We are planning to get away from here for Geneva, but cannot say positively when that will be. Annie seems very well. John talks of going to London; to-night he dines with Mr. and Mrs. Reiset. I have no news for you, as I have been nowhere except on the street. Write me, and give my love to everybody. Did you send a telegram to my father of our arrival on this side?

Affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

¹ In New York.

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TO JOHN F. DILLON

Paris, June 1, 1890.

Dear Judge :

I wrote you last week and sent to Southampton in hopes of catching the steamer there. Yesterday Susie Brown, Jack, and I made the trip to St. Sulpice, the Pantheon, and St. Étienne, by the omnibus. You remember that when last in Paris you and I heard a sermon in St. Sulpice, and saw a procession of choir-boys. To-morrow we expect to go to the Trocadéro and the Hôtel des Invalides, also to the Eiffel Tower. To-day Susie, John, Jack, and I drove through the Bois de Boulogne. It was crowded with people, for the day has been perfect except for a chill in the air, which, by the way, is better than to be so hot. I would like to leave here for Switzerland in a week, but all of the party do not wish to go so soon. I intend to start for Carlsbad about the 15th. . . .

Very affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

Some further details of the accident to the *Gascogne* are given in the next letter.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Paris, Sunday, June 8, 1890.

Dear Judge :

I received your letter of the 25th, also a short one written after hearing of the *Gascogne's* accident and

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escape. I don't think you can appreciate the great horror we escaped, nor can any one who has never been placed in a like situation. The rock we struck is the same one that sank the *Schiller* fifteen years ago, when Kircher from Davenport was lost. All that terrible history came back to me when the accident occurred. Until we reached Havre the pumps never stopped for one instant; we ran into port with ten feet of water in the hold. If the officers admitted ten feet we may readily believe there was considerable more.

It is two weeks on Monday since we reached here. We have put in the time pretty faithfully sight-seeing—more on Susie Brown's account than ours, for to her it is all new. This morning the party all started for London, except Jack, myself, and Marie (the maid). They are to be gone one week. I would like to start for Carlsbad in a week from this time, but nobody seems willing to leave this city.

I was glad to hear the cottage had been rented. Mrs. Henry Hilton is here in Paris; she took Susie to the flower festival in the Bois de Boulogne yesterday. I have really nothing to tell you, only write to let you know that all goes well with us.

Affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO JOHN F. DILLON.

Paris, June 13, 1890.

Dear Judge:

Your letter written at Shinnecock on Sunday, June 1, is this minute received; also one from Mrs. Kauf-

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man. I am anxious to leave here and get to Carlsbad. Paris has not the attractions for me that it once had. Yesterday I took Jack to the Place de la Bastille, and told him, as near as I was able, the history connected with it. I have promised him a visit to the Jardin d'Acclimatation this afternoon. Last night I had a letter from John Munroe, asking me to dinner and afterward the opera, which I had to decline on account of a cold.

You did not look well for the inventory of the things in the cottage; it is in the top row of pigeonholes in my desk; it is written on yellow block paper, and is inclosed with the old one in a paper parcel. I want to get this into the mail for to-morrow's steamer, so must close.

Very affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

The next letter was written after the return to Paris from Carlsbad.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Hôtel du Rhin, Paris, August 11, 1890.

Dear Judge:

John and I are each in receipt of letters from you this morning. We reached Paris last Friday. I left the girls, Susie Brown, Jack, and the maid in Homburg. John had some things to buy before sailing, and we came on here a week before the rest of the family.

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Annie was much depleted from the cure in Carlsbad, and could not come with us.

I am glad that you and my father are to be in Saratoga. I hope you will stay long enough to cool off. The girls and Susie Brown hope to reach here the Friday before John sails; then, if we are all well, we will go to Switzerland for two or three weeks. We are more comfortable at this hotel than at any we have yet found. I have applied for sailings on the *Gascogne* for September 27, but think it doubtful about getting them; if I fail, I must wait for the *Bourgogne* on October 11, as I will not trust myself on the *Normandie*.

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Paris, September 15, 1890.

Dear Judge:

Yours of September 3 reached me to-day. You say nothing of having received letters from me, though I have written twice since John left me. It is quite late to go to Switzerland, so we have given it up.

I am sincerely sorry to hear that Klein is so sick and wretched. I wish you would go and see him when you can. Get the Woman's Exchange to send him once or twice a week some calf's-foot jelly. John might lend himself to the good work and take it to the old man, for often things that are sent never get to the sick for whom they are intended. Tell Klein that when I get back I will see that he has everything

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to build him up and make him strong, and that I can't keep house in New York without him; it may please him to let him know that I said so.¹

Ever affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

The family, on reaching New York, went to 671 Madison Avenue to reside for the winter, and afterward to the cottage at Saratoga for the summer of 1891.

In the letter to Mrs. Bills which follows Mrs. Dillon gives a further short account of the previous summer in Europe, and some details relating to herself.

TO MRS. BILLS

New York, January 28, 1891.

Dear Friend:

Since I last wrote you I have had five months abroad. Good fortune seemed, for a time, to forsake me. Immediately upon my arrival at Carlsbad, the latter part of June, 1890, I fell ill with neuralgia. It rained constantly for ten days; at the end of that time my doctor ordered me away. My daughter-in-law, Susie Brown Dillon, her son Jack, my son John, and I went, after leaving Carlsbad, to Dresden. We waited there until Annie had finished her cure in Carlsbad. She and Susie Dillon then met us in Frankfort, and we all went to Homburg for a fortnight, thence to Paris.

¹ See Chapter I, p. 32.

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We planned to spend a month in Switzerland, but cholera was prevailing in Spain, and there was much apprehension of its entering France and Switzerland, so we changed our plans.

My health is somewhat improved by the rest, but I cannot say that my gout has in any way diminished; if I could only be cured of these crooked fingers, I should regard myself nearly as good as twenty years ago, barring the gray hair.

I have not much to do in the way of housekeeping; Susie Dillon relieves me of all that. Annie has an apartment in a building near us (the Hoffman Arms). She keeps house well. We have her to lunch with us almost every day, so that I am not as much bereft as if she had gone a long distance from me.

I think I wrote you that John was engaged to be married; no time set for the wedding, but it will probably be early in the autumn.

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

In June, 1891, Mrs. Dillon's father fell dangerously ill while visiting Davenport, and Mrs. Dillon, her husband, and their daughter Susie went to that city, and remained until Mr. Price had sufficiently recovered to return with them in July to Saratoga. During that illness his friends Mr. and Mrs. John B. Phelps removed Mr. Price to their home, and exercised their hospitality with the kindest and most devoted attention.

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The letters to Mrs. Mary Reed Smith, Mrs. Bills and Mrs. Phelps relate in part to Mr. Price's illness and his return East.

TO MRS. MARY REED SMITH ¹

704 North Broadway, Tuesday, July 7, 1891.

My dear Friend :

I will send you to-day the wrapper you lent to my father. He found it a great comfort, and wore it almost constantly during his journey East. He made the trip much more comfortably than we expected. I see a great change in him for the better; he seems strong, and his great trouble is to *make* himself be quiet. Once in a while he speaks of going home to Washington, but when he does so I can never hear—being stricken with a *sudden* and most *convenient* deafness. I have not yet recovered from the shock that the despatch that he was ill gave me, the long, anxious days, and the hot and weary journey. When I have overcome these I presume I shall be well. Give my love and thanks to Frank. I hope you are no worse than when I saw you, even if no better. You seemed so restful and quiet that I almost envied you your place. Remember me kindly to the two Annas and Mrs. Burlock, and believe me,

Always your friend,

ANNA PRICE DILLON.

¹ An intimate friend from early life. (See Chapter I, p. 12.)

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TO MRS. BILLS

Saratoga Springs, July 8, 1891.

Dear Friend :

A little more than a week ago, I saw you sitting out on your porch, and I comfort myself with the thought that you have taken a step toward recovery. We reached home just one week ago yesterday, after a comparatively easy trip. My father bore the journey well, but kept his bed nearly all the time. He is improving slowly but surely. In case we decide to run away to Europe for a few weeks, why won't you come with us? Susie is a good traveler, and speaks French well enough to act as a good courier. We will have a lovely time, and bring back neckties and silk socks enough to our husbands to reconcile them to all our expenses. . . .

A. P. D.

TO MRS. CORNIE WOODWARD PHELPS

Saratoga, July 16, 1891.

Dear Cornie .

Yours was received a few days ago. I have been quite busy or I should have written before. My father is making steady progress healthward, and looks better than I have seen him for a year; his diet, until a few days ago, has been prepared and administered by me every three hours. . . . I think the regularity with which he takes his food is largely the cause

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of his speedy recovery. He is planning to leave for Washington on Monday, stopping with my brother Willie for a day in New York. I have used every argument to keep him in Saratoga through the summer, but he is determined to go.

I am completely worn out, and if I can secure sailings on any of the steamers I shall be off to Aix-les-Bains to take the cure and, if possible, straighten out these crooked fingers.

Always devotedly yours,

ANNA PRICE DILLON.

In the next Mrs. Dillon announces her intended departure for Europe, and joins with her daughter Susie in urging Mrs. Bills to go with them.

TO MRS. BILLS

704 North Broadway, Saratoga,

July 16, 1891.

Dear Friend:

I can't let this letter go without adding my entreaties to Susie's. Don't let anything prevent your going to Europe with me for the cure. I know just what you will say: "Oh, I can't." But I answer, "You can." Put your things in a trunk and start. I will fit you all out for the ocean after we get to New York, where we go next Thursday afternoon, and will have all day Friday to get a steamer-trunk and pack it, and be off early Saturday morning.

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You don't need heavy clothes. Susie and I are taking but few. We can get everything in Paris. Now, come along, and don't be intimidated by the stupendousness of the undertaking. Tell your sister-in-law to give you a good push that will land you in Saratoga early next week.

My father says he is quite well again, and is going to leave for Washington in a day or two. As soon as I found that neither coaxing nor threatening would keep him, I telegraphed for berths on the *Bourgogne*; favorable answer came this morning. Please say yes, and start.

Affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

Mrs. Bills was not able to accompany Mrs. Dillon, and on July 24, 1891, she and her daughter Susie sailed on the *Bourgogne* for Aix-les-Bains. The rest of the family, including Mrs. Mary Price (a relative to whom some of the letters below given were written), remained in the cottage at Saratoga. The following two letters describe the voyage and the arrival in Paris.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

On board *La Bourgogne*, July 31, 1891.

Dear Judge:

They say we are to arrive on Sunday, and that we may see the Scilly Isles to-morrow at 2 P. M. I am writing you, but I have no idea you will get the letter, for I hope you will sail with Messrs. Peck and Ross-

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ington¹ on the *Etruria*, on Saturday the 8th prox. We have had so far a quiet and uneventful voyage. With the exception of three days' fog and a constant whistling, we have had nothing to complain of. I have not been so sick as usual, and, barring a little dizziness, I have gotten on comfortably. This morning it took me three hours to get dressed on account of the rolling of the ship. Mrs. Pendleton has been sick nearly all the way. As you do not know our *compagnons de voyage*, it will not interest you to hear about them, so my fund of news is somewhat meager. There is a young man on board who says he was in your class at Columbia College Law School in 1880. After reaching Paris I shall not go on to Aix for two days, but will wait to hear from Mrs. Holmes, who is now at that place. With love to all, I am,

Very affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MRS. MARY VON T. PRICE

Paris, Hôtel Chatham,

Sunday, August 2, 1891.

My dear Pard:

Two weeks ago to-night we were all (Pappy included) sitting on the gallery of the cottage at Saratoga; and now think how great a distance separates us. We reached here at two-thirty this afternoon, drove to the hotel, and asked if they had received a letter from me requesting rooms. After spinning round wildly for

¹ Lawyer friends residing in Topeka, Kansas.

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ten minutes we were told yes and then escorted to where I now sit writing.

Well, I am terribly lonesome and would like to see you *mighty well*. I had a comfortable time on the steamer; went to dinner every evening but one. The weather was fair; except three days of fog, it was without fault.

This is a dark, rainy afternoon. Everything in the house is as quiet as the grave. I suppose all the guests are English, and you know they don't laugh except week-days. Susie and I will go to-morrow to see about the trip to Aix.

Monday evening. I had a letter this morning from Aix—from Mrs. Holmes. She received my letter, and writes that she will get me rooms in the same hotel with her. She says that everything is gay. The Bristows of New York and Mrs. Knickerbocker are there, also General Winslow and wife. I will write you all as soon as I am settled in Aix.

Very affectionately,

MARJORIE.

The five following letters give the course of life at Aix, including a vivid description of the cure as applied to Mrs. Dillon.

TO MRS. BILLS

Aix-les-Bains, August 9, 1891.

My dear Friend:

Well, dear, I came without you, and reached these foreign shores one week ago to-day. The good ship

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La Bourgogne brought us safe into port in just eight days after leaving New York. In Paris we rested from the voyage and then came here. I have lost no time in commencing the cure. The doctor says I have not gout, but what they call here "American rheumatism." If rubbing, bathing, and starving will accomplish anything, I shall go back in October a well woman.

This is a beautiful place, and just now the gayest I have ever been in. There is fine music all day and all night. My cure will take three or four weeks. I shall then go to Geneva, and thence to Paris, where I hope to meet my husband, who half promised me he would join a party of lawyers who intend to sail on August 8 and coach through England for a month. Good-by, dear, and believe me,

Devotedly yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MRS. MARY VON T. PRICE

Aix-les-Bains, August 13, 1891.

My dear Pard :

You 're a good one! I have two long letters from you, and they were more than welcome, for most of my time is spent in bed, and I have plenty of leisure to read all I receive.

I have commenced the treatment, and now I shall tell you what it is. In my case the bath is a douche, and after having prepared myself for it I step down

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into a stone room, or cell, which has a little window at the top. Here stand two gray-haired, yellow-skinned hags, each with a hose in hand which throws a stream of warm water one and a half inches in diameter. One is turned on your feet as you sit, and the other on your body. While the hag behind you is rubbing all the skin off your back, the other is twisting your toes, rubbing your knees, taking each leg in turn until you begin to wonder if they mean to leave any cuticle anywhere. After all this you are wrapped in heavy woolen blankets, a warm towel pinned around your head, and put into a sedan-chair, the curtains pulled down tight, and two men "tote" you off through all the public streets and parks to your hotel. Up-stairs they go, even to the fourth floor, and lift you, corpse-like, into your bed, and leave you, not to perspire, but to dissolve, for half an hour. Then the chambermaid comes with hot towels, and rubs you off, puts on your nightgown, and leaves you to yourself. Most people get up and dress, but I find myself so weak, perspiring so profusely, that I dare do nothing but lie in bed. I am very weak and shaky—much more so than ever before; and if I go on this way, I assure you I shall never be of any use to any one again.

The place is full of people, and many of them the rapid kind. Men and women gamble day and night. Nearly everybody takes a hand at it once in a while. The music here is fine.

I have no doubt you 're lonesome without your

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pard, for I know I am without mine. I hope you won't preserve any more fruit in the way you describe, for I fear you 'll not live till I get home. Is Punch a *good dog*, and does he mind? I am glad Annie has taken hold of the housekeeping in such earnest. *I guess she 'll make 'em mind*. With much love, I am,

Affectionately your pard,

MARJORIE.

TO MRS. MARY G. VON T. PRICE

Aix-les-Bains, August 26, 1891.

My dear Pard :

It is more than a week since I last heard from you, but then you have been faithful in writing your Marjorie. I am not going to count letters, and will write whenever I have a moment. I don't mean by *that* that I am at all busy, for that is not so. I am only disabled by douches, and am most of my time in bed because of the weakening effect. Why don't you tell me something about the household affairs? Have you still the same servants? . . . I have yet four douches to complete the number prescribed. That will take a week or ten days. Then I am going to Geneva (provided I 'm strong enough to travel) to stay a week, then coming back to take six more baths; then I shall go to Paris for a six weeks' sojourn. I wish you and Annie were with us.

With love, your

MARJORIE.

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In the letter printed in the note, dated August 30, some account is given of matters of interest to Mrs. Dillon on this side of the water, which fills up some gaps left in her own letters.¹

The foot-note contains an extract from a letter to his mother from her son John respecting the date of his intended marriage to Miss Downing.²

¹ 671 Madison Avenue, New York, August 30, 1891.

My dear Wife:

I wrote you a long letter from Saratoga last Sunday. On Monday I received a letter from you telling me about your baths down to the 13th.

I now resume my account of things here to this date. On Monday last I took Annie and Mary to President Harrison's reception in the House of Pansa. On Tuesday morning I started for Boston to attend the American Bar Association, and remained there until Friday night, when, at 11 P. M., I left the banquet to take the midnight train for this place, being peremptorily required to be here on Saturday morning to give attention to Union Pacific affairs. My work is not yet finished. I shall go to Saratoga as soon as I can get away.

I had a hard week at Boston, and came home somewhat worse for the wear, but I shall be all right in a day or so, I hope. I was unanimously elected president for the next year, which, as the association numbers eleven hundred members from over forty States in the Union, is esteemed a great honor. The main duties are to preside at the next annual meeting (in 1892), and to deliver the opening address. That meeting will be held in Saratoga.

I have had two despatches (by cable) from Fred F. Ayer from Aix-les-Bains, insisting that I go to Michigan in September or October to try his cases, and I must do so, if possible. This is a duty which I cannot put aside, as I have been his counsel in the matter for years, and he has relied upon me for this service.

I have no idea where you are, whether at Aix yet or in Switzerland. I therefore send this letter in care of Munroe & Co., Paris. But, wherever you are, I send you my love and my best wishes that your course of waters will have rewarded you for your long journey. With my love to Susie, I am ever,

Affectionately yours,

JOHN F. DILLON.

² 704 North Broadway, Saratoga, September 4, 1891.

Dear Mama:

. . . I would really like to be married on the 10th of November; please try to get home by that time. It is the anniversary of your mar-

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Mrs. Dillon, as already stated, reached New York November 9, and the marriage took place next day.¹

TO MRS. MARY VON T. PRICE

Aix-les-Bains, Sunday, September 6, 1891.

My dear Pard :

The concierge has just handed me your letter of the 23d ult. I lay in bed and nearly died laughing at your description of the reception. I am arranging to start for Geneva in a week or ten days. We shall only stay a week, and then come back here for Susie to take six more douches. She thinks it is owing to those she has taken that she escaped her terrible headaches.

This is a glorious day, and I 'd enjoy being out like the rest; but the three ugly old women who spin, weave, and cut the thread of life have decreed that everything shall be hard for me. There are plenty of women here, uglier and older than I, who take douches in the morning, walk home, and afterward go about all day, and all night, too. Most of them gamble and win lots of money, while I *try to be good*, and have no health at all. Surely I was born under an unlucky star. You will soon be packing to go back to 671 Madison Avenue. Be sure everything is well locked. Take

riage, and I would like, if possible, to set that day. Papa is still in the city. He has not been here for nearly two weeks. He has not had much rest this summer on account of Union Pacific. . . .

J. M. D.

¹ See p. 350.



PORTRAIT OF HER SON JOHN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, 1898.



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back as much as you can, for I never expect to go there again.

Very affectionately, your own
MARJORIE.

TO MRS. MARY VON T. PRICE

Aix-les-Bains, Sunday, September 13, 1891.

My dear Pard :

Three days ago, while in Geneva, I received a letter from you, also one from Annie. Annie's I answered while there. This morning at eleven o'clock we left Geneva, and now are again settled in our rooms at Aix. Susie is lying on the bed, tired out from the trip. She will again begin the douches to-morrow. I have several to take, and then on to Paris. While in Geneva I purchased six scarf-pins for John's ushers, also a handsome pearl-and-diamond star for Lucy.

Do tell me all the news. Your letters are always so full that I look forward to their coming as a little child does to a fête. This letter will probably reach you about the 25th inst. We will then be in Paris. I am feeling much better than when I came.

Your own
MARJORIE.

TO JOHN M. DILLON

Hôtel Chatham, Paris,
Sunday, September 27, 1891.

Dear Pod :

I wrote you a few days ago, and told you I would send Miss Clancy's wedding-handkerchief. I do so

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in this letter. Give it to Harry Hubbard to give to his fiancée, with my best wishes. I should have had her name embroidered on it if I had known it in full. I suppose that you are still in the West somewhere, and this letter will reach New York almost as soon as you do. I shall go as soon as I am well enough, and buy the things for you that I have promised. I have been shut up in my room nearly ever since I arrived. To-day is cold and cloudy, and I fear it will postpone my outgoing. What are *you* to give Hubbard for a wedding present? I wish I were there to help choose it.

Very affectionately,
MAMA.

TO MRS. MARY VON T. PRICE

Paris, September 29, 1891.

My dear Pard:

Your letters have always cheered and often exhilarated me. The description of the people and dresses at a certain gathering did me more good than all the douches I have taken.

I don't want any papering done till I get back, unless it is in Marie and Maggie's room. My room does not need new paper. I don't intend to touch it. As for the dining-room paper, I claim the exclusive right to select that, and the old gentleman can't meddle with it. Don't have any carpets taken up except on the fourth floor. I will try to get a *rug here*, and then I 'll make the changes in the carpets myself.

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You are very good to take the interest in my house that you do, and some day I 'll repay you, if I can, Pardie. I shall be sorry not to have you this winter, if you come to Europe; sorry for myself, and glad for you. . . .

Pappy writes that he is quite comfortable, but the pain in his side continues. He thinks he will never get over it. I must now close my letter; but before, let me tell you that if it is a fixed thing that John's is an *evening wedding*, let Marie get out my gray-and-white brocade, and keep it covered, but get the wrinkles out.

Love to Annie, and much for you, from

Your own

MARJORIE.

TO MRS. MARY VON T. PRICE

[Paris], Friday, October 16, 1891.

My dear Pard:

I had a lovely letter from you this week, and I 've read it twice. You shall have your things. I think I can get you a dress for the wedding; at least, I will go to-morrow and try. You will be sorry to hear that I am going to leave Susie over here for two months with the Leeches. I regret to go home without her, but she is not well and has frightful headaches. Two weeks from to-day we (Mrs. Holmes and I) leave for home. I hope we will have fair skies and smooth seas, or else I shall get in too late for the wedding. Will you write Miss Skelly that you want

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her to dress our hair for us on that occasion? Don't forget it. Speak in time.

Always devotedly your

PARD.

TO MRS. BILLS

New York, January 4, 1892.

. . . I came home November 9, the day before John's wedding, and a more cadaverous old lady you could seldom find. I was very ill during all my stay in Aix, but better than last winter. Susie nursed me faithfully and patiently, and looked the worse for it. When friends who live in Paris begged me to lend them Susie for the winter, I thought it was all right to do so. I have frequent letters from her, and she is having a good time. . . .

A. P. D.

In June, 1892, Mrs. Dillon and her daughter Annie left New York for Carlsbad, as stated in the beginning of this chapter,¹ and the letters which follow were written during the sojourn in Europe in 1892.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Paris, June 23, 1892.

Dear Judge:

Your letter of Sunday the 12th has just reached me. You seem to be having unusually hot weather in New York, while here it is delightful during the day, and cold enough at night to have a little wood-fire.

¹ See p. 351.

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We are more and more pleased with our apartment. There is no worrying and fretting about marketing; after a consultation with the cook in the morning she goes to market, and then every Saturday night we have the bills for the week. The Godfreys of New York are here. They have taken an apartment for the winter on the Avenue de l'Alma, and expect to make a trip to Egypt sometime during the year. Theodore Sterling¹ goes to Carlsbad next week; we leave for that place on the 13th of July, and will stay about five weeks. I have taken this apartment for a year, so will return to it late in August.

I suppose you are in New Orleans to-night, and no doubt you are warm enough. How is John? Give him my love. I always think of him when I am handling Susie Sterling's baby, for it has a little round head covered with dark hair, and I shut my eyes and imagine I am back again where I was twenty-four years ago. Susie is devoted to her boy. The Leeches have taken their apartment for another year; they leave next week for Wiesbaden.

Very affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

12 Rue Pierre Charron, Paris, July 11, 1892.

Dear Judge:

I am to-day in receipt of yours of July 1. I start for Carlsbad Wednesday evening; will stay two

¹ Husband of Susie Price.

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days in Nuremberg, and reach Carlsbad on the 16th, where I shall be until the 20th of August. I would rather remain here. It is not too hot, and our flat is delightful. I will never live in a house again, and shall stay here long enough to give you a chance to sell the house and get a flat; then I'll go home. Why don't you and Hymie come over this autumn for a jaunt? Make me a visit, and go down to Rome. We will treat you beautifully.

Susie's baby is named Theodore W. Sterling, Jr. He is a beautiful boy, and looks just as she did when that size. Mary Price is with her still, and does not know when she will go—possibly when Theodore gets back from Carlsbad. I did not give the number of our apartment for the reason that I think it safer to have my letters go to the bank. It is 12 Rue Pierre Charron, and is not far from the Eiffel Tower and the Trocadéro.

The new American minister, Mr. Coolidge, is not very far away, being at 58 Avenue Marceau. He held a grand reception on the Fourth of July at the Hôtel Continental (he had not moved into his house), and we went. There were many Americans there, among them the Warders of Washington, who are on their way to Vichy. Mr. Coolidge was assisted in receiving by his daughter; but I think I told you all that before. However, on Saturday morning Mr. Coolidge called on us, and offered us his carriage for a drive in the Bois. Of course we accepted it, and as we went bowling through the Bois behind his high-steppers and the

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men on the box with red, white, and blue cockades on their hats, the French public stopped and stared, thinking they saw the family of the new American minister. I have told you all I know, so will close this letter. It will then catch the Club Train that leaves at twelve to-night, and be on board the *Majestic* Tuesday night. I am sending to America by this mail letters to you, Hymie, John, and Pappy.

Ever affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

The next letter and the two following were written by Mrs. Dillon at Carlsbad. They will be better understood by the extracts from the husband's letters which are given in the note.¹

¹ New York, July 1, 1892.

Dear Wife :

. . . I am in the midst of preparation to start on my Western trip. I shall leave to-morrow and reach Marquette Tuesday. Hiram expects to meet me in Chicago Sunday, and bring Jack with him. I presume I shall be in Marquette until July 12. I am due in New Orleans July 20, en route to Texas. Practically, I shall be absent from New York all of July, as I have two cases in Marquette, and the Texas Railway Commission case in Texas. . . .

Affectionately yours,

J. F. D.

Dallas, Texas, July 24, 1892.

Dear Wife :

I wrote you last Sunday from Hymie's home in Topeka. I started from there last Monday, and reached Dallas Tuesday noon. There is great heat throughout the country, from 96° to 98° in Kansas, and over 100° in Texas. Dallas has about fifty thousand people. The hotel is miserable; the mosquitos are ravenous, the cockroaches overrun everything, and we found them at times in our food. I made my argument of four hours, with the mercury at 96°, and Sunday night was taken ill. Two others of our party have been ill at Dallas, where the heat is intense and the water is bad. Our case will not close before Wednesday or Thursday. When I get to New York I shall have been

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TO JOHN F. DILLON

Carlsbad, July 27, 1892.

Dear Judge :

Your letter from Marquette came on Friday last. I presume that by this time you are back in New York, and probably find it cool after the heat of Texas and Louisiana. We are beginning now to have it cool. To-day is one of the loveliest I ever saw. The place is full to overflowing; lots of Americans and lots of royalty, but to me they (royalty) all look Deutsche. The other night two tall old men came into Pupp's, and sat at the table next to us. Somebody whispered to Susie who they were, and she, as soon as it was practicable, informed me that they were Prince Attenburg and Count Somebody, and wanted to know if I had seen "their Majesties," and I replied, "No; I saw only two old gray Deutschers eating with their fingers," which quite disgusted all the bystanders, who admire and take off their hats to nobility. I'm glad you enjoyed your visit to Marquette. I, or rather we, are going to Bayreuth for two days. We shall go sometime next week, and stay two days to hear "Parsifal" and "Tristan and Isolde." I shall write

gone just one month, and a hard month, especially the latter half of it. If all goes well, as I expect, I shall be home Sunday, and my next letter to you will be from there. I shall spend two or three weeks at Saratoga before, at, and after the American Bar Association, which meets there August 24-26. I have done nothing as yet toward the preparation of my address. . . .

Affectionately yours,

J. F. D.

Memoir and Memorials

Hymie and Jack very soon, but really there is very little time to write.

Ever affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Carlsbad, August 3, 1892.

Dear Judge :

Your letter written from Topeka came in due time; it reached me yesterday. I presume by this time you are back in New York, and, from what the papers say, find it as hot as it was in Texas. How are you since your return, and how did you stand the journey? If I am well enough when I finish my cure here, I shall go for a day or two to Innsbruck in the Tyrol. I can go to Munich in twelve or sixteen hours, and then it is only a short pull to Innsbruck, so I think I 'll do it, and then we can go home by way of Geneva. Yesterday the girls walked to Stephanie's Thurm, which stands on the highest hill that looks down on Carlsbad. I am not allowed to walk, so took a donkey-cart and rode beside them. We had a sort of dinner there, and then came down. There is the finest view from that point that I ever saw. To-morrow we take the omnibus that goes to Pirkenhammer; will dine there, and see the porcelain-works. . . .

A. P. D.

Anna Price Dillon

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Carlsbad, August 14, 1892.

Dear Judge :

The letter you commenced in the train while en route for New York, and finished when you arrived, came last night. The one you wrote in Texas was received, and answered immediately. I am glad you are again at home, and no worse for the trip. I think no sane man would have ever consented to do such a thing for any amount of money. For a long time at this season of the year I have watched you, and have seen unmistakable signs of insanity in you where work is concerned. It is not with you as with other men, who work hard, and then relax perfectly, and try to regain by absolute rest what has been lost by application and great strain upon the brain. After you have accomplished some stupendous undertaking, instead of the rest you require, which should be obtained by a change of air, climate, and scenery, you at once jump into something else harder and demanding more work than what you have just finished; then you pitifully say you "find you can't stand what you once stood." Is it any wonder? You have never known the respite from work and thought that aids in keeping other men well and strong, and fully able to tussle with the world. Hy-mie and I long ago concluded that work was your recreation, and that we might as well let you alone.

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I am worn out. Dr. Kraus tells me to live quietly, and allow nothing to worry me. He says mine is a very stubborn malady, and even if I am ever cured I will never be strong again. I must now close this letter so that it will catch the next steamer from Bremerhaven.

Ever affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

The letters which follow were written after the return to Paris from Carlsbad.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

12 Rue Pierre Charron, Paris,
September 2, 1892.

Dear Judge :

I had just written to John in answer to a cablegram saying he had a daughter born, when the girls came in bringing your two letters. I really enjoyed the Saratoga news you gave me, and am glad all my friends are well. I wrote you a long letter from Geneva, and sent you some photos. I am sorry, now that there are fears of cholera coming here, that I did not stay longer in Geneva. The Sterlings are in Vevey, and will stay there a month longer.

Paris is crowded with Americans, and still they come from all parts of the Continent to buy clothes and go home. It is a pretty bad outlook if they have to stop outside the city for twenty days for fumigation.

Anna Price Dillon

Hymie writes that he does not see his way clear to come to Europe before the middle of December, so I suppose I need make no calculation on seeing any one of you before the spring. I will look around and send something to John's baby.

Ever affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MRS. MARY VON T. PRICE

[12 Rue Pierre Charron, Paris],
Friday, September 6, 1892.

Dear Pardie:

I am sorry to hear from Susie's letter that you do not expect to return to Paris until the 1st of October. It is lovely here now—warm enough, and the sun shines with just heat sufficient to make you glad. . . . I am not at all well to-day; went out yesterday and fatigued myself, so I am now doing penance. My errand was to get a cloak for the new baby, and I did it, and am now looking for some one to take it home for me. Mrs. Scott Cameron is here, and as she is very fond of Lucy I think she will undertake it.

I hope I won't have to go back to New York this fall, but Doc is writing some very *saucy* letters, and while they won't take me back, they *do* make me uneasy. Tell Susie Sterling that since I wrote her I have bought an Empire bureau and dressing-case *like hers*, and a bedstead. I hope she won't be put out with

Memoir and Memorials

me for *copying* her. Give my love to the Sterlings, and believe me,

Always your own

MARJORIE.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Paris, September 24, 1892.

Dear Judge :

I came back from Fontainebleau last evening, and found a letter from you and one from John, both written on the 12th. Your letter is full of precautions about cholera; I assure you there is much more said in Paris about cholera in New York than there is about cholera in Paris itself. I watch the two papers which I take, the "Herald" and the "Figaro," carefully, and, unless they are mistaken, there is little or no cholera here. The people on the coach yesterday were all French of the upper class, and at all the eating-places where we stopped for meals they ate fruit plentifully, and when I asked if they were not afraid of cholera, they laughed and said, "There is no cholera, except among the poor who have nothing to eat."

Of course I appreciate fully the danger of its breaking out anywhere, and when I see and know that Americans are fleeing from Paris, I will take up the line of march, too. This city is full of Americans, and they do not seem in a hurry to get away, as they say it is the only clean place they know of in this country. I suppose the *Augusta Victoria* will arrive in New York to-day; I am anxious to hear what you think of

Anna Price Dillon

the things I have sent. Theodore Sterling is still in Switzerland. Love to John.

Ever affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Paris, September, 1892.

Dear Judge :

I was put to it to know what little thing to send you, so I settled on a knife, a pair of shears for your whiskers, and a watch-rest; the rest can be adjusted (by means of the ring on the back) to stand at an angle of 45° and thus hold the watch just in right position to strike the eye. The little book [Long-fellow's "Nuremberg"] I knew would please you, and at the same time remind you of the delightful old city. It was so hot there when I came through from Carlsbad that I saw but little of it, though at night and by starlight we drove to the Schöne Brunnen, and I took a drink, for fear I 'll never be there again.¹

Very affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

¹ To this letter of Mrs. Dillon's, which was received September 28, her husband refers in the following :

New York, October 2, 1892.

Dear Wife :

John and I have just returned from St. Bartholomew's Church, and in the interval before dinner I commence this letter. Annie Price [wife of Mrs. Dillon's brother William H. Price] and family left yesterday. There is nothing visible in the house to show that they were here. It seemed strange, on coming home last night to miss them all.

Yesterday afternoon Hymie telegraphed that he would leave Topeka that day and be in New York on Monday evening. He did not want to come, and only comes because the duties of his master's office require it.

Dear George:

I was just as it be-
comes what better thing to
thank you for I believe -
Therefore a pair of slippers
for your which I have awarded
exactly the best in the category
of (by name) the ring on
the back) to be at it in the
of 75 dollars & that to
be fitted just in right
position to strike the eye
the little brother. ^{Delightfully} And
and a present you & at the
one hundred for the

FACSIMILE OF LETTER OF MRS. DILLON
TO HER HUSBAND, 1892.

Dear Judge:

I was put to it to
know what little thing to
send you, so I settled on
a knife, a pair of I hearts
for your whiskers, & a watch-
rest; the rest can be adjust-
ed (by means of the ring on
the back) to stand at an an-
gle of 45 degrees & thus hold
the watch just in right
position to strike the eye.
The little book, ^[Longfellow's Anniversary] I know
would please you, & at same
time remind you of the

delightful old City. It
was so hot then when I
came through from Carls-
bad, that I saw but little
of it, though at night & by
starlight, we drove to the
schöne brunnen, & I took
a drink, for I fear I'll never
be there again.

Very aff.

Anna P. Deane.

Rec'd Sept 28. 1892

Memoir and Memorials

The three following letters, somewhat widely separated in point of time, refer to Mrs. Dillon's sojourn in Paris and preparations for coming home.

TO MRS. BILLS

12 Rue Pierre Charron,
Paris, October 23, 1892.

Dear Friend :

. . . When I came back from Carlsbad to Paris, I was surprised to hear that cholera was prevailing. My husband wrote me in dismay to flee to the mountains of Switzerland; but the Swiss had heard about the epidemic, and had thrown up barriers around their beloved country, so that I could not enter. To go forward was certain death, for New York was full

I have seen John's watch; it is very handsome, and he says it keeps perfect time; I do not, however, think it any handsomer or better than the one you gave me twenty years ago.

John brought down with him my knife, shears, watch-rest, and the little book containing Longfellow's poem on Nuremberg, which you were so thoughtful and kind as to send me. They are all very acceptable; I re-read the poem, and by its aid recalled our visit to those famous churches, buildings, etc., nine years ago. I then drank at the Schöne Brunnen, but I have not yet been back, and maybe I never shall. I have pasted your letter in the book as a memorial. . . .

Affectionately yours,

J. F. D.

The following is taken from a letter written to Mrs. Dillon by her son John:

New York, October 3, 1892.

My dear Mama :

. . . Last night papa read Longfellow's "Nuremberg" to Lucy and me; all about Hans Sachs, Albrecht Dürer, and the pyx in St. Lawrence. The picture will please him, as he is much interested in that city and the old "chaps" who lived there. . . .

I am your loving son,

PODDIE.

Anna Price Dillon

of pest-ships; so, like the children of Israel when sore pressed by Pharaoh, and with the Red Sea roaring before them, I could only stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. I wrote my dear old father not to worry about us, as there was no cholera in our neighborhood. I have a little apartment out near the Palace of the Trocadéro, and I am anxiously awaiting my husband's arrival.

John Dillon (my baby) had a daughter born to him about six weeks ago, so I am adjusting my cap-strings anew. My niece Susie Sterling lives near me, and has a son six months old, who is the delight of his father. Susie Dillon is still my factotum. We could n't live without her. She does everything for everybody. I shall be in Paris until the spring. I have been coaxing my husband to come and get me, but I am so far unable to get a promise from him; I fear that I shall have to give up the idea, and go home alone and acknowledge myself beaten. . . .

A. P. D.

TO HIRAM PRICE

12 Rue Pierre Charron, Paris,
February 3, 1893.

Dear Pappy:

I have just received your letter of January 23. I wrote you about the same date, and you doubtless have the letter by this time. I did not write the bank in Davenport giving my views of contemplated improvements, but now that I know how you regard

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it I shall do so, and that right speedily. I would like to have my dividend every three months, for I could make more out of it by spending it here; lots of nice things for half what we pay at home, and as I don't believe I shall ever be here again, I want to make good use of my opportunities. I often think of the answer made by Lord Clive to Parliament, when accused of receiving vast sums of public moneys while in India: "My God! when I think of my opportunities, I stand astonished at my own moderation!" So it is with me; and when I see curtains, furniture, laces, gowns, and bonnets exhibited here for much less than at home, I would like a little of what some of those rich people in New York *don't* need. One woman here recently had thirty dresses made at one place. Now, for giving expression to some wishes uttered above I expect you to give me a good lecture in your next letter.

Very affectionately,

Sis.

A letter to Mrs. Dillon from her husband, is given in the note, as it will make more intelligible some of Mrs. Dillon's allusions in the following letter.¹

¹ 195 Broadway, New York, March 14, 1893.

My dear Wife :

We are all well now except John. The baby is flourishing and has a new tooth. I don't know whether this important matter has been mentioned to you. I went last week to a party at Mrs. Downing's, and last night attended a dinner of about ten lawyers, given by our neighbor Wheeler H. Peckham. I am expecting any day to be called to Washington on a case in the Supreme Court. If I am here on Monday I shall go to Mrs. Ely's birthday dinner. It looks probable now that I shall have to go to St. Paul and Little Rock to argue cases the first two weeks in May—not yet sure.

But if you sail on the 15th of April I shall surely be here to meet you.

Anna Price Dillon

TO JOHN F. DILLON

Paris, April 14, 1893.

Dear Judge:

I have had no letter from home since I last wrote. I am about ready to leave. Susie Sterling has had my furniture packed with hers, but as soon as I received your letter urging me to bring it myself, I went up to see her and had it separated. Susie Sterling is going home, but not with me.

I have now something to tell you: Don't try to come down the bay to meet us. It will be too cold and raw. It is time enough to start to the pier when you hear the steamer has passed quarantine. I don't want you standing first on one foot and then on the other in that cold place, waiting for the ship. Suppose you don't get there until after the ship lands her passengers; we will not go ashore till you arrive. Remember, now, don't come down on that revenue cutter; it is too cold. In great haste,

Ever affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

I shall be so happy to have you all home once more. I presume we shall have new custom-house officers by that time, and I do not know whether I can get the courtesies of the port and go out on a revenue cutter to meet you as I did before.

I have been hard at work for a month on the manuscript for my Yale Lectures, and it is nearly ready for the printer. This is my last book, and it will be dedicated to you.¹ My office arrangements are working smoothly. I am as busy as ever.

Affectionately yours,

JOHN F. DILLON.

¹ See Chapter I, p. 38.

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Mrs. Dillon and her daughters reached New York in the latter part of April, 1893, and remained there until June, when the family visited the World's Fair, Alaska, and California, as shown in the next chapter.

The present chapter concludes with a short letter from Mrs. Dillon, which is given simply as an illustration of her ever-watchful and tender care for her aged and revered father.

TO HIRAM PRICE

671 Madison Avenue, New York,
October 11, 1893.

Dear Pappy :

I reached home, on leaving you in Washington, Monday at five o'clock. I found plenty to do when I arrived here, and have been hard at it ever since, trying to piece out old carpets and make them do a little longer. I went down-town this morning, and found at Stern's the nicest woolen underwear I have ever seen. I have sent you two suits on approval. The colored ones are a little softer. You will readily see that they are part silk, which prevents their scratching, and in a measure prevents shrinking. You will let me know which to get for you, and return the suit or suits you don't want. I will attend to it at once. Please send address of "Granola." You see the other "old gentleman" has come to it. I will send the other things to your help as soon as I can.

Affectionately,
Sis.



CHAPTER X

VISIT TO THE WORLD'S FAIR, ALASKA, AND CALIFORNIA

1893

Visit to Columbian World's Fair—Davenport—Leafland—Visits to Mrs. Bills, Mrs. Silsbee, Mrs. Wing, Mrs. Barnard, and Mrs. Kaufman—Journey to the Pacific coast, Alaska, California, and Colorado.

LETTERS TO MRS. MARY PRICE, MRS. BILLS, AND
HIRAM PRICE

MRS. DILLON returned from Europe to New York in April, 1893, as related in the last chapter, and went to her New York house. On June 10, 1893, Mrs. Dillon and her husband, together with their daughters Susie and Annie, and their son John and his wife and child, started from Jersey City to see the Columbian World's Fair at Chicago, and thence to visit Alaska and California. They were joined at Chicago by their son Hiram and his wife and son. After remaining two weeks at the Exposition, the party took their car and proceeded, via Davenport, Omaha (with a detour to Lincoln, Nebraska), and Salt

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Lake City, to Tacoma. There the party embarked on the steamer *Queen*, July 8, for Alaska, returning on the same vessel to Tacoma, July 18. At Davenport Mrs. Dillon had the satisfaction of seeing Mrs. Bills and other friends, and at Lincoln of visiting Mrs. Wing, and at Omaha of meeting Mrs. Silsbee and Mrs. Barnard.

After returning to Tacoma, the party visited Portland, San Francisco, and Monterey, and came back via Glenwood Springs and Denver, reaching New York the 13th of August. In San Francisco Mrs. Dillon visited her valued friend Mrs. Kaufman.

The scenery in Alaska, especially the grand Muir Glacier, extending out into the deep sea, a frozen Niagara, wondrously beautiful in its iridescent splendor, made upon Mrs. Dillon a profound and lasting impression. The milder beauties of California, particularly its fruits and flowers, were also a source of novel and real enjoyment.

The letters in this chapter were written on board the car, the steamer, or at hotels, or as occasion offered. Although none of them was intended as a full description of her trip, yet, taken together, they present a very satisfactory picture of it, and of the pleasure she derived not only from the interesting objects of art and nature which she saw, but from the opportunity it afforded of visiting some of her dearest and most intimate friends of other days. With respect to most of them it proved to be the last visit.

Anna Price Dillon

TO MRS. MARY VON T. PRICE

Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, June 26, 1893.

Dear Pardie :

It is just seven o'clock this Monday morning, and while I wait for my breakfast to come up I write *only* a note to tell you that your letter came, and was a good one, just like yourself. We have had a fortnight here, and the weather has been delightful. We have gone nearly every day to the Fair. I should like to do so for the whole summer. There is something in the "White City" that makes one forget the sorrows and cares which the heart bears—something that brings one in contact with and in contemplation of the beautiful. The architecture has been pronounced the very finest, and as the chief architect has recently been honored with a degree from the London Society of Architects, there *must* be something unusual in it. England thinks long before she bestows honors abroad.

We are to pull out of this city with our car to-day. We go to Davenport to visit Mrs. Bills and see my friends; from thence to Omaha, and there make a detour of fifty miles to Lincoln, to visit Mrs. Wing. I wish you were along with us; but you 're not, and can't be, and I make no moan. Do not, I pray you, fail to write me. . . . With love,

Your own

MARJORIE.

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Mrs. Dillon visited her friends at Davenport, and soon after leaving that place, and while the memory of her visit was fresh and dewy, she dropped to Mrs. Bills the hurried note from which the extract next given is taken.

TO MRS. BILLS

On car en route West,
July 1, 1893.

My dear Friend:

We are now running at the rate of forty miles an hour toward Ogden. We left Omaha yesterday. Thursday I spent with Mrs. Wing. Our car was taken down to Lincoln, and waited for us while we visited. I found her looking well, and we had a delightful day. I feel so much better for having seen you all that I believe the tenor of my life will flow more evenly and more serenely. I shall never forget the day we spent together, the drive over the bluffs and the beautiful country. I look forward to a repetition of it sometime in the near future. . . .

A. P. D.

TO HIRAM PRICE

On the car, Thursday, July 6, 1893.

Dear Pappy:

We are now within twelve hours of Tacoma. We left Chicago on Monday, the 26th of June, and spent two

Anna Price Dillon

days in Davenport; on Wednesday night we went through to Omaha, and divided two days between that place and Lincoln. We then came to Salt Lake City, arriving there Sunday morning. Monday we started on our long journey to Portland, and were fast approaching the boundary line between Idaho and Oregon, when the engineer discovered that the bridge (five hundred feet long and fifty feet high) was on fire; the river was the Burnt River, and the bridge was near the town of Huntington in Oregon. We lay over for a few hours, and were then told that it would take three or four days to repair the bridge, so we had either to wait that length of time or go back several hundred miles to the town of Pocatello, and there transfer our car to the Northern Pacific road. This we did, and are now fast approaching Tacoma. We are to take the steamer at that place Saturday morning, and be on the water for two weeks, when we shall be back in Tacoma. Write me there in care of Hotel Tacoma, and I will get the letter before I start for Glenwood, Colorado, where John expects to take the baths for his rheumatism. I hope to hear that you are well. The car is going very fast and is jolting and jumping, so I must stop writing.

Very affectionately,

SIS.

The next, written from Tacoma, describes the journey to that city, and incidentally Mrs. Dillon's visit to the ruins of Leafland, which had been de-

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stroyed by fire, and the saddened feelings which it occasioned.

TO MRS. MARY VON T. PRICE

The Tacoma, Tacoma, Washington,
July 7, 1893.

Dear Pardie :

We reached here this morning at three o'clock, and stopped in our car until seven, when we came to this hotel to arrange for our steamer voyage by repacking trunks and resting a little. We stayed two days in Davenport, which time I spent with Mrs. Bills. We had many happy hours together, talking over old times, and promising ourselves much pleasure in a visit which she hopes to make me next winter.

I had many calls from old friends, drove through the town, and visited the site of my old home, Leaf-land. The house is gone.¹ A few shrubs and trees of my own planting remain, but even on *them*, in unmistakable characters, is written "Ichabod." I need not tell you how my heart ached. Mrs. Bills allowed me, with her usual good judgment and delicacy of feeling, to wander around over the ruins alone. Shall I ever again be as happy as I was there? To be sure, the pleasure was not entirely unalloyed, but *far, far* greater than I have ever had since.

From Davenport we went to Omaha and then ran

¹ Having been destroyed by fire.

Anna Price Dillon

down with our car to Lincoln to see Mrs. Wing. She has been ill for two years. The judge and I stopped with her during our stay, while the others remained in the car, though all were invited to and partook of an excellent supper of fried chicken, Saratoga potatoes, hot rolls, old-fashioned sweet-pickled peaches, ice-cream, strawberries, and the most delicious cake I ever ate.

We ran back to Omaha, and there I found my old friends Mrs. Silsbee and Mrs. Barnard. They were delighted to see me.

On the morning of July 2 we were in Salt Lake City. We went out to Garfield Beach, and had a delightful swim in Salt Lake, afterward lunched, and then returned to the city. Monday morning we left for Portland. We ran along very well for four hundred miles, and when within a mile of Huntington we came to a burning bridge. The engineer saw the fire, which was at the farther end, just in time to save the train. We returned to Pocatello, where we got transportation for our car over the Northern Pacific, and then started again for Tacoma. As this accident took the two days that we had expected to spend in Portland, we gave up going there and came directly to Tacoma.

This is one of the most beautiful towns I have ever seen—handsome residences with perfect lawns, and flowers such as I have *never* elsewhere beheld; roses—La France, Prairie Queen, Baltimore Belle—trimmed like trees, and in extravagant profusion.

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Some of them are six inches in diameter! Did you ever hear of such floral gorgeousness? I confess it surpasses anything I have ever seen. The climate is heavenly—rarely, we are told, below 40° in winter, or higher than 80° in summer. I would like to live here. But now they are calling me to go to dinner, and this evening we take the steamer. I will finish to-morrow and mail to you from Victoria.

Saturday evening.

We took the steamer *Queen* last night, and set sail this morning at four o'clock. I awoke at seven o'clock and found we had reached the city of Seattle, which, after the disastrous fire, sits phoenix-like on a beautiful bluff overlooking the sound. We shall be in Victoria at 5 P. M. We expect to be out on the water twelve or fifteen days, and then to be again in Tacoma and Portland for a short time. We intend to go to Glenwood Springs, Colorado, for John's cure. Poor fellow! for several days after we left he could not walk a step. He is now better. We are all well. I love you, Pardie. Good-by for the present.

Always affectionately,

MARJORIE.

The next letter was written to Mrs. Dillon's father in Washington, D. C., during the outward voyage; and the one following, written on her return to Portland to Mrs. Mary Price, expresses her great satisfaction with the trip to Alaska.

Anna Price Dillon

TO HIRAM PRICE

On board Alaska excursion steamship *Queen*,
July 10, 1893.

Dear Pappy :

We sailed from Tacoma on Saturday morning early. Our first stop was at Seattle. It has been rebuilt since the fire, and is a fine city, though by no means so beautiful as Tacoma. Our next stop was Port Townsend. Then we came into British Columbia. Victoria is its largest city. We rode through it, and found it far inferior to any of the other Pacific coast places we had seen.

We are to-night at St. Mary's Island, the first stop in Alaska. We are anchored out in the bay. Our captain has gone ashore in a small boat to report his ship to the authorities. We are to be at Fort Wrangel to-morrow at 7 A. M., where I shall mail this letter, in the hope that a returning steamer will pick it up and carry it to the land of railroads and steam-cars.

We have so far had a delightful trip. I regret every day that you did not come with us. We expect to be in Tacoma on the return voyage on the 20th inst., and at Portland on the 24th. If you write me in care of Hotel Tacoma, or to Portland in care of W. W. Cotton, I shall get the letter. I would like to know how you are. It is now ten o'clock and still quite light. We are so far north that the sun does not disappear until after eight o'clock. We are sur-

Memoir and Memorials

rounded by snow mountains; I have never seen anything so grand. It "beats" Europe altogether.

Very affectionately,

Sis.

The next letter was written at Portland after the return voyage.

TO MRS. MARY VON T. PRICE

The Portland, Portland, Oregon,

Thursday, July 20, 1893.

My dear Pardie :

I have this moment received yours of the 14th inst. We reached here last night, and are this far on our way homeward. Judge Dillon told me yesterday that we would go to Monterey and San Francisco after leaving here, so we start for those places to-morrow night, and shall be in California for a week. How I wish I had your mother's address, so that, if possible, I could see her.

We have seen Alaska, and are happy in having done so, for it is the grandest country I have ever beheld. Not half has been told of its wonders and glory. I hope it may be my good fortune to go back some day, and stay until my thirst for what I found there is fully sated.

You do not say one word about Susie Sterling's baby. How is his Preciousness? Do you think he would know his own Aunt Annie if he were to see her again? Our baby grows sweeter and lovelier

Anna Price Dillon

every day.¹ From your letter I gather that you will be in California just after I get through my visit there. What a fate is this, that brings us so near and yet keeps us so far apart! So you are going to the great Columbian Fair! Well, I am glad, though I wanted to be there with you.

From California we make a straight journey to Glenwood Springs, and stay there until John tries the virtue of those waters. When am I to see you again? is the question before me now, and about the only one that presents itself that I cannot in *some* way answer. When I get back home I shall miss you, Pardie, more than I can tell—miss you coming up-stairs and stealing into my room unannounced to give me a good hug and kiss. I shall be lonely enough, many and many a time. But you will come home again, I know, and so I comfort my heart. Susie and Annie send love.

Affectionately your own

MARJORIE.

The letter which follows was written by Mrs. Dillon to her father from the Hotel del Monte, near Monterey, California, where the party remained for some days, enjoying the society of their friends Mr. J. Parker Whitney and his wife, in making various excursions in this picturesque region. As her father had formerly been the commissioner of Indian affairs,² Mrs.

¹ The little daughter of her son John—the one whose death is mentioned in the next chapter.

² See Chapter I, p. 3.

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Dillon doubtless thought he would be interested in what she said concerning the Indians of Alaska.

TO HIRAM PRICE

Hotel del Monte, Monterey, California,

July 26, 1893.

Dear Pappy :

We are this far on our way homeward. When we reached Tacoma last Tuesday week I received your letter of the 13th inst., in answer to one I wrote you before sailing for the ice regions. We left Tacoma July 8 and returned on the 18th. In those ten days I saw the most wonderful and beautiful country I had ever beheld. We went as far north as Chilkat, but stopped there only an hour or so. We then visited Sitka, and stayed long enough for some of the passengers to go fishing; in two or three hours they brought in one hundred and fifty pounds of halibut.

We saw many Indians. They seemed happy and industrious. They looked upon us as great curiosities, and such they were to us. We saw, in Sitka, the school established by the Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, and for the accommodation of which Elliot F. Shepard built quite a commodious house.

We came here a week ago, and shall leave in a few days for Glenwood Springs, Colorado, where we shall be for two or three weeks. We shall reach home about the first week in September.

Very affectionately,

Sis.

Anna Price Dillon

The two next letters were written from the Plaza Hotel, New York, where the family, on their return, were temporarily stopping while 671 Madison Avenue was undergoing repairs. They are self-explanatory, and bring to a close the relation left by Mrs. Dillon of her Columbian World's Fair, Alaska, and California trip.

TO MRS. MARY VON T. PRICE

Plaza Hotel, New York, August 18, 1893.

My dear Pardie :

It is true, I *do owe you two full several* letters, and you have been in my mind constantly, not only since I returned, but during my long journeyings. I thought once I would go up to Redwood and stop over a day on my way to Frisco, but thought again your mother *might* not be there, and I should have my labor for my reward, so I abandoned the notion, but not without regret, I assure you. Susie and Annie and I visited Mrs. Kaufman for two and a half days. I am looking forward to your coming to New York. Our house, 671 Madison Avenue, is being fitted up anew—papered, frescoed, painted, and with an electric elevator. Your room will be lovely, and I expect you to come from St. Louis to stay in it awhile. I shall be as happy with you as of yore. There, I have blotted this letter, but it must go as it is; if I wait to rewrite, it will never get off.

Affectionately your

MARJORIE.

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TO MRS. BILLS

Plaza Hotel, New York, August 25, 1893.

My dear Friend:

Doubtless a letter from me written in New York will be a surprise to you, for I am myself astonished to be here so early in the season.

We made our trip to Alaska and California, and had just settled in Glenwood, Colorado, for a considerable stay, when despatches summoned my husband home to look after crashing banks and collapsing railroads. So urgent were the calls to return that in less than twelve hours after the first telegram we were en route. The train going east from Denver was held for my husband two and a half hours, so that no time should be lost. We went flying through mountain gorges, speeding over plains like mad, and reached New York in less than three days. I was carried straight through Denver, almost directly past my sister-in-law's¹ door, without even a chance to say "How d' ye do?"—and that, too, when I had written her the week before that I would spend two or three days with her when returning home. She writes me rather a reproachful letter, but I am without blame; for, while there is much comfort in traveling in a private car, there are also some drawbacks, for I had to give up my cherished plan of visiting friends on the way back, and pack

¹ Mrs. William H. Price.

Anna Price Dillon

my trunk for home. So we are here, and have been for a week at the Plaza Hotel, for we have no home, as our house is in the hands of renovators, up stairs and down.

I went down to Lincoln to visit Mrs. Wing. I had a delightful day, but the time was too short for all we had to say while we lived over the happy days of long ago; so I have a little scheme that I hope you will fall in with at once. It is that you and Mrs. Wing make me a visit this late autumn or early winter. I mention this time, for I am sure I shall be all settled in my house, and I like to think that I can make it worth your effort to come. You know I shall be very happy to have you under my roof, and to do what I can to help you see what there is in this Sodom that Christians may see. Now, dear, pray give this matter your thought, and ask John¹ to help you away; if he will only bring you, my cup will be full indeed. You shall partake of the best I have to offer, i. e., a hearty welcome. I have had forwarded to me from Glenwood a letter from Mrs. Wing, and she is thinking favorably of the project. Her daughter Alice is soon coming here to enter the art school, and that will bring her mother, even if no other inducements are offered. My daughters send their love to you, and I am bold enough to send mine to John. Well, bless him, he was very, very good to me, and that is something to be cherished and treasured.

We left my son Hiram and his wife in Colorado

¹ Mr. Bills.

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Springs. John and his wife have to-day gone to Saratoga, where the other grandmother¹ of my little granddaughter is impatiently awaiting her arrival.

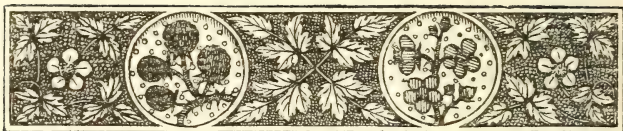
Is n't it refreshing to have somebody awaiting you with outstretched *honest* arms to bid you welcome? I found it so during my trip this summer, and "I know whereof I speak." As soon as I can snatch a moment from "nagging" the workmen in my house, I am going to answer Mrs. Wing's letter, and tell her you are coming to me for a visit. Now pray don't make me a falsifier, and thus put me on the roll with Ananias and Sapphira. Good-by for the present. Write soon, for I am not a patient woman, and if you don't I must and will write you again.

Affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

¹ Mrs. Downing.





CHAPTER XI

LIFE IN NEW YORK AND AT KNOLLCREST

1893-98

Knollcrest library addition — 1896, Sixth visit to Europe — Christmas at Knollcrest — Death of Mrs. Wing, of Mr. Bills, and of a granddaughter — Marriage of daughter Susie — Fondness for Knollcrest — Advised to visit Nauheim — Last letters — Fatal voyage — Sinking of the *Bourgogne* — Memorial services — Conclusion.

LETTERS TO JOHN F. DILLON II, MRS. BILLS, MISS ALICE WING, GEORGE WING, MRS. FILLEY, MRS. STERLING, MRS. WARRINER, HIRAM P. DILLON, MRS. HIRAM P. DILLON, MISS MOLLIE GRAHAM, HIRAM PRICE, JOHN F. DILLON

IN the winter of 1893-94 the family resided at their home in New York. In December, 1893, Mrs. Dillon, accompanied by her husband, revisited St. Louis, and remained four days in that city as the guest of Mrs. Ware and Mrs. Pollak. She saw some of her old friends, but after fifteen years' interval many faces were missing. The summer of 1894 was spent at their cottage in Saratoga (near which Mrs. Dillon's father took a cottage for the season), and the winter of 1894-95 was passed in

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New York. In this year her father, at her special instance, sat for his portrait to Mr. George H. Yewell, with a most satisfactory result.

In 1894 was begun, and in 1895 was completed, the new home at Far Hills, known as "Knollcrest," as previously stated.¹ On July 6, 1895, Mrs. Dillon's husband, in company with his friend Judge U. M. Rose, sailed on the *Bourgogne* for Europe, joining his daughters at Carlsbad. Mrs. Dillon remained at home with her son Hiram and his family, personally looking after the building of Knollcrest, to which they removed in July, 1895, staying there, owing to the illness and death of the little daughter of her son John, until January 18, 1896, when she went to her city home in New York.

Mrs. Dillon's friend Mrs. Wing, so often mentioned in these letters, died in November, 1895, at Lincoln, Nebraska.

In April, 1896, her daughter Susie was married in St. Bartholomew's Church, New York city, to Mr. Gerard Warriner.

In June, 1896, Mrs. Dillon, accompanied by her daughter Annie, sailed for Havre en route to Carlsbad for the cure. This was Mrs. Dillon's sixth trip to Europe. Before leaving she had planned a library addition to Knollcrest. It was built during this year,² and is briefly described in one of her letters in this chapter. Her husband wrote her, on June 14, 1896, that he had been appointed one of the commissioners

¹ See Chapter I, p. 19.

² See Chapter I, p. 20.

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to draft a charter for Greater New York, but that notwithstanding this he would meet her in Europe as he had promised. He accordingly sailed on July 4, and about two weeks thereafter joined his wife and daughter at Carlsbad. Mrs. Dillon was able to take a mild cure, and thought herself benefited by it.

Mrs. Dillon and her husband and daughter Annie left Carlsbad August 6, stopping en route at Nuremberg. They had visited that city together thirteen years before. Mrs. Dillon revisited it in September, 1892, "drove to the Schöne Brunnen, and took a drink, for fear she would never be there again."¹ Recalling for three delightful days the memories of their previous visit, to them

Fairer seemed the ancient city, and the sunshine seemed
more fair,
That they once had trod its pavement, once before had
breathed its air.

Leaving Nuremberg with regret, they proceeded to Baden-Baden, Basel, and Lucerne, at each of which a rest of some days was made, and thence to Paris. Afterward they went to London, stopping at Canterbury on the way. A pleasant excursion was made to Oxford² and to Cambridge. While in Liverpool the husband had the satisfaction of hearing the last of the great speeches of Mr. Gladstone, then in his eighty-seventh year, on the "Armenian Atrocities."

Mrs. Dillon and her husband came home in the fall on the steamer *Campania*, leaving their daughter

¹ See Chapter IX, p. 384.

² See Chapter I, pp. 48, 49.

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Susie and her husband and their daughter Annie in Paris, where the latter remained to pursue her musical studies.

In the fall of 1896 the family, relatives, and friends celebrated the Christmas season at Knollcrest in the library, which had just been completed. The rest of the winter of 1896-97 the family lived at the Plaza and New Netherland hotels, in New York city, and at the Laurel-in-the-Pines, Lakewood, New Jersey. After her return from Europe Mrs. Dillon had the pleasure of the long-hoped-for visit at Knollcrest from Mrs. Bills.

The summer and fall of 1897, Thanksgiving, and the holidays were spent at Knollcrest. At Thanksgiving, besides relatives, Mrs. Dillon had the satisfaction of visits from her friends Mrs. Chapin, Mrs. Filley, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Ormiston, and Mrs. Lindabury. The winter of 1897-98 was passed at the Hotel Savoy in New York, and the Lakewood House at Lakewood. During the Christmas festivities, at which all of the family were present except the eldest son, her husband met with an accident, resulting in a fracture of both of the lower bones of the right leg, which kept him within doors for some months, but from which he fully recovered.

Mrs. Dillon was more or less confined to her room during the winter of 1897-98 and the following spring by what the physicians called "valvular disease of the heart." It did not in general cause her extreme pain or distress, but it prevented her from taking

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active exercise. She was required by her physician to keep free as possible from excitement or anxieties, and was advised by him to try the baths at Nauheim in Germany, which had of late years obtained much celebrity as a remedy for heart-disease such as Mrs. Dillon's. Her daughter Annie was likewise advised to take again the Carlsbad cure, by which she had been previously benefited. To this end the mother and daughter sailed from New York on the *Bourgogne*, July 2, 1898. Except a farewell note to her husband, the last letter by Mrs. Dillon before the grievous fate which so soon afterward overtook her and her daughter was written to her father just prior to embarking on the fatal voyage.¹

By reason of impaired health, and the pain and difficulty of writing caused by gout in the fingers, Mrs. Dillon's letters, during the period covered by this chapter, were shorter and less frequent than formerly. Moreover, death had thinned and was thinning the number of her correspondents. The letter first given is to her thirteen-year-old grandson.

TO JOHN F. DILLON II

704 North Broadway, Saratoga,
Saturday, June 30, 1894.

My dear little Boy :

I received your letter and was pleased to know that you had not forgotten your grandmother. Your

¹ See Chapter I, p. 2.

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handwriting is much improved since you last wrote me. If you have made as much progress in music as in penmanship—I know you played well when you made your *début* before the public—I would travel a long distance to hear you.

We are again settled in Saratoga. It is sometimes very hot, though never so extreme as New York. I am going down to the city to-night to visit your father before he goes back to Kansas. I was glad to get a message from your Nellie.¹ Tell her when she has a summer all to herself she must come and see me. Could not you bring her? I believe you could, and I would make you very welcome. Inclosed is a miniature of Sandow (the strong man). You can make quite a stir among the boys by placing the tip of his blue cap on the ball of your middle finger, with his *feet out*, and see him balance himself; it is quite wonderful. Write me again when your pressing business with the boys and your pony will permit, and believe me always

Your affectionate

GRANDMOTHER.

In the letter which follows Mrs. Dillon thanks Mrs. Bills for calling upon Mr. Price when she was on a visit to Washington, and draws a brief picture of her venerable father, then in his eighty-first year, referring to his well-known, long-continued, and earnest

¹ His nurse, an old colored family servant.

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advocacy of the cause of temperance. She also tells her correspondent of the building of Knollcrest.¹

TO MRS. BILLS

671 Madison Avenue, New York,
March 16, 1895.

My dear Friend:

My father was delighted that you took the trouble to go and see him. He is a dear old man, and becomes each day better prepared for the great change that must soon come. Still, the brim of his hat loses nothing of its Quaker-like width, his collar and stock show no signs of weakening, and his principles, temperance especially, are stancher and more granite-

¹ See Chapter I, p. 19.

Mrs. Dillon was, as her family often remarked, a natural architect and an enthusiastic builder. She felt to be true what Mrs. Montagu said concerning her house in Portman Square: "What most recommends my house to me is its convenience and cheerfulness. A good house is a great comfort in old age, and it is among the few felicities that money can obtain." Knollcrest was planned in all its details by Mrs. Dillon in the summer of 1894, at Saratoga; and knowing her interest in everything relating to its construction, her husband, on the day the contract was formally let, dropped her this hurried note:

"195 Broadway, New York, October 17, 1894.

"Dear Wife:

"I went at 11:30 to Boring, the architect, and found a representative of the Enterprise Building Co. there; I agreed upon and signed the contract for building our new house at Far Hills. It includes smoking-room on first floor; the hall sixteen feet wide, and all rooms above hall enlarged accordingly. All the original specifications apply with the exceptions noted on inclosed paper. Boring goes with them to-morrow to show the site. They will begin work at once. I start at 3:20 P. M. for Washington. My case in the Supreme Court is likely to be reached promptly to-morrow, and I write in great haste. I hope we shall all live to see the new house done, and that it may afford us all happiness.

Affectionately yours,

"JOHN F. DILLON."



PORTRAIT OF HER HUSBAND, JOHN F. DILLON,
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PRINCE, NEW YORK, 1899.



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like than in the memorable years gone by. I spent nearly a month with him this winter, and it was a time of solid comfort and continual edification.

Do you know that I am now building a house in the country? I am going to shake the dust of the New York streets from off my feet, turn away from society, eschew all its vanities, and go back to the country, consort with the chickens and turkeys, raise my own flowers, fruit, and potatoes, and be happy for the while. My husband insists that he will not close his city house, but keep it ready for his reception when too tired to go to the country or when belated. He and the girls will suit themselves in that matter, but as for me, I shall take up the line of march to New Jersey this summer, carrying with me all that's near and dear, and settle myself far from the city's noisy strife. . . .

Affectionately yours,

A. P. D.

Accordingly Mrs. Dillon did take up her line of march to her New Jersey home, and settled there in July, 1895, although the house was still unfinished. Her son Hiram and his family were with her during the summer.

The next two letters were written to Miss Alice Wing, the daughter of her long-time friend Mrs. Wing, so often mentioned in these letters. Alice had spent much of her leisure time at Mrs. Dillon's home in New York when attending Mrs. Hopkins's School of Applied Design the winter before.

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TO MISS ALICE WING

Knollcrest, Sunday, October 14, 1895.

My dear Alice :

I often find myself thinking and talking of you, and the good times we all had when you were here last winter.

It is not quite a fortnight since I returned from a short trip to Saratoga. The girls left there the 1st of September, Susie to go with her friends the Whitneys on a camping expedition to Rangeley Lakes in Maine. Annie went to Bellport, Long Island. They have both returned, and have since been in New Jersey to make John a visit. They are wild over the farm we are opening at Far Hills, New Jersey, and are already beginning to gather seeds for the flower- and kitchen-gardens. Susie is prepared for real work. She wears russet-leather leggings and shoes, and has a tweed dress to the tops of the shoes. Lastly, she surmounts all these tomboy clothes with a tweed cap, which gives her quite a businesslike appearance. Annie has been admitted to the Conservatory of Music, and is making great progress in her music—piano, organ, and violin. I have placed an organ in the parlor, so that she may have every advantage. She suffers frightfully some days with her rheumatism.

Now, how is your dear mother? Give her my love, and tell her I am expecting that visit, and whether

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she comes at morning, at noon, or at night, I shall not be taken by surprise. My dear friend Mrs. Bills did n't put in an appearance in Saratoga. I must really find time to write and tell her how I hate her!

A few days ago I sent the Barnard College "Annual" to your mother. I know she is always interested in everything for the advancement of women, and so I am sure that copy went to the right place.¹

I am planning to spend a considerable part of my time in my country home this winter.

Yesterday we went to hear the divine Melba sing. She gave the flute song from "Lucia" as I never heard it before. Oh, I wish you, too, might hear it, for I know you would have enjoyed it as much as you did "Carmen." Well, all that will come, let us live to hope.

With love to your family, and an extra portion for your mother, I am always,

Affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MISS ALICE WING

New York City,

Thursday, November 14, 1895.

My dear friend Alice:

Your note of the 10th inst., which brings me such sad news, is just received. I can never tell you how it wrings my heart that such deep grief has

¹ See Chapter I, p. 13.

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fallen upon your household, and upon all your friends. I had supposed that your dear mother was constantly upon the mend, and that she would soon be restored to perfect health. I have thought of her and you often this summer, and had it in my heart to write, but a large family and the cares of house-building were upon me, and as my daughters and their father were in Europe, it left much for me to superintend.

Hymie's family were with me, and, except for the worries consequent upon opening a new home, I should have had a delightful summer.

We are now living on our farm, and enjoy it quite as much as we thought we should. I never come to town except as on this occasion—the horse show; and I am only here for a few days, when I return with joy to my country home.

Now I wish I might have your mother with me. I truly believe it would give her new life. It seems to me that she need not leave us, if she only has the right treatment and care. She is much younger than I, and I cannot give her up. She has always been so helpful to all about her. For many years she has been my model of all that a woman can be. If she is at all interested in anything outside her immediate surroundings, give her ever so much heartfelt love, and say that there is nothing I would not do for her, were it in my power. I wish I might see her and you, for my heart goes out to your home, and may God spare the mother for many years to come. Annie and

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Susie deeply sympathize with you in your anxiety, and send their love. Remember me affectionately to your father, and believe me your friend in all your sorrows.

Affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

Within a week after the date of the last letter Mrs. Wing had passed from mortal view, and Mrs. Dillon wrote the tender and sympathetic letters next given to the bereaved husband and daughter at their home in Lincoln, Nebraska.

TO GEORGE WING

Knollcrest, November 21, 1895.

My dear Mr. Wing:

From the despatch received to-day I learn of your bereavement. I have no language in which to express my sorrow for the loss of a near and dear friend; much less to offer consolation to one so sorely afflicted. That the Good Father may comfort you "as one whom his mother comforteth" is my earnest prayer.

A letter received from Alice a few days ago in a measure prepared me for this sad event. Still, no matter what may be our warning, we never are quite ready for the final outgoing of our loved ones. I cannot realize that my friend has gone beyond all that is earthly, and that I shall hear her voice no more. To-night, as I write, you sit beside her still form, and are endeavoring to follow her freed spirit to its heavenly

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home, and are yearning to know if she still thinks of you. My husband joins me in heartfelt sympathy for you all in your sorrow.

Very sincerely yours,

ANNA PRICE DILLON.

TO MISS ALICE WING

Knollcrest, New Jersey, November 21, 1895.

My dear Alice:

I cannot believe that a word from your mother's old friend will jar your feelings in this dark hour of your affliction. I am so sorry for you, dear, and for all who called her mother, and for myself. I need not tell you how much I loved her, and how sincerely I regret that I shall see her no more, and that there is one less in this sad world to love me. I am grieving much to-night, and thinking over the happy times we used to have together, and that the visit from her that I have so long planned must now surely be given up. Well, I believe we shall yet have those longed-for talks—though not in the flesh, yet in the world of glorified spirits.

Your dear mother was a Christian, and lived a life that fitted her for the change that has come to her. Will you not sometime write me of her illness, of her talks, and what were the messages she left for all? I wish I might put my arms around you and Bessie, and comfort you as best I could in this terrible trial.

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With love for Bessie, Dan, and your own dear self,
I am,

Yours affectionately,

ANNA PRICE DILLON.

After Mrs. Wing's death her daughter Alice, as previously stated, wrote Mrs. Dillon to know whether she wished her letters returned to her, and, in obedience to Mrs. Dillon's directions, they were destroyed, much against the daughter's own preference.¹

In the next letters to Mrs. Bills and Alice Wing are interesting glimpses of Mrs. Dillon's own life in the winter of 1895-96.

TO MRS. BILLS

Knollcrest, Far Hills, New Jersey,
January 5, 1896.

Dear Friend:

Your welcome Christmas gift reached me on New Year's Eve. I need n't tell you I was delighted to be remembered, especially delighted as I believe the buffet cover is of your own handiwork. Am I right? You know you said once upon a time that you were going to give me something *you* had made. I like to think you made it, and I have displayed it on my sideboard here in my new house.

¹ Concerning her mother's death the daughter wrote: "Mother was sure eternal life is a reality. Her last words were: 'I have seen it. I want you all to realize it is true. It is more beautiful than we thought. We shall be together again. I shall be waiting for you.' She was rational to the very last."

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I am still in the country. Probably I should have gone to my city residence before this, as my husband and daughter are domiciled there for the winter months, had not scarlet fever broken out in John's family (he lives only a little way from me), and I had to take the baby to prevent his getting the disease. John, his wife, little daughter, and two servants all had it. They are still housed, and so am I with the baby, a bright little fellow just one year old.

I had planned to be in Washington at this time with my father; but "Man proposes," etc. My father will be eighty-two years old on the 10th inst. He is hale, hearty, good-natured, and, even before he is called, seems all ready for the better land.

Since the death of our dear friend Mrs. Wing I have felt more than ever before how near is the beautiful country to which we are all journeying at such a rapid pace.

What are you doing, dear friend, this winter? And how is your health? I would give much to see you, deary, and if I do not go to Europe this summer, I shall go to you, if you do not come to me.

I am living in my house in the country, and am delighted, and thank God every day of my life that I am so comfortable. It grows more and more lovely to me, this quiet life, and the reluctance to go to the city becomes greater. I am one hour and twenty minutes from society (I mean the *beau monde*), and am quite satisfied with what this beautiful locality affords, i. e., the sunshine, the hills, the clouds, God's

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fresh air, and the ever-changing landscape.¹ Come and see for yourself how fortunate I am.

How is John? Does he ever speak of us? or does he care for old friends? Remember me to him. I should be so glad of a visit from him. With love and best wishes for a Happy New Year, I am,

Yours affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MISS ALICE WING

Knollcrest, Far Hills, New Jersey,
January 6, 1896.

My dear Alice:

A few days ago there was forwarded to me from New York the orange-spoon which was your dear mother's, of which you wrote me. I need not tell you how much I prize it, and how I like to hold it in my hand and think that she did so in her lifetime. I cannot realize that she is gone from us, and that we shall see her no more on this side the boundary line between heaven and earth. I know she is happy, and that I must wait.

You see I still linger in the country. I suppose by this time Bessie has left you to go on with her work, and you are fighting life's battle alone. . . .

Give my love to the family, and believe me,

Always affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

¹ See Chapter I, pp. 20, 21.

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In the letters which follow, the death of Mrs. Dillon's little granddaughter, and afterward the marriage of her daughter Susie, are recounted.

TO MRS. BILLS

671 Madison Avenue, New York,
March 1, 1896.

My dear Friend :

When I tell you that I have been in my bed for nearly six weeks you will not wonder that you no sooner received an answer to your kind letter. I stopped in the country at Knollcrest until January 18, when I came to town to be present at a musicale the girls were giving. John and his family had been for six weeks imprisoned on account of their having scarlet fever. The time of their confinement had passed, and they were to follow me on the 20th, and spend a month with me here, while their house was being fumigated and thoroughly cleaned. The day after I left, their little girl, three and a half years old, who had just recovered from scarlet fever, came down with malignant diphtheria, and died on the 20th, after a few hours' illness. My dear little granddaughter! the last intelligible words she uttered were, "We 're all doin' to ganmuzzer's to-morrow." Dear child! she went on a longer journey, and left us all desolate. I could not stand up under this terrible affliction, and I came down with nervous depression, but now am trying to take up the burden of life and travel on.



PORTRAIT OF HER DAUGHTER ANNIE, FROM
A PHOTOGRAPH, 1892.



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Susie is to be married in April. That 's another blow; but she is so happy, I must be content. She will go abroad for a year or more, and possibly make her home there. Mr. Warriner is a cultured gentleman of good family, and is devoted to Susie; so why should I complain? I shall not be here many years longer, and I ought to be glad to have her settled. Poor Annie has spent the greater part of this month in her bed; she has an aggravated case of weak stomach, and, in addition to that, she is grieving over Susie's going.

We are offering our city house for sale. Susie has run it for the past four years, so that it has been no care to me. When she is gone, Knollcrest will be all I can look after.

If I do go abroad this coming spring, what can I do for you? I shall be there long enough to attend to all your commissions. If my husband comes to bring me home, I shall return in September; if not, I shall stay away over the winter. These are my plans. They may never be carried out—God knows. Remember me to John, and believe me,

Always yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MRS. BILLS

671 Madison Avenue, New York,
April 13, 1896.

My dear Friend:

Your letter received a week and more ago was a real comfort to me, and, as I re-read it, helps me to

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bear the ordeal of giving away our daughter, which we must pass through this coming Wednesday. Everything is in readiness for her departure to her new home. Presents and good wishes galore are hers. She goes from us under most delightful circumstances, but the dreariness of the *afterward* I am already anticipating, and can feel the darkness settling down upon me now.

Thursday, April 16. Well, Susie's wedding is over. The bride and groom have gone for a couple of days to Philadelphia, previous to sailing on Saturday. I can't write much about it. I send you a newspaper that gives a good description of the wedding, but the picture of Susie which it contains is grotesque. Annie will sail on May 2, and I shall follow in June, after I have planted my trees and shrubs at Knollcrest. What can I do for you? Anything in my power will be a pleasure. I am sending by this mail some wedding-cake, which Susie wished me to attend to.

Affectionately your friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MISS MOLLIE GRAHAM

New York, Sunday, May 3, 1896.

My dear friend Mollie:

I had your welcome letter several days ago, but the hurry and bustle which comes with a wedding, and preparations to leave my town house in condition to

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rent or sell, have given me much to do. Susie sailed three days after her marriage, and yesterday Annie left to join her in Paris. Judge Dillon and I expect to go over in June or July. Annie will stay abroad for eighteen months to take music lessons. Susie will have an apartment in Paris. She went away very happy. Her husband is nearly forty years old, but does not look more than thirty. I like him, and you may know I would n't if there were not something in him to like. I am sending you, dear Mollie, some wedding-cake, as I have already done Mrs. Bills and Fannie McManus.

Always your affectionate friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

The next, among other things, reveals Mrs. Dillon's fondness for the simple pleasures of country life.

TO MRS. BILLS

Knollcrest, Far Hills, New Jersey,
May 13, 1896.

My dear Friend:

Your letter received last night gives me such a surprise that I must write you, although I have been in bed for more than a week, under orders from my doctor to stay there until such time as my heart's action should become more "rational." This old heart has taken the fancy to stop its beats whenever I become a little worried or tired, so I am often

Anna Price Dillon

ordered to give up everything and everybody, and go to bed and stop thinking. And there I am now, trying to answer your letter, so you will excuse everything.

Your beautiful present came to Susie in due time, and it, like many others, is to be acknowledged when she finds herself settled. She was delighted with it, and showed it with pleasure to the few who were permitted to see her presents. The poor girl was worn out with visits, invitations, congratulations, etc., and said, "My friends' goodness must be acknowledged after I get away." Truly it is a terrible ordeal to get married in New York. Everybody wants to see and talk to the bride elect, and to dine her, so you will get some idea of what work Susie had to do.

If I am well enough to sail I am going to Europe on the 6th prox. Annie left us a week ago, and is in Paris with Susie and Mary Price by this time. I asked you in my last what I could or should do for you in Paris, and I now ask you again. If you could have come to the wedding, I believe I could have persuaded you to go farther, and we might have gone to Europe together. I have received one letter from Susie since she sailed, and she seems happy, and devoted to her husband; and well she may, for he has fine qualities, and is a graduate of Oxford. I like him very much, and I am rather sorry I do, for, as he is an Englishman, I would like to take up the Venezuela affair and fight him!

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You are good enough to urge me to visit you, and I know you are sincere, but "you know not what you ask." I have been ill most of the winter, and you would not be glad to see me.

But, deary, I believe it would rejuvenate me to have a visit from you. My country home grows more beautiful each day; vegetation is fast unfolding, and all about becomes enchanting. I have been planting trees and shrubs. I wish I could get a silver-leaved tree such as grew near the pump at Leafland, and in which Annie beguiled many an idle hour, sitting in its topmost branches, swaying with the breeze, and singing. Do you think it possible to get a few slips from some florist there? I can't get them here.

There is much to interest me on a farm, where turkeys, ducks, geese, and guinea-hens run at large; just now, through the open window, I hear plainly the proclamation of an old gander that there is an addition to his flock; the old gray goose, which has been patiently sitting for four weeks in a dark, hot pen, has stepped forth in great pride with a lot of little ones, and the gander is shouting and screaming the news from a hilltop. Is n't it like a human father? We have cows and horses and pigs. One little heifer called "Annie" comes to eat from my hand when I am able to be out. Now these things may not interest you, but I confess that I am more entertained by them than by the majority of people.

Who is John Bills's choice for President? I wish I might see and ask him myself. Will he ever visit us?

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I think he will, if you bring him. Remember me to him, and believe me,

Always yours affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

In the interim between the preceding letter and the one following, Mrs. Dillon had made the trip to Europe, extending from June to October, 1896, which is outlined in the introduction to this chapter.

The next letter describes her homeward voyage on the *Campania*, and those that follow to her daughter in Paris relate to Mrs. Dillon's life at Knollcrest in 1896 and 1897.

TO MRS. GERARD WARRINER AND HUSBAND

R. M. S. *Campania*, October 2, 1896.

Dear Susie and Gerard :

I am sure you are anxious to know where we are, and how we are, so I am trying to write, though the ship is scudding along at the rate of twenty-two miles per hour. The writing-room is a beautiful one in the bow, and we are doing no small amount of plunging. We expect to reach New York to-morrow morning. We have had a most tempestuous voyage until to-day; but now the seas are calm, skies clear, and all goes merry as a marriage bell. Oh, dear! what terrible days were Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday! Angry seas, howling winds, wet decks, and everybody ill and moaning for fresh air, for every

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port and door was tightly closed against old Neptune, who banged and beat this blessed ship until we thought she must go to pieces.

The *Campania* is the grandest vessel afloat; large rooms, good table, and perfect service. If I had n't vowed never to cross the ocean again, I should surely take this ship. I hope you will from time to time tell me all about yourselves, for you know how anxious I shall be.

Very affectionately,

Your mother and mother-in-law,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MRS. GERARD WARRINER

Knollcrest, Far Hills, November 30, 1896.

Dear Susie :

Yours of the 15th and 17th received to-day, and I hasten, as is my habit, to answer while your words are still warm. You say you get no letters. I cannot understand where my letters go, for I assure you every word you have ever sent has been answered immediately.

Susie Sterling is staying with me, as your father is in Washington arguing some cases. John went down with him to be admitted to the Supreme Court. The library is nearly finished, and soon we shall set up the books. I have your father's portrait here, and yours and Annie's ; they will make a fine appearance. I brought from 671 the large stained-glass

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window, and have put it into a room that you don't know. It is a little room between the main house and the new library on the west. It gives the room a regal look, and shows better than ever.

Little Theodore Sterling is as cute as you ever saw. He is wonderfully precocious. The other day he was trying to tie together some bed-casters I had given him to play with. He tried and tried, and finally brought them to me and asked me to "combine" them. What do you think of that? His mother called him the other day to dress him to take the train home. He did not want to go, and fussed a great deal because he had to leave, and wound up by saying, "It is perfectly *uprageous* to take me back to town when I am having such a nice time here." I shall write you again shortly.

Affectionately,

MAMA.

TO MRS. GERARD WARRINER

Knollcrest, Far Hills, New Jersey,
December 7, 1896.

Dear Susie:

I have just received yours of the 26th and 27th, and I am glad to get the letters. Was the roast goose good? We had a turkey, and Susie Sterling and John helped eat it. Our Thanksgiving was not uproarious, but quiet and circumspect. I think Robert and Annie ¹

¹ Robert and Annie Brooks, the butler and the cook.

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would have liked a lot of people. Mrs. Gilbert came down Saturday and went back to-day. Mrs. Mosher is here, and will stay until sometime to-morrow. She is a dear old lady. I sent you and Annie and Mary Price Christmas presents last week. I am in great haste, so please excuse a short note. With love, I am,

Always affectionately,

MAMA.

TO MRS. GERARD WARRINER

Knollcrest, Far Hills, New Jersey,
January 29, 1897.

Dear Susie :

Your letter of the 15th inclosing one written in Paris on the 8th came to me last week. I have been so miserable that my letters have had to wait. I expect to go to town on the 8th prox. for the winter, and am not looking forward to it with any pleasure. To-day is a glorious one here. It is snowing slowly, surely, and steadily; as far as the eye can reach there is one vast white mantle; the trees are wrapped in snow from topmost to lowest branch, and stand like specters all through the lawn. I am delighted; it is the finest scene since I came here. By the way, I want to tell Gerard that John's poulterer has one hundred little chicks hatched by incubator; of course he will laugh at my interest in the matter. I wonder whether the letter written to you by your father on Wednesday

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last will reach you in Paris or in Eastbourne. I am glad that you are feeling well and cheerful.

Affectionately,

MAMA.

The following relates to the expected visit of her son Hiram and his family to Knollcrest for the summer of 1897.

TO HIRAM P. DILLON

Knollcrest, Monday, June 7, 1897.

Dear Hymie:

I believe I owe you a letter, and for that reason write, and not because I have anything to make a letter interesting. I am counting the *days* now, as there will not be more than fifteen until you are here. As yet we have had no warm weather, and to-day is really raw and damp; but I suppose it will *boil* next month.

I presume Susie is getting her house ready to leave, and that everything will be shipshape when she does. Your father said he would occupy himself to-day getting passes for you and your family. We shall all be glad to see you. Susie Sterling is here for this month and possibly next.

Give my love to Susie and Jack, and with lots for yourself, I am, as always,

Affectionately,

MAMA.

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In the next two letters Mrs. Dillon refers to her life at Knollcrest, briefly describes the library, and urges Mrs. Bills and her husband to visit her.

TO MRS. BILLS

Knollcrest, Far Hills, July 1, 1897.

My dear Friend:

. . . I have been confined to my bed many weeks the past winter with my old trouble of the heart. The last attack I had, the doctor was called, and was good enough to tell me that I could never be well, but might live some time yet if I would be *quiet*. What harder thing could be imposed upon me? Could you tell? When I am apparently smothering to death I can be quiet, but as soon as that is relieved I am up and ready for the fray again. Your letter made me homesick, for through it I saw again my old friends, and lived over the good times of twenty years ago. Annie and Mary Price have gone to Carlsbad; Mr. Warriner, my son-in-law, who has been here on business, will join Susie at Tours, where they have taken a house for the summer.

Now let me tell you of Far Hills. I have succeeded in getting a fair lawn, and my flowers begin to vie with those I had at dear old Leafland. The library is finished and furnished, a joy to the beholder, and a comfort to those who abide here.¹ It is fitted up with

¹ See Chapter I, p. 20.

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things I have had a long time; one chair belongs to the set which I gave to the Davenport Library Association for their lecture-room. Over the big fireplace, in carved-oak letters, I have put a motto, suggested by my son Hiram, from "The Tempest," which reads:

My library was dukedom large enough.

It's a grand, old-fashioned room, 25 × 60 feet, and there is nobody I would rather see in one of its coziest chairs than John C. Bills. Why don't you bring him to see us this summer? I pledge you I'll try to make it pay you both for the trouble and worry of the journey. I may go to Nantucket to visit my father, who has a house there for the summer, but my visit can be arranged so as to have you before I go or afterward. Let me hear from you.

Affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MRS. BILLS

Knollcrest, Far Hills, New Jersey,
August 2, 1897.

My dear Friend :

Yours of the 27th came yesterday, and I hasten to answer and urge you to come East. I thought I discovered in your letter a little gleam of hope that you might come, and I want to strike while the iron is hot, and perhaps I'll get you. If John is sick and miserable, would n't it do him good to get away from

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every-day surroundings and see new faces and new places? I would introduce him to my farm and its beauties, and he could rusticate a little. I would treat him lovely—let him do just as he pleased in regard to eating, drinking, sleeping, and, indeed, in everything. You know you said he liked the country, and I don't believe there is any better place than this. Tom Wing came down last Saturday and spent Sunday with us. He seems a fine fellow, and we hope to have him here often. Annie has taken passage for home for the 2d of October; also Mary Price. My Susie and her husband are arranging to be with us Christmas. I hope we may all be here and well when that time comes. My husband has been in Boston for two weeks, and came home overworked and ill. With kind regards to Mr. Bills, I remain,

Yours affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MRS. BILLS

Knollcrest, Far Hills, September 20, 1897.

My dear Friend:

During all of these dreary weeks that I have been a prisoner in my room, you have been in my mind. I picture you as I have seen you often in your bright little sitting-room, but alone, and my heart goes out to you in sympathy and love, and I long to put my arms

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around you and tell you how much I feel for you in your terrible affliction.¹ I did not know, for some time after the despatch came, of the news it brought, for I was very ill—have been close to the border line of the world where our loved ones dwell. I have made my plans to go, as I surely must, with this crippled heart; but I wish to have my girls at home, and see them again. Annie will, God willing, arrive on the 12th of October. Susie and her husband come in November, for the holidays.

I have thought, dear friend, that you might feel like coming East, and in a measure divert your mind from your sorrow; if you should, I must have you for a while.

Miss Harriet Rogers² astonished me the other day by sending up her card to me here. She was in the neighborhood, and accidentally hearing we lived near by, came to see me. It is needless to say that I went down to see her, though I had to be carried up again, because the effort to climb the stairs is too great for me. We are putting into the house an elevator for my use, and then I shall not be so helpless.

I would like to talk to you of my friend and your loved one that is gone. It seems as if we might bring him very near if we could but mingle our grief for his loss. Sometime, when you feel like it, tell me of him, and if he at any time hinted to you his instructions. Now, my dear, I must finish this uninteresting

¹ Mr. Bills died suddenly shortly before this letter was written.

² Of Davenport; a long-time friend.

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letter. I dare not write long at a time. With love and a heart brimming with sympathy, I am always,

Affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MISS MOLLIE GRAHAM

Knollcrest, Far Hills, New Jersey,
Sunday, November 7, 1897.

Dear Friend Mollie:

Your letter came some days ago, and if I were as good at letter-writing as formerly I should have answered before this. I was glad to hear from you. It is like the good times when I lived among you to hear from any of my old friends. I have Annie home again; she came three weeks ago, and is looking very well, and is well. She is happy to be here, and is delighted with her home. She plays the piano like a master, and, if rheumatism does not return, will give us great pleasure this winter. Susie and her husband are to be here, God willing, on the 1st of December, to pass the holidays with us. They had a house in the country this summer, at Tours, about five hours from Paris, and Annie spent several weeks with them there after her return from Carlsbad. She says Susie is a fine housekeeper—puts aside servants and everybody and takes a turn at making preserves and pickles, as she learned at home. It is not hard to tell whose child she is, is it?

You ask about my health. To be truthful, I must

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say it is not so good as when you knew me. I have attacks of rheumatism of the heart, when I am brought very low; just now I am better. When are you coming to see me, dear Mollie? I should be so glad to have you with me for a while, or at least until we get tired of each other. When would it be, think you? With love, I am,

Affectionately,

ANNA PRICE DILLON.

The next letter refers again to the death of Mr. Bills.

TO MRS. BILLS

Knollcrest, Far Hills, November, 1897.

My dear Friend:

You are much in my mind these fall days, for it is only a little more than a year since I had such a lovely visit from you, and yet that short time has brought you such sad changes. We are very glad to have Annie back again, and so cheerful and contented in this beautiful country place that we are more than ever thankful that we have it. She has been here for a month, and is constantly planning and laying out walks and roads, planting and working something as her mother did at Leafland. She is quite well, for her, though the damp days bring her much rheumatism, and I can see that she suffers. When the weather is fine, and she has the use of her hands, she plays the piano as only a

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genius can play. She has put in a hard year's work on her music in Paris. Susie and her husband will arrive next week for a few weeks' visit, and we hope we are to have another Merry Christmas together.

Judge Dillon is talking of our making a visit to Rome this winter; but we shall keep our house open until the latter part of January. At present my health is fair. I lead a lazy, inert life, and in this way I exist. Some days I feel it will not take me long to shuffle off this mortal coil, and then again I am better, and forget I stand on slippery ground. All the month of August I spent in bed, with the most dangerous attack I have ever had, and it was before I got fairly over that, that Miss Rogers called. Bless her! it did me good to see her. I love my Davenport friends, and they always infuse into me new life and new interests. My old father came to see me in the spring, and seemed so well and cheery that I could but contrast myself with him, and sometimes wondered which was really the older.

Affectionately your friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MRS. SUSIE PRICE STERLING

The Lakewood, Lakewood, New Jersey,
Sunday, February 27, 1898.

Dear Susie:

I wrote you a week ago, asking you if, when you were looking for a nurse for Theodore, you would get

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me a maid. How are you? Does your arm still trouble you? It is beautiful here, and you should bring Theodore for the change. I want a maid, and I want her right away. My trained nurse is going in a week, for I am better. Do you know of one? . . . Love to Mary and Theodore. I was able to go down for the first time into the sun-parlor yesterday, and stayed for an hour.

Affectionately,

AUNT ANNIE.

P. S. I inclose, as you request, your blessed mother's recipe for mince-pies; mix all together, and season with the same gracious and lovely smile that always beamed upon all she did.

A. P. D.

TO MRS. HIRAM P. DILLON

Hotel Savoy, New York, March 2, 1898.

Dear Susie:

You see I am again at the Savoy: came up from Lakewood nearly a week ago. I am somewhat better; am taking carbonic-acid-gas baths, and I think they are just the thing, for the constant and profuse perspiration has nearly stopped, and I feel stronger. I have been advised to take these baths of the natural waters at Nauheim, Germany, but decline to make that trip until I test the artificial ones here. If I get any benefit from them, I shall go abroad and take a

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six weeks' cure. We are expecting you and yours to come home to us at Knollcrest for the summer. I shall be rather an uninteresting hostess, having to be in bed nearly all the time; but you know the house and habits of the family well enough to get what there is to be had. I have had, and still have, a trained nurse, and find I shall have to keep a larger corps of servants than ever before. I can't put my hands to my head to comb my hair, and so must keep a lady's-maid. I send Hymie, to whom I owe three letters, Ingersoll's remarks on Seidl's death. I think them fine and quite worthy of the great conductor.

With love to *both boys* and yourself, I am,

Affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MISS MOLLIE GRAHAM

Knollcrest, Far Hills, New Jersey,
April 21, 1898.

My dear Friend:

We are at home again, and are getting the house settled, and we want you to come to us for a long visit. I have been in bed all winter, first in New York and then at Lakewood; for this place, while it is glorious in summer, is very cold in winter. I have pronounced heart-disease, and can only move about like a snail at any time. I have had a trained nurse since early in February. My doctor thinks he has at

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last found a cure for me in carbonic-acid-gas baths. If these *artificial* baths avail anything I may go the latter part of June to Germany to take the *natural* baths, as Nauheim is the only place where they are given.

How is dear Mrs. Bills? Give my love to her. With kind remembrances to friends, I am,

Affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

To her friend Mrs. Filley, on learning of the death of her only son, on the eve of his intended marriage, Mrs. Dillon sent this sympathetic and consolatory letter.

TO MRS. ABBIE R. FILLEY

Knollcrest, Far Hills, New Jersey,
April 21, 1898.

My dear Friend :

I am overwhelmed with grief at the sad news of Arthur's death, which reached us yesterday. Surely no words and no expression of sympathy seem fitting at a time like this, for before such sorrow one stands with uncovered head and unsandaled feet. There is much I would like to know concerning the illness that has so suddenly robbed you of your dear one. His fiancée!—how great must be her grief! still, not that of a lonely and bereaved mother. Annie is heartbroken, and can only sit and look, saying, “ My

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poor Mrs. Filley!'' Sometime, when you feel that you can, will you not come to us for a visit, and, so far as it is possible, let us comfort you? I am in bed nearly all the time, but all this is nothing beside your terrible affliction. Annie sends her love to you, and it is such a love as she feels for very few.

Affectionately yours,

ANNA P. DILLON.

Mrs. Dillon's approaching departure for Nauheim, and her regret in being obliged to leave Knollcrest, even for the summer, are expressed in the three letters that follow.¹

TO MRS. BILLS

Knollcrest, Far Hills, May 29, 1898.

My dear Friend:

Your dear note did much to cheer me, as I spend nearly all my time in bed. You may know that a letter from a dear friend is a little peep outside, and into what I am entirely shut out from, and that is the world and those who are well enough to enter into the activities I used to enjoy. I am going on the 25th of June to Nauheim, Germany, to try the cure for chronic diseases of the heart. Whether I shall be benefited only God knows. It is the last resort, and I shall try it. We were to have sailed the 4th, but

¹ See Chapter I, pp. 21, 22.

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an accident to the steamer caused us to change vessels, and go the 11th. Then another, the *Gascogne*, was substituted, but I will not sail on her, as I was once on her in an accident, and am afraid. So now it is the *Bretagne*.¹ If I am well enough, I shall come home in October; if not, I shall stay over till spring.

But enough of my plans. I wish I could know what you will do this summer. If you come East, I shall regret extremely not being here. Annie is now here, and will go when I do. Susie and her husband were home for four months, but are now back in Paris. Judge Dillon, who accidentally broke his leg last Christmas Eve, has at last thrown aside his crutches, and goes all about with two canes for support. He has had a serious time. He is not going to Europe with me. Hymie and his wife are coming to spend the summer with him at Knollcrest.

My home here is more lovely than ever. The trees have grown wonderfully, the grass is like velvet, and the flowers rival those I had at dear old Leafland. I cannot tell you what a sacrifice I am making in going abroad; but if I am only mended sufficiently to enable me to stay a few years longer in sight of these beautiful clouds, the time will be well spent. I think very often of you in your loneliness and sorrow, and wish you would get away from the scene of your many happy and sorrowful days, and come to live East with your friends. Would n't you be happier,

¹ Afterward changed to the *Bourgogne*.

KNOLLCREST, 1895-98, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY JOHN M. DILLON, 1899.



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dear? I will, if well enough, write you from Germany, and tell you of my progress toward health.

Very affectionately,

Your old friend,

ANNA P. DILLON.

TO MRS. HIRAM P. DILLON

Knollcrest, Far Hills, New Jersey,

Monday, June 27, 1898.

Dear Susie:

We are now quite ready to leave the house, and shall do so on Thursday, stopping in the city until Saturday, when we sail at noon on the *Bourgogne*. I never left home with so much regret. I am absolutely driven out by the condition of my health, and if after all this effort and sacrifice I am no better, I shall feel a deep grief that I have been so long away from my beautiful home. When you come on for the summer I wish you would exercise all authority in my house in my absence. I would give a good deal to see you all again.

With love to Hymie and Jack, and much for yourself, I am,

Affectionately,

ANNA P. DILLON.

The following last letter from Mrs. Dillon to her father has been briefly mentioned on a previous page.¹

¹ See Chapter I, p. 2.

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TO HIRAM PRICE

Knollcrest, Far Hills, New Jersey,
Thursday, June 30, 1898.

Dear Pappy:

I am just leaving the house for the city, and expect to sail on the 2d prox. by the *Bourgogne*.¹ It is terribly hot here, and while I am glad to get away from the heat, I am hardly able to make the effort to go. A neighbor of ours, Mr. Kuhnhardt, who called yesterday, says his mother has been in Nauheim three times for rheumatism of the heart, and has each time been benefited. I regret to leave my beautiful home, but conclude that by leaving for a few months I may stay here longer to enjoy it. If Doc² is well enough (he is not quite himself) he is to go to Washington sometime next week. I hope you are well, and that your trip West did you no harm. Annie goes with me to Paris, where we separate—she for Carlsbad, I for Nauheim. When we shall all meet again, only God knows.

Very affectionately,

Srs.

P. S. I shall write you as soon as I arrive. My address is Crédit Lyonnais, Boulevard des Italiens, Paris.

¹ See letter to Mrs. Schley, Chapter I, p. 21.

² Her familiar appellation of her husband when speaking or writing of him to her family.

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Explanatory of the short undated note of Mrs. Dillon which follows, it may be stated that her husband, accompanied by the surgeon who attended him for his fractured leg, went, on January 17, 1898, from Far Hills to New York on a special car, taking rooms at the Savoy Hotel, leaving Mrs. Dillon at Knollcrest, to follow as soon as she felt able. This she did on January 19. Meantime, on the same day on which her husband left, she sent to him at the Savoy the following characteristic note in pencil :

Dear Judge :

I think I am better, and I am going to get up when nobody is around. Why are you blue ? You're getting on finely, the doctor says ; you are better off than if you had broken your head ! We shall go to town in a couple of days, and the Savoy will open its doors to *two lame ducks*.

Affectionately,

A. P. D.

The two following brief notes thus originated : On Thursday, June 30, Mrs. Dillon and her daughter Annie went from Knollcrest to the city, preparatory to sailing on Saturday. On Friday Robert (the butler) came into the city with the trunks, and gave Mrs. Dillon, for her husband, the family commutation railway ticket. After the *Bourgogne* had sailed, she discovered, July 2, that she had forgotten to hand the ticket to her husband, and inclosed it in the note that first follows (postmarked "New York, N. Y., July 2,

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5 P. M., 1898 '''), addressed to him at his office in the city. Shortly afterward, recalling that Monday, July 4, was a holiday, and that on that day he would not be at his office, but at Knollcrest, she sent him at that place the second note given below.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

À bord paquebot la Bourgogne.

Dear Judge:

I send herein a ticket Robert gave me yesterday. It goes back by pilot. Good-by, old man. Take good care of yourself. We are now under way, and it is not so hot. I have only a minute, and so again good-by.

Affectionately,

A. P. DILLON.

P. S. I write without the extra pair of glasses, as you see.

TO JOHN F. DILLON

À bord paquebot la Bourgogne.

I have written and mailed a letter inclosing the railroad ticket Robert gave me, but forgot Monday is the Fourth, and sent it to your office. I write again to ease your mind.

Affectionately,

A. P. DILLON.

These notes, by chance occasioned, have the deep and mournful interest of being not only the last of the

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many hundreds she had written to her husband, but as being, so far as known, the last words she ever wrote to any person. One can almost imagine that she must have seen the shadow of fate fall upon the page as she was writing. But not so. As ever, they show that unto this last she was concerned for others, and not for herself, and that they were written without the slightest apprehension that the most terrible shaft in the armory of doom was so soon to be hurled on its fateful course against her and her beloved daughter.

The *Bourgogne* left New York about 11 A. M., Saturday, July 2, with nearly five hundred passengers and a crew of over two hundred. Of the passengers eighty-five were first-cabin, one hundred and twenty-five second-cabin, and the rest were steerage.

Mrs. Dillon was accompanied by her nurse, Miss Elizabeth McFarland, and by her daughter Annie and her maid, Hattie Wilson. Mrs. Dillon left her home regretting that she felt compelled to go for her health, but cheered and supported by the hope of being benefited by the waters and baths of Nauheim. Mother and daughter waved husband and father, relatives and friends, farewell from the deck of the steamer as it disappeared forever from their view, with about five hundred passengers intrusted to the care of its officers and crew. On Monday morning, July 4, at 5 A. M., the *Bourgogne*, about sixty miles south of Sable Island, came into collision with the *Cromartyshire*, cutting or

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tearing off the bow of the latter vessel, the *Bourgogne* receiving a fatal wound, from which, after floating for fully forty minutes, she sank, with a loss of life of about five hundred and fifty persons.

On the circumstances and scenes of this frightful calamity, so distressing in its incidents and results, we have no heart to dwell. But it is a duty to hold up to condemnation the conduct of the French company which owned the *Bourgogne*, and to execration the conduct of its officers and crew, both at the time of the accident and afterward.

The French company is in fault for the course selected for the *Bourgogne* to take. The principal transatlantic steamship lines had before this time adopted certain routes which sailing-vessels were requested to avoid; but the French company refused to accept these lines, and the ship was, when the accident occurred, many miles out of the proper course.

There was at the time of the collision a dense fog, notwithstanding which, and in violation of the established rules for safe navigation, the *Bourgogne* was proceeding at a rapid and dangerous rate of speed. This fact is indisputable, and is demonstrated to be true by the physical condition of the *Cromartyshire*, a strongly built iron vessel, whose bow was cut or torn off by the momentum and force of the *Bourgogne*. This was the fault of the officers of the *Bourgogne*, who are responsible for the manner of navigation, and the safety of the lives intrusted to their care.

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Immediately after the accident the captain and chief officers seem to have lost their heads. No discipline was maintained, and there ensued a scene of insubordination, brutality, and cowardice for which no language of denunciation can be too strong. It is not necessary to go into details and proofs. The duty of officers and crew is to maintain discipline, and primarily to save the passengers,—first of all helpless women and children,—and not to abandon these for the sake of saving themselves. The record shows that this duty was basely neglected. Not one child was saved, and only one woman—and she by the exertions of her husband. Not one first-cabin passenger was saved, man, woman, or child, and only eleven of the second-cabin passengers. Two life-boats at least were seized by the crew. One of these carried eight sailors and no passengers, although it could have brought thirty passengers. The other carried only two passengers and twenty-eight sailors, but would have held forty more persons. The percentages of loss as between the crew and passengers make up a shameful record: forty-eight per cent. of the crew was saved; more than eighty-eight per cent. of the passengers perished! For this officers and crew are both to blame—the head officers for not enforcing discipline, even at the pistol's mouth; the crew for disloyalty to duty, for cowardice, and for brutality.

After the collision the French company was to blame for its inhuman neglect at first, and its refusal afterward to take any steps to recover the bodies of

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the dead, which three or four incoming vessels reported to be floating in large numbers in the vicinity of the scene of the disaster.

When the French company positively refused to send a vessel for this purpose, the husband of Mrs. Dillon, and Mr. John Perry of Kansas City, whose whole family (consisting of a wife, three daughters, and a son) was lost, chartered at Halifax the steamer *Hiawatha*, which, under the direction of Mr. George S. Clay, made an ineffectual cruise for ten days to find their missing ones. Even at that late period the *Hiawatha* found the bodies of thirty-one persons, some of which were identified, and all given a Christian burial at sea. It is no satisfaction to expose this record of shame on the part of the French line, its officers and crew. It is done from a sense of duty.¹

Here ends this sad story of the tragic death of Mrs. Dillon and her daughter. We do not know the incidents, so far as respects them personally, of that fateful hour. But we feel assured that Mrs. Dillon and her daughter, who had a nature as heroic and fine as her mother's, did their duty to the end, and met their doom bravely and without a murmur, caring not for themselves, but only for those who were thus bereft.

On the Tuesday after Mrs. Dillon sailed, her husband, ignorant of the fate which had already befallen her, wrote a letter directed to her at Nauheim, which was afterward returned to him. This is

¹ Further details concerning the accident and the conduct of the French company, its officers and crew, will be found in the Appendix, No. X, p. 473, No. XI, p. 475.

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given in the note,¹ both because it was his last letter to her, and because it shows that she had charged her husband to see that the plants, poultry, and cattle did not suffer for the want of water in the hot weather then prevailing, and, moreover, shows that he well understood that her heart was at Knollcrest, though she herself was far away.

To this home she was never to return. All that remained to her surviving companion was afterward to complete, as was done, some improvements that she had planned,—one of which was an arch over the roadway,—and to plant at the appointed time and place some trees that she had selected. From this home of her heart and love she has gone out for-

¹ To MRS. JOHN F. DILLON

195 Broadway, Tuesday, July 5, 1898.

MRS. JOHN F. DILLON, NAUHEIM, GERMANY,
care of KOCH, LAUTEREN & Co.

Dear Wife:

I take the above address from those on your letter of credit. After I bade you good-by I drove to the office and cleared off my desk, and went home on the three-fifty train. It was a terribly hot day, as were also Sunday and Monday. The mercury stood 106° Sunday and 104° Monday on our front piazza.

I sent Hymie a despatch that the farewell letters had been received by you, and that I saw you safely embarked. When I got home Saturday I both saw and felt the difference. The motor power of the house was gone; the wheels were all standing still. There was a persistent vacuum, the light seemed extinguished, and I realized that I was alone. I found the faithful Tony at work on the gutters, and at night heeded your injunction, and saw the trees and plants watered, as I did also on Sunday evening. Last night we had a delightful shower, and to-day it is comfortably cool. I visited the cows and chickens both days, and saw that they had water. Stratton is hard at work on the hay; the upper pasture for the cows is not yet quite done. John, the tramp, came back this morning and applied for work, but did not get it. Alfred came to see me yesterday. He is out of work, but he made no specific

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ever. No eulogy of her who was its animating spirit, or of her noble and stainless life, will be here pronounced. That life as she herself has written it in the letters which this volume contains is the best eulogy and the only monument she needs.

Knollcrest, the home of her heart and love, still stands, a domestic ruin, with its light gone out, never to be relumed; and concerning which he whom she left behind, and who with fondest love and care hath prepared this imperfect memorial, can only say:

O palace desolate !
O house of houses, once so richly dight !
O palace empty and disconsolate !
Thou lamp, of which extinguished is the light !
O palace, whilom day, that now art night !
Thou ought'st to fall, and I to die, since she
Is gone who held us both in sovereignty.¹

request. I told him that this fall I would make a bargain with him for the trees you wanted planted.

In the office this morning I found Mr. Cochran of St. Louis, who sails at two o'clock to-day. He may see you in Paris or Annie in Carlsbad. This morning I found on my table a draft to you from Davenport for a dividend on your bank stock. I went to Blair & Co. and got a check on Paris for the amount, which I inclose. I also found the railroad ticket which you forgot to give me. I received a despatch from John that he and his party had reached his destination, Clayton, New York, and that all were well. I have heard nothing further from Hymie.

We have the great news that Cervera's fleet is destroyed, and everybody is hoping that this may be the end of the war. The city is gay with flags, and the sentiment of "glory" seems to drive away all sadder feelings. I shall write you when I can, and you must let me hear from you as often as you feel able to write. But do not tire yourself with writing long letters. Write a few lines just saying how you are whenever you can. I should like to know how you made the journey on sea and land, and how you find yourself situate in Nauheim. Now that you are no longer on deck, I will keep a lookout and see as far as I can that everything goes right. Affectionately yours,

JOHN F. DILLON.

¹ Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida," as modernized by Wordsworth.

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After all hopes of the recovery of the wife and daughter were gone, a memorial religious service was held on Tuesday, September 20, 1898, at 1 P. M., in the library of the well-loved home at Knollcrest.¹ A special train to Far Hills carried friends from a distance. The services were simple and impressive, consisting of prayer and anthem, dirge and song. In character and details they were such as the sorrowing survivors knew would accord with the tastes and sentiments of those in whose loving memory they were celebrated. Finally all the assembly rose, and remained standing with bowed heads, while Dr. Greer read the burial service, omitting the committal, and with the benediction the solemn and deeply affecting religious ceremonial, fitly held in the home of the heart and love of those that had gone, was ended. Ended, and family and friends alike, in the darkness and gloom of this sad hour, felt perhaps more profoundly than ever before that "NOTHING BUT THE INFINITE PITY IS SUFFICIENT FOR THE INFINITE PATHOS OF HUMAN LIFE."

¹ See Appendix, No. IX, p. 471.





APPENDIX

I

FROM THE CONGRESSIONAL DIRECTORY ¹

SECOND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF IOWA: *Counties*
—Cedar, Clinton, Jackson, Jones, Muscatine, and
Scott.

HIRAM PRICE of Davenport was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, January 10, 1814; received a common-school education; was for some time a merchant's clerk, then for a few years a farmer, and then a merchant in a small way on his own account; removed to Davenport, Iowa, in 1844; was elected president of the State Bank of Iowa in 1859, and continued in that position until 1866, when the several branches were changed to national banks, and he closed up their business without the loss of a dollar. When the War of the Rebellion broke out, and the State had no available funds, he quartered and subsisted about five thousand infantry and cavalry for several months, at the request of the governor,

¹ See Chapter I, p. 3. For an account of the life and public services of Mr. Price see an article by the Hon. B. F. Gue in Vol. I (January, 1895) of the "Annals of Iowa."

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from his individual means; was appointed paymaster-general, the only officer of that rank the State has ever had. He was elected to the Thirty-eighth Congress as a Republican by over 3000 majority, reëlected to the Thirty-ninth Congress by over 5000 majority, and reëlected to the Fortieth Congress by about 7000 majority, and declined to be a candidate for the Forty-first Congress. He was president of the Davenport and St. Paul (now the Davenport and Northwestern) Railroad Company, and resigned after a little over two years' service. He spent some time in Europe. He was nominated, contrary to his expressed wish, for the Forty-fifth Congress, and elected as a Republican, and was reëlected to the Forty-sixth Congress. Declined a reëlection.

II

HIRAM PRICE TO HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. JOHN F.
DILLON ¹

Washington, D. C., April 9, 1897.

Dear Daughter:

You see by the above that this is April 9, and everybody who is rich enough to own an almanac knows that. But everybody does n't know that the 9th of April was a very important day for at least one of the dwellers on the time side of the dark river. The 9th of April, 1833, was, in the language of the "brother in black," long "befo' de wah." On that morning the subscriber, in company with Sam Duff as a fellow-traveler, took passage on a board raft about forty feet long to float down the "classic stream" of Stone Creek to the town of Huntingdon.

¹ See Chapter I, p. 4.

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Previous to starting, in order to secure a sufficient depth of water to make raft navigation safe, the different mill-dams on the creek had been temporarily raised by placing planks on edge on the top of the breast of each of the dams, so that when a dam was reached we simply knocked off the planks, and the imprisoned water rushed onward, carrying Sam and his fellow-traveler toward the blue Juniata. By the way, in order to "vindicate the truth of history," I ought to state that Sam was the sole owner of the raft, and I was simply a passenger carried free for my services in managing the raft.

The dangers encountered on that voyage would, if recorded, fill a good-sized volume, provided always (as gentlemen of the legal profession would say) that the imagination was liberally drawn upon for material. But sometimes facts are stranger than fiction, and as I am only dealing with facts, I shall not invade the realm of fiction.

At one point in our way down the creek we had to pass under a foot-log. Do you ask what a foot-log is? I answer, it is simply the body of a tree, long or short, according as the stream of water to be crossed is broad or narrow, hewn on the upper side to make a flat surface upon which *sober* people can safely walk. Well, in our trip down the creek, having knocked off the splash-boards of several dams, quite a flood was in the stream; so when we came to a foot-log near Foster's mill the creek was so swollen that it was evident my chest would not pass under the foot-log. Sam and I went forward to the end of the raft, I with my chest in my arms. Sam was to jump over the foot-log, and I was to hand him the chest. Well, he jumped, as stipulated, but while he kept the contract as to *time*, he did not as to *place*, for instead of land-

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ing on the forward end of the raft so as to receive the chest from me, he landed ahead of the raft in the water, and the raft ran upon and over him, leaving me with my chest in my arms on the wrong side of the foot-log; and as the raft kept going I kept backing, loaded with the chest, until it became clear that something decisive had to be done, and done at once, or all of my worldly belongings would help to swell the driftwood of Stone Creek.

Now, *that* raft did not carry "Cæsar and his fortunes," but it did carry all of my surplus wearing apparel, amounting in cash value to about sixteen silver dollars (which according to New York financiers was worth only about eight dollars). But it was my all, and something (desperate, if need be) must be done to save it. So, summoning up all my reserve physical force, I jumped, with my little wooden chest in my arms, for the other side of the foot-log, and when I gathered myself and my belongings together on the safe side of that foot-log and looked back, I saw Duff just emerging from under the end of the raft, it having ran its entire length over him, and he climbed upon the rear end, on the safe side of, not the Rubicon, but the foot-log. It is not necessary to say that he was as wet as the proverbial drowned rat, but he apparently suffered no visible damage, although he was without any change of clothes on that cool April day.

So this, in brief, is how I reached the town of Huntingdon on my journey to my financial Canaan.

I remained that night at Jackson's Tavern in Huntingdon, had supper, bed, and breakfast, and my bill in the morning for all this was just fifty cents. On leaving home the morning of the 9th, my father gave me one whole silver dollar; and now, after paying my tavern bill, I had just fifty cents left. The

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balance of my journey to Williamsburg, twenty-one miles, I made on foot, reaching my destination about two o'clock, with my fifty cents *all* in my pocket. Some days afterward my chest came by canal-boat to Williamsburg. If I had waited on Stone Creek until I could have paid my expenses to Williamsburg in gold, I might have been fishing for chubs and sun-fish in Stone Creek yet. So you see silver helped me to start in the battle of life, and I would be an ingrate to desert to the enemy now.

The ninth day of April is to the ordinary traveler on life's highway of no more importance than any other day; but to me it is one of the red-letter days which I keep in remembrance. This day sixty-four years ago seems but as yesterday to me, I remember well every hour of that day, and how little, or rather how absolutely nothing, I knew of the sixty-four years of life that lay beyond me. If on that day I could have looked down the vista of time, and seen an old man of over eighty-three years of age sitting at his desk in a house of his own in the capital city of the nation, I would have supposed him to be some octogenarian with whom I was not acquainted.

Affectionately your father,
H. PRICE.

III

HIRAM PRICE TO HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. JOHN F. DILLON¹

Washington, D. C., March 2, 1886:

Dear Daughter:

Yours of the 28th of February (I suppose it would look more learned to say "ultimo") was received yes-

¹ See Chapter I, p. 8.

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terday, and the napkins to-day, for which I am much obliged.

Forty-five years ago this morning I left the State of Ohio on horseback, leading two other horses—your mother and you and Buzz and Mary, with a few pieces of furniture and a couple of beds, following in Dan Teter's two-horse wagon. The first day was bright and pleasant, but the rest of the time (thirteen days) it snowed or sleeted constantly, and it appeared to come all the time in my face. The last night before reaching Hollidaysburg we stayed at the western base of Laurel Hill—a foot-hill of the Alleghany Mountains. Mary was a baby about six months old, and ill, so we got no sleep. About midnight something had to be done for her. I got up and tried to make a fire, but there was nothing to make it with. I went down-stairs and out of doors to hunt for the woodpile. I found the woodpile, but no ax. I kicked around in the snow, which was over two feet deep (no moon, no stars), and at last was fortunate enough to find an ax. I chopped some wood, carried it up and made a fire, and together we nursed the baby until morning. The next day we crossed the mountains in snow nearly three feet deep, and reached Hollidaysburg that night.

Oh, distinctly do I remember how patient and uncomplaining your mother was all these years, and how she helped me in every possible way. And how I would like to talk it all over with her now ! But I *must wait* until I get on the other side. I suppose I ought not to complain, for I have had my share of sunshine, and I must bide my time.

In reviewing this and the other incidents of my life, two things stand out prominently and clearly in the foreground: First and most important, your mother

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bore all the difficulties and privations through which we passed heroically, bravely, cheerfully, and without a murmur. Second, I had a constitution and powers of endurance possessed by but few men. And thus we fought the battle of life.

Good-by.

Affectionately your father,

H. PRICE.

IV

HIRAM PRICE TO HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. JOHN F. DILLON ¹

Washington, D. C., November 6, 1892.

Dear Daughter:

Forty-eight years ago this morning, about ten o'clock, I landed, with my belongings, on the west bank of the Father of Waters at Davenport, in what was then one of the Territories of the United States, and which a few years afterward became the State of Iowa. This embryo town looked quiet and peaceful. I was not welcomed by any public demonstration, but simply allowed to land and take my chances for weal or woe with those who had pioneered the way. What few inhabitants were there seemed able to endure a good deal of rest, and did not seem to care much whether school kept or not.

While I was busy in moving my goods and chattels from the *bank* of the river (there were no other banks there) I was accosted by one of the natives, whose outward adorning consisted in part of an old cloth cap placed jauntily on one side of his head, and one leg of his pantaloons inside and one outside of his rusty boots. He seemed to be concerned for my wel-

¹ See Chapter I, p. 10.

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fare, and, after eying me with apparent curiosity and concern, he inquired where I was from and what my boxes contained, to which I answered, in as polite Saxon as I could command, that I was from Pennsylvania, and that the boxes contained some household goods, and some different kinds of merchandise, designated in common parlance as "store goods." To which he replied in good plain English that I had come to the wrong place, and had better go back, for, said he: "I came from Pennsylvania, and brought thirty thousand dollars' worth of goods with me, and I have been swindled out of all I had, and I now want to get back to the old State." "Well," I said, "I've come a long distance, and it has taken me from the 10th of October to this sixth day of November to get here. My cash means are exhausted, so I'm obliged to remain here at least until the winter is over and the bluebirds herald the coming of warm weather." I might have answered poetically, and said, "Until the springtime comes, gentle Mr. Fisher."

You see, his name was Fisher, and he was familiarly known as "old Sam Fisher," although, viewed from my present standpoint, he was not very old. Fisher was, on some subjects, particularly on geography, a well-informed man, and as a conversationalist very interesting, but as a business man and financier an utter failure; and the world has a multitude of such men, good for some one thing, and good for nothing outside of that *one* thing. I suppose that is the reason why somebody—I don't know who—wrote:

One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

Davenport, as I first saw it, was a good place for a poor man who had any snap in him. Rents, fuel,

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and provisions were obtainable for a very small amount of "filthy lucre." It was a small place, but had a large proportion of empty houses. This was bad for the town, but good for me just at that time, for I was able to rent for ten dollars per month a brick house containing room enough for my family, and also a good-sized store-room with shelving, counters, etc., complete, also a woodhouse and brick stable, and all inclosed with a good paling fence. While busy in my shirt-sleeves that bright, warm November day, moving into my rented premises, I had to pass, in going to and from the steamboat-landing, the corner of Brady and Front streets, which was then occupied by old Gilbert McKown as a store *without* goods and consequently *without* customers. But the old gentleman sat in front of the building, coatless and hatless, as a sort of *make-believe*. He was also a Pennsylvanian, and he gave me about the same encouragement that Fisher had; so, judging from their statements, Davenport seemed to be a bad place for Pennsylvanians. Such was my introduction to Davenport forty-eight years ago. I managed, however, to live and moderately thrive, all these ominous warnings and predictions to the contrary notwithstanding.

At this writing there are only three men now alive in Davenport who were there when I first set foot upon its soil; to wit, Israel Hall, A. C. Fulton, and John Forrest. When I first went to Davenport I could buy quails dressed at thirty-seven and a half cents per dozen. Now it requires about two dollars to procure as many. But it is about as easy to get two dollars now as it was to get thirty-seven and a half cents then, so the result is about the same; and so far as I am personally concerned, I can pay the

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two dollars *now* easier than I could the thirty-seven and a half cents then. In this, as in thousands of cases, comparison and contrast furnish the only sensible and correct solution.

Two days from now the free and intelligent people of these United States will decide who is to occupy the White House for the next four years. I 've little to say or do in the matter. I can't say, as Goldsmith's man did, "Whatever king may reign, I 'll be vicar of Bray, sir." But I shall enjoy my granola all the same.

Affectionately your father,
H. PRICE.

V

MRS. ANNA REED WILKINSON TO JOHN F. DILLON¹

168 Bowen Street, Providence, Rhode Island,
October 21, 1899.

My dear Friend :

Your note to my sister Mary wishing data connected with Mrs. Dillon's youthful days has been received. As both she and I were my sister's senior by six or more years,—which at that time seemed far more,—she has delegated to me the pleasant and sad task of recalling, as best I can, the events of those days. By comparing our recollections we have arrived at some exact or probable dates for certain events.

The history of Anna Margery Price's school life from the autumn of 1845 to 1853 is coincident with my own, for my father² became a resident of Daven-

¹ See Chapter I, p. 12.

² The Rev. Julius A. Reed, the father also of Mrs. Mary Reed Smith, wife of Hon. S. Frank Smith, and who is often mentioned in this volume.

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port in the former year. Our first school-days were passed in a small brick building on the south side of Fourth Street, between Harrison and Main, which has been torn down within the past year. The school was taught by Mrs. Prescott. In time Mr. Prescott built the wooden house which long stood on the northwest corner of Fourth and Perry streets, and was used for a school of various grades for many years after. Both Mr. and Mrs. Prescott were members of the Congregational Church, and respected and beloved in the town.

In 1847, as near as we can fix the date, Miss Bergen came from New England to my father's home, which also became her home while she was in Davenport. A typical New England character, always true to her convictions, concealing the amiable side of her many virtues, she was well fitted for advanced classes of young ladies, but to this estate, unfortunately for her, the "Annas" had not arrived, nor had Maggie Donaldson, Maria Owens, Elvira Brown, or Amanda Cowperthwaite and others. For some time she taught in the old Presbyterian Church on the north side of Third Street, between Main and Harrison. The school was afterward removed to an unoccupied dwelling-house on the east side of Brady Street, below Fifth. The "young ladies' department" at this time included several whom you doubtless remember: Virginia McKown, Lizzie Donaldson, and Ellen McManus. The juniors were not yet a source of unalloyed satisfaction to either teacher or young ladies. Especially was this true on Wednesday afternoons, when the friends were invited in to hear and be heard. Occasionally some young lawyer would also improve the opportunity to display his oratorical skill. After the lapse of these many years, the memory of one such

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scene rises vividly before me. Young Lawyer Firor rose to the occasion with much hesitation, and, after an introduction, quite forgotten, affirmed "that young ladies should cultivate affections of the heart, so as to be susceptible to any impressions that might be made," which sentiments so amused some of the juniors that audible smiles so discomfited the young man that he at once took his seat. In after years we learned to appreciate Miss Bergen's good qualities, and strove to make amends for the past, only regretting that she had not sooner learned the secret of winning the wide-awake young Westerners.

Sometime, I think, in 1848-49 Miss Susan Jones of Woodstock, Vermont, came to Iowa, in company with several young lady teachers. One went to Dubuque, two to Muscatine. Davenport was fortunate in securing Miss Susan Jones, a brilliant young woman who had taught in New England and in the South. She soon became popular with parents and pupils, and happily aroused their enthusiasm and coöperation. She was a devout churchwoman. Anna Price was one of her pupils. In 1851 or '52 she married Captain Dodge of Buffalo. Her sister Eliza, who joined her before 1850, also taught, and after her sister's death became the third wife of Captain Dodge, and she is now also dead. I visited their beautiful old home among the Vermont hills in 1896, and heard letters read in which pleasant mention was made of "Mrs. Reed and her little daughters Anna and Mary."

The years from 1850 to 1853 were spent in Miss Jones's school, and in one established by the Misses Harriet and Matilda Gilruth, daughters of a Methodist clergyman. This was before the days of fine school buildings, of which Davenport is now so justly proud; and this "young ladies' school," held in high esteem

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throughout the State, was kept in the second story of what was then known as the old Medical College, on the southwest corner of Brady and Third streets. Christian character and true culture were combined in the Misses Gilruth, who awakened every latent talent, and inspired their pupils with a love for all that was good and true.

These bits of history may be of interest some future day to grandchildren who will deem it passing strange that the grand, beautiful woman whom they regard with so much love and admiration could ever have been the frolicsome child and merry girl who had a part in it all. None of her classmates filled positions of greater responsibility in both social and domestic life, and none, I am sure, could have more bravely and nobly performed the duties which were hers as daughter, sister, wife, and mother. They who knew her best honored her most, and the blinding sorrow which robbed her home of its heart and light has touched with deepest grief the hearts of her many friends. Believe me,

Very sincerely,

ANNA REED WILKINSON.

VI

MINUTE OF BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF BARNARD COLLEGE ¹

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Barnard College, held October 12, 1898, it was

Resolved, That the Board of Trustees of Barnard College regret deeply the loss to the Associate Members caused by the death of Mrs. John F. Dillon, who

¹ See Chapter I, p. 13.

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was one of Barnard's earliest, most influential and constant friends; and that the secretary be directed to convey to Judge Dillon the sympathy of the Board for his great affliction.

VII

MINUTE OF THE TRUSTEES OF ST. BERNARD'S PARISH¹

WHEREAS, the Hon. John F. Dillon, a member of the Parish of St. Bernard's, has erected in St. Bernard's Church, in said Parish, a beautiful organ, to the glory of God and in memory of his wife, Anna Price Dillon, and his daughter, Anne Dillon Oliver, who perished by the sinking of the steamship *La Bourgogne*, July 4, 1898;

Now, therefore, be it *Resolved*, That the Trustees record upon their minutes and express to the said Hon. John F. Dillon their warm appreciation of his generous and pious act, and the deep and abiding sympathy of the Parish with him and his family in the loss of the loved ones whose memory is thus fittingly commemorated.

VIII

MINUTE OF THE DAVENPORT LIBRARY ASSOCIATION²

The Board of Trustees and Members of the Davenport Library Association have learned with profound sorrow of the untimely and tragic death of Anna Price Dillon, an ex-president and long-time trustee and member of this Association, and of her daughter,

¹ See Chapter I, p. 29.

² See Chapter I, p. 33.

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Anne Dillon Oliver, who were among the lost in that appalling disaster, the destruction of the ocean liner *La Bourgogne*.

The Trustees and Members of this Library will long remember Mrs. Dillon's efficient labors in its behalf, and her useful and admirable life in Davenport; and they offer to her bereaved husband, Judge John F. Dillon, and his surviving children, and also to her venerable father, the Hon. Hiram Price, himself a benefactor of the Library, this expression of sincere condolence.

IX

FROM THE NEW YORK "WORLD," SEPTEMBER 21, 1898

MEMORIAL SERVICES FOR WIFE AND DAUGHTER¹

Religious services in memory of Mrs. John F. Dillon and her daughter Mrs. Dillon Oliver, who were lost at sea on the steamship *La Bourgogne*, were held yesterday at Knollcrest, the country home at Far Hills, New Jersey, of ex-Judge John F. Dillon. A special train left the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western station at Hoboken at 10:45 A. M., carrying nearly one hundred persons to unite with the venerable jurist in paying tribute to the memory of the dead. A score of carriages and stages carried the people to the home of mourning, a veritable rural palace, situated on a commanding knoll a mile from the station. At the house were ex-Judge Dillon, his sons Hiram and John and their wives, and Mr. and Mrs. Warriner of Paris, the latter the judge's one surviving daughter.

¹ See Chapter XI, p. 455.

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At the residence also was the Rev. J. C. Hall of St. Bernard's Church, Bernardsville, the country rector of the family. With the train party was the Rev. Dr. David H. Greer of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, the family's city rector. Dr. Greer was accompanied by the quartet choir of his church, and the organist, William Henry Warren. There was also a string orchestra of fourteen instruments, under the direction of Professor Fleck.

The services were held in the library of the house. On the wall were portraits of Mrs. Dillon and Mrs. Oliver in a framing of splendid orchids.

Nearly two hundred people assembled in the library, many having come from near-by towns. There were many men and women in the garments of the poor, for Mrs. Dillon had been a Lady Bountiful, celebrated alike for her charity and for the joyousness of her nature. Before the spacious fireplace sat grouped the family servants, a score of them. Dr. Greer and Mr. Hall stood in the middle of the far end of the room, a small table answering for an altar. Before them were the afflicted family, relatives and friends, the singers and musicians on either side.

The hush was broken by the gentle swelling of music in a minor chord, as Chopin's "Funeral March," specially arranged by Professor Fleck for this service, was played by the orchestra. The beauty of the music of the dirge was greatly enhanced by the harp accompaniment. After that Mme. Clementine de Vere sang the "Intermezzo," with the violin obligato, which was played by Kaltenborn.

As all arose and remained standing, the burial service of the Episcopal Church, from which was omitted the committal, was read. To the familiar tunes the choir, accompanied by an organ and several harps,

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sang "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," and "There is a Blessed Home." Then the benediction was said, and the unique and touching religious ceremonial was ended. Immediately after the service the string quartet played the "Cantabile," from Tschaikowsky, and Handel's "Largo," which were favorites of Mrs. Dillon and her daughter, and selected as being specially appropriate.

X

FROM THE NEW YORK "WORLD," AUGUST 4, 1898¹

Ex-Judge John F. Dillon, whose wife and daughter were lost on the French liner the *Bourgogne*, dictated the following statement to a "World" reporter yesterday:

"The next day after I learned of the accident I took steps by inquiring at Halifax to know whether it was practicable to recover the bodies. My first advices were that it was thought that *La Bourgogne* had sunk very suddenly in one thousand fathoms of water where there were strong currents, and that an effort to recover the bodies would be unsuccessful.

"When, however, on July 25, the steamer *Oilfields*, Captain Shawyer, reported having passed between one hundred and fifty and two hundred bodies of persons who were aboard the *Bourgogne*, giving the exact latitude and longitude, and that he made the entry on his log-book and called his officers and crew to witness the bodies, I called the attention of the agents of the French line in this city to the fact, stating that I had an appointment to meet Captain Shawyer on

¹ See Chapter XI, pp. 449-452.

Appendix

Saturday, July 25, in Philadelphia, at four o'clock, to verify these statements. I asked the French line to have a representative present at that time, which the agent of that line promised to do. My representative, George S. Clay, was present, and Captain Shawyer of the *Oilfields* confirmed the report in every particular, and stated that at the time he passed them the bodies were capable of identification.

“The French company failed to have anybody present at the interview with Captain Shawyer, as they had promised. When I obtained this specific information from Captain Shawyer, I stated to the French line manager that the situation imperatively required that it should make an immediate effort to recover all the bodies—not a portion, but *all*.

“The agent here took time to cable to Paris, and reported to me on July 26 that chartering a steamer would be useless, recovery of the bodies impracticable, and identification now impossible. How could they say this in Paris, in the face of Captain Shawyer's specific statement to the contrary?

“Shortly afterward another vessel arrived here, reporting the same condition of affairs, and the *Westernland* is the fourth or fifth that has made similar reports.

“When the French company refused to make any effort whatever to recover the bodies, I determined, if possible, to charter a vessel to recover the remains of my family who were lost, in which effort Mr. John Perry of Kansas City joined, whose entire family, consisting of a wife, three daughters, and a son, perished in this frightful calamity. The *Hiawatha*, chartered by Mr. Perry and myself, cannot undertake to recover all the bodies, and the duty of the French company is all the more imperative because

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private individuals cannot render this service. When I appealed to the French company to charter a vessel or vessels to recover *all* the bodies, I said to the agent that I would bear any portion of the expense that he thought proper.

“I blame the French company for the disaster. The vessel was many miles out of the safe, the prescribed, the proper course. She was proceeding in a dense fog at a dangerous rate of speed, in violation of the rules of safe navigation.

“After the disaster occurred it is evident that the captain lost his head. There was no discipline ; utter insubordination prevailed. Only one woman was saved, and she not by the aid of the crew, but in spite of it. Not a single child was saved. Not a single first-class passenger was saved, and comparatively few of any class. On the other hand, the few boats that were lowered were seized and practically monopolized by the crew, half of whom were saved, and among the bodies seen since the disaster, a large portion of the crew had on life-preservers.”

XI

FROM THE HALIFAX (NOVA SCOTIA) “CHRONICLE,”
AUGUST 8, 1898

“HIAWATHA’S” RETURN FROM HER SEARCH FOR DEAD
BODIES. MR. GEORGE S. CLAY’S STATEMENT.¹

The steamer *Hiawatha* returned to Halifax last night, after a search, occupying ten days, for the remains of Mrs. John F. Dillon and Mrs. Dillon Oliver

¹ See Chapter XI, p. 452.

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of New York, and Mrs. John Perry, the three Misses Perry, and Master Perry of Kansas City, who were among the victims of the *Bourgogne-Cromartyshire* sea tragedy. The *Hiawatha* party, which was in charge of George S. Clay of New York, with Dr. H. S. Jacques of this city as medical assistant, failed to accomplish its first object, though it succeeded in finding a large number of bodies, some being identified and all given burial at sea, after the clothing on them had been thoroughly examined and marks of identification removed and preserved.

The *Hiawatha* found altogether thirty-one bodies, but not one answered to the description of the persons to find whom was the primary object of the expedition. Immediately upon the steamer's arrival at the mouth of the harbor, last evening, she was boarded by a "Chronicle" reporter, to whom Mr. Clay, manager of the expedition for ex-Judge Dillon of New York and John Perry of Kansas City, gave the following account of the voyage and its results. His official statement is as follows:

"I may say, in opening this account of the voyage of the *Hiawatha*, that, from my experience of the past ten days, I can assure the people interested that had the Compagnie-Générale Transatlantique acted promptly after the receipt of the report by the captain of the steamer *Oilfields* at Philadelphia, and despatched a steamship to search for and recover the bodies passed by the *Oilfields*, the remains of the victims then found could have been identified by their friends. It was not until after the Compagnie-Générale Transatlantique had refused the request of Judge Dillon to send a steamer to recover all the bodies that the expedition of the *Hiawatha* was undertaken. When Judge Dillon read in the newspapers the report

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that the steamer *Oilfields* had passed at sea one hundred and fifty or two hundred corpses, he at once communicated with the officials of the French line, and urged them to send out a steamer to recover what bodies could be found. On Saturday, July 25, I went to Philadelphia and saw Captain Shawyer, who told me the full story, and said that he had passed bodies for a distance of twenty-five miles. He made the statement to me that, had he known any people on the lost steamer, he could have identified them if their remains were among those he passed at sea. Captain Shawyer gave me the position of his steamer at the time the bodies were seen by him, which was latitude $42^{\circ} 50' N.$, longitude $59^{\circ} 40' W.$

“ I was with Captain Shawyer from 4 P. M. to 5:45 P. M., and up to the time I left him no representative of the French line had been to see him. I reported to Judge Dillon the result of my inquiries, and he requested me to proceed to Halifax and charter a steamer to go on this expedition. When I reached Halifax, Mr. George E. Francklyn, the Halifax agent of the French line, communicated with the agent at New York, stating how much it would cost to send a steamer in search of bodies, and asked for instructions. Judge Dillon also told me before I left New York that he intended to see the officials of the French line in reference to sending a steamer out to search. Mr. Francklyn informed me that the French company would not send out a steamer. Mr. Bocande, general manager of the French line, telegraphed to me, July 26, as follows:

George S. Clay, Halifax :

My company cables anxious to satisfy relatives, but chartering steamer useless. Recovery of bodies imprac-

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ticable, and identification now impossible. Accept my sincere regrets.

BOCANDE.

“Judge Dillon received the same advices, and he thereupon telegraphed to me to secure a steamer and set out on the expedition.

“With the information obtained from the captain of the *Oilfields*, and with the information as to the position of the *Bourgogne* and the *Cromartyshire* at the time of the collision, which Captain Henderson of the sailing-ship reported was latitude 42° 50' N., longitude 59° 50' W., I completed arrangements for the trip. I felt that it would be necessary to take a physician to assist in identifying the bodies in case we should have to examine them for particular marks, or with respect to the condition of the teeth, etc.; and also to take other assistants besides the steamer's crew. C. W. McKee, of the Western Union, interested Dr. Jacques, who consented to accompany the party. . . .”

Mr. Clay's report gives a detailed description of the finding of thirty-one bodies, some of whom, even at that late day, could have been identified.

XII

FROM THE KANSAS CITY “STAR,” AUGUST 15, 1898

THE “BOURGOGNE” DISASTER. HON. W. C. PERRY'S
STATEMENT ¹

W. C. Perry, brother of John Perry, whose family was drowned on the *Bourgogne*, July 4, returned this

¹ See Chapter XI, p. 452.

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morning from his trip in search of their remains. Mr. Perry confirms the reports already published as to the finding of upward of thirty bodies, but none he was looking for was found. He criticizes the officers of the *Bourgogne* for negligence in navigating the ship, denounces the crew for its conduct after the collision, and arraigns the French line for not attempting to recover the bodies. Mr. Perry said:

“I had hoped that this sad chapter in the lives of my brother’s family had closed to the public, but the astounding information in Saturday’s despatches—that the French government had crowned, or proposed to crown, as heroes some of the craven crew of the *Bourgogne*—makes it my duty to tell the truth to the American people.

“The catastrophe occurred in a dense fog. The *Bourgogne*, when the collision took place, was rushing through the water at breakneck speed. The physical condition of the *Cromartyshire*, which I saw, demonstrates that fact. More than twenty-five feet of the bow of that stout iron ship were literally cut away. Only a tremendous weight would have produced such a result. The *Cromartyshire* is a sailing-vessel, about one fourth the size of the *Bourgogne*, but very strongly built.

“In less than twenty minutes after the collision the first life-boat from the *Bourgogne* reached the *Cromartyshire* with eight sailors in it. These were about enough to man her. They could have brought with them thirty passengers, but their clothing was not even wet, and the *Bourgogne* did not sink for half an hour after they had left her. Shortly afterward another life-boat reached the *Cromartyshire*. She contained twenty-eight sailors and two passengers, and the boat would have held forty more.

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After these 'heroes' had assisted in the work of clearing the *Cromartyshire* of wreckage they refused to assist in succoring the passengers from the *Bourgogne* (then visible, the fog having lifted), until the captain of the *Cromartyshire* threatened to throw them into the sea. Fifty-five per cent. of the crew were saved, and ninety-one per cent. of the passengers drowned.

"After the accident, the French company refused to rescue the bodies known to be floating at sea. Judge Dillon, who lost his wife and daughter, made an engagement with the representative of the company to meet the captain of the *Oilfields*, who first reported passing the bodies. This engagement the company did not keep. To my brother's representative the same agent excused his company from searching for the bodies, on the pretext that the captain of the *Oilfields* stated that the recovery was impracticable. This agent never saw the captain of the *Oilfields*, and had no report from him; on the contrary, Captain Shawyer said that the bodies he saw could have been recognized.

"The French company's conduct was mercenary, inhuman, and shocking."



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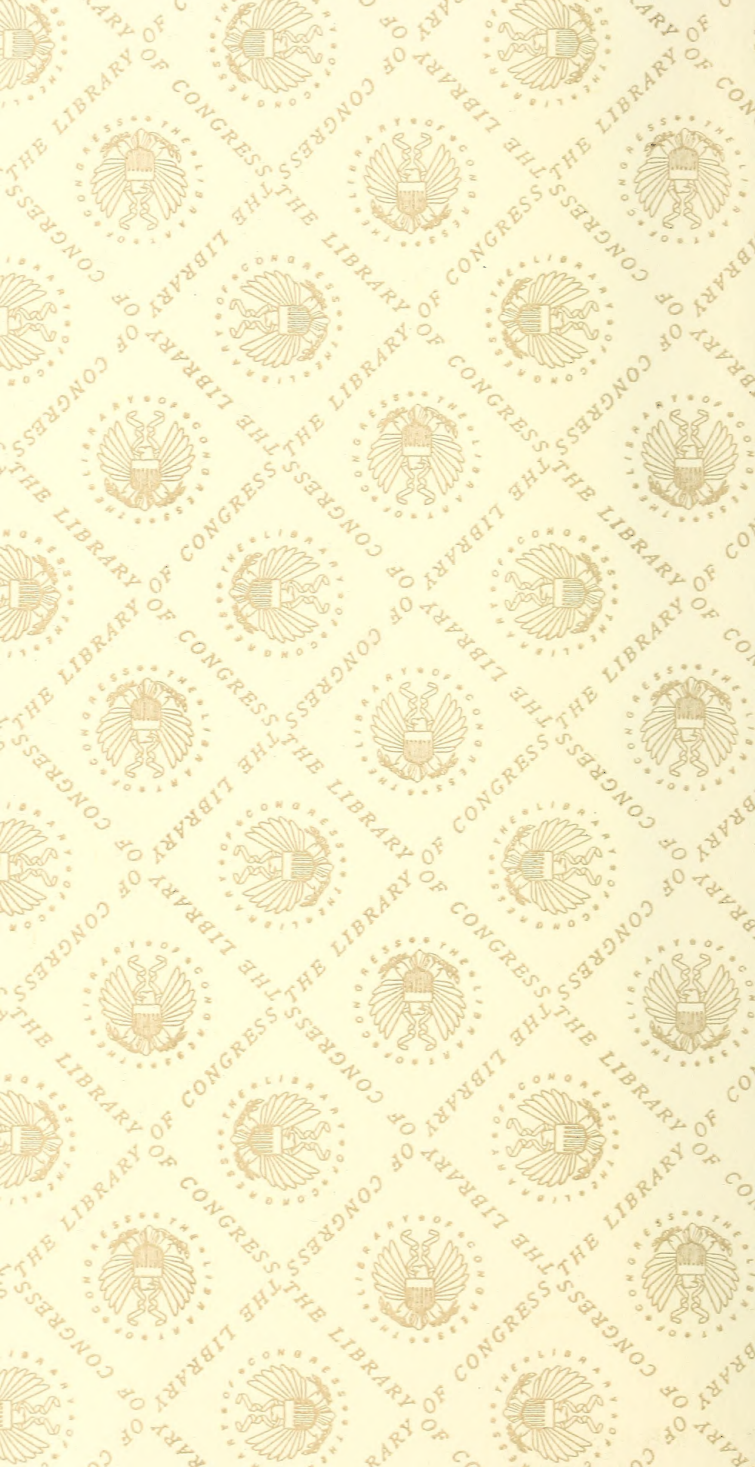
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